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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

So good it's *baaad!*

STONES FOR WEMBLEY

STRANGLERS
CARMEL
FAD GADGET
BUZZZ
SIDNEY LUMET
BALKAN BEAT pt 2
URBAN SHAKEDOWN
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
GARY KEMP

IT'S A JAMES BROWN'S BROWN'S, BROWN'S BROWN'S WORLD

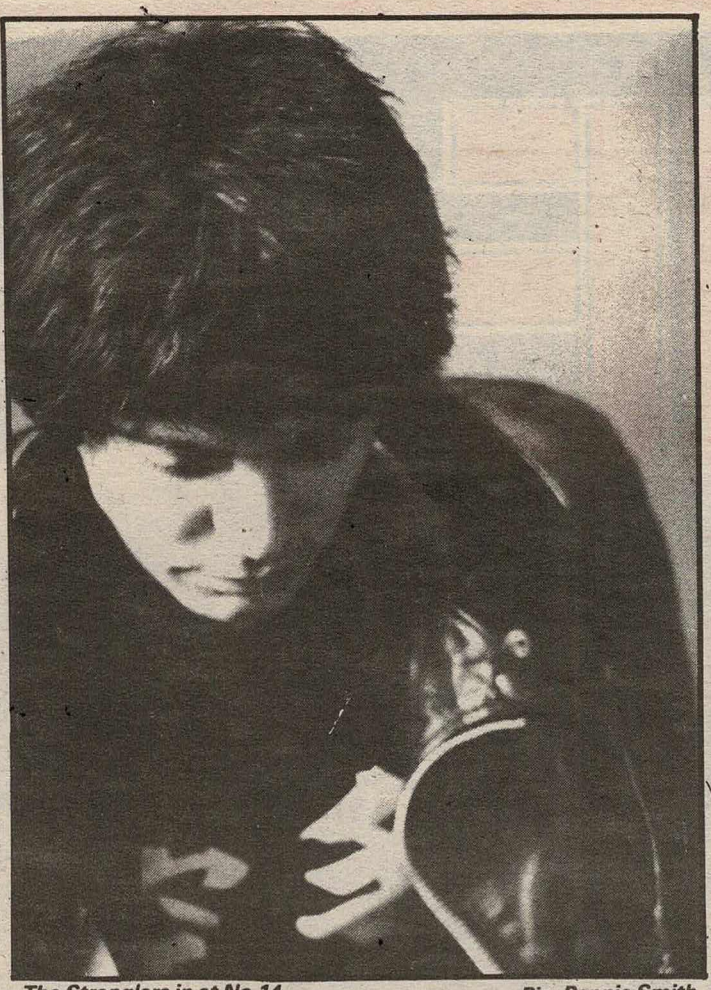
THE KING DOES THE KING'S THING

ON PAGE 22

The grandfather of funk. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE**	**Bucks Fizz (RCA)**	5	1
2	3	GET DOWN ON IT	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	3	2
3	8	MIRROR MIRROR	Dollar (WEA)	5	3
4	2	DON'T YOU WANT ME	Human League (Virgin)	6	1
5	20	OH! JULIE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	5
6	14	THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE	Kraftwerk (EMI)	2	6
7	9	ONE OF US	Abba (Epic)	5	1
8	(—)	BEING BOILED	Human League (EMI)	1	8
9	11	I COULD BE HAPPY	Altered Images (Epic)	5	9
10	4	I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	4	4
11	5	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	6	4
12	12	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU	Foreigner (Atlantic)	4	12
13	6	ANT RAP	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	3
14	(—)	GOLDEN BROWN	Stranglers (Liberty)	1	14
15	16	YOUNG TURKS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	10
16	7	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	2
17	18	YELLOW PEARL	Phil Lynott (Vertigo)	2	17
18	30	DON'T WALK AWAY	Four Tops (Casablanca)	2	18
19	(—)	I WANNA BE A WINNER	Brown Sauce (BBC)	1	19
20	(—)	ARTHUR'S THEME	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	1	20
21	(—)	DROWNING IN BERLIN	Mobiles (Rialto)	1	21
22	19	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	2	19
23	17	ROCK 'N' ROLL	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	9
24	(—)	I WANNA SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOU	Alton Edwards (Streetwave)	1	24
25	13	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	7	13
26	22	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	13
27	25	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	9	4
28	10	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	7	7
29	(—)	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	29
30	(—)	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	1	30



The Stranglers in at No.14 *Pic: Pennie Smith*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**DARE.. Human League (Virgin)**		13	1
2	2	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	10	1
3	3	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	5	1
4	6	HITS HITS HITS	Various (Ronco)	3	4
5	4	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	10	1
6	7	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	15	4
7	8	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	9	5
8	9	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	11	1
9	(—)	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1	9
10	5	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	8	1
11	14	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	11	4
12	10	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	10	3
13	22	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	19	1
14	13	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	17	2
15	12	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	6	9
16	(—)	MODERN DANCE	Various (K-Tel)	1	16
17	30	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	4	17
18	(—)	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	19	2
19	20	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	10	2
20	11	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	7	7
21	15	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	6	9
22	21	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	8
23	23	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	2	23
24	16	ONCE UPON A TIME	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	16
25	19	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	6	3
26	(—)	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	18	1
27	(—)	SOMETHING SPECIAL	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	1	27
28	(—)	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	5	15
29	17	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	6	6
30	(—)	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	10	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(6)	**Do You Believe In The Westworld**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
3	(10)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory / Benelux Import)
4	(7)	**Papa's Got A Brand New**	Pigbag (Y)
5	(2)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking**	Captain Sensible (Crass)
6	(5)	**In God We Trust**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
7	(13)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
8	(3)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
9	(4)	**Happy Crassmas**	Crass (Crass)
10	(16)	**Headbutts**	Otway and Barrett (Stiff Indie)
11	(11)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
12	(12)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul**	Fall (Kamera)
13	(17)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
14	(8)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
15	(—)	**Drowning In Berlin**	Mobiles (Rialto)
16	(14)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
17	(20)	**Country Fit For Heroes**	Various (No Fut.)
18	(15)	**Bollocks To Christmas**	Various (Secret)
19	(9)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (NEMS)
20	(18)	**More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
21	(23)	**Demolition War**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
22	(—)	**Yesterdays Heroes (EP)**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
23	(27)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman (Recreational)
24	(22)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
25	(25)	**Dead Cities**	The Exploited (Secret)
26	(—)	**Last Rockers (EP)**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
27	(19)	**Everything's Gone Etc**	New Order (Fac.)
28	(21)	**Three Piece Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
29	(—)	**Love Will Tear us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)
30	(29)	**White Car**	Associates (Situation 2)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(5)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(3)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
4	(4)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
5	(6)	**Two Bad DJ**	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
6	(1)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
7	(12)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
8	(8)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
9	(—)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10	(10)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
11	(17)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
12	(7)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
13	(11)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
14	(9)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
15	(19)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
16	(25)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
17	(23)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dept Int)
18	(14)	**Das Kabinet**	Bill Nelson (Cocteau)
19	(26)	**Inflammable Material**	S.L.F. (R. Trade)
20	(29)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
21	(16)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
22	(18)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
23	(13)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
24	(21)	**Playing With A . . .**	Au Pairs (Human)
25	(15)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
26	(—)	**Changes**	Mighty Diamonds (Rough Trade)
27	(—)	**Wa Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
28	(22)	**The Last Call**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
29	(—)	**Tribute To Bob Marley**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
30	(24)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**You Bring The Sun Out**	Janet Kay (Black Roots)
2	**Simple As That**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
3	**Just A Little Bit**	Carrol Thompson (S&G)
4	**Sunday Morning / That Girl**	Revelation (Kingdom)
5	**Don't Play With Fire**	Teddy Lincoln (Salena)
6	**Lately**	Legato (Santic)
7	**Late At Nights**	Pam Hall (Music Works)
8	**I'm Your Fool**	One Blood (NK)
9	**Decision**	Family Love (Inner City)
10	**I Want To Make It With You**	Jean Adebambo (Third World)
11	**Sane Girl**	Charmaine Burnett (Pro)
12	**Diseases**	Papa Michigan (Greensleeves)
13	**The Way We Were**	Prediction (Student)
14	**This Feeling's Killing Me**	Norma Lewis (Jive)
15	**Mood For Love**	Carlton & The Shoes (Fashion)

REGGAE LP'S

1 **Two Bad DJ** Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleaves)
2 **Wah Do Dem** ..... Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
3 **Raiders Of The Lost Dub** ..... (Island)
4 **Them Are Mad Over Me** ..... Yellow Man (J and L)
5 **Changes** ..... Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)

Charts from Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2

US SINGLES

1	(1)	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
2	(2)	**Waiting For A Girl Like You**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	(3)	**Let's Groove**	Earth Wind & Fire (Columbia)
4	(4)	**I Can't Go For That**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
5	(8)	**Centrefold**	The J. Geils Band (EMI)
6	(6)	**Harden My Heart**	Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
7	(7)	**Leather And Lace**	Stevie Nicks (Atlantic)
8	(9)	**Turn Your Love Around**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
9	(10)	**Trouble**	Lindsey Buckingham (Asylum)
10	(13)	**The Sweetest Thing**	Juice Newton (Capitol)

US LP'S

1	(3)	**Foreigner 4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
2	(4)	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
3	(1)	**For Those About To Rock**	AC/DC (Atlantic)
4	(13)	**Hooked On Classics**	The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
5	(5)	**Raise**	Earth Wind & Fire (Columbia)
6	(8)	**Tattoo You**	The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
7	(7)	**Bella Donna**	Stevie Nicks (Modern Records)
8	(12)	**Freeze-Frame**	The J. Geils Band (EMI)
9	(2)	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A & M)
10	(10)	**Memories**	Barbra Streisand (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard Magazine

BELGIUM SINGLES

1	(—)	**One Of Us**	Abba (Vogue)
2	(7)	**Why Do Fools Fall In Love**	Diana Ross (EMI)
3	(—)	**Wunderbar**	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)
4	(1)	**Pretend**	Alvin Stardust (Ineico)
5	(4)	**Vrijgezel**	Benny Neyman (CNR)
6	(5)	**R.R. Express**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
7	(3)	**Chachacha**	Raymond van Het Groenewoud (EMI)
8	(—)	**Should I Do It**	Pointer Sisters (Planet)
9	(—)	**Under Pressure**	David Bowie & Queen (EMI)
10	(9)	**Let's Start To Dance Again**	Shannon (Carrere)

(Courtesy Humo Magazine / Billboard)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Don't Cry For Me Argentina**	Julie Covington (MCA)
2	**Don't Give Up On Us**	David Soul (Private Stock)
3	**Side Show**	Barry Briggs (Dynamic)
4	**You're More Than A Number**	Drifters (Arista)
5	**I Wish**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6	**Isn't She Lovely**	David Parton (Pye)
7	**Things We Do For Love**	10cc (Mercury)
8	**Wild Side Of Life**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	**Daddy Cool**	Boney M (Atlantic)
10	**Car Wash**	Rose Royce (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing**	New Seekers (Polydor)
2	**Mother Of Mine**	Neil Reid (Decca)
3	**Horse With No Name**	America (Warner Bros)
4	**Brand New Key**	Melanie (Buddah)
5	**Stay With Me**	Faces (Warner Bros)
6	**I Just Can't Help Believing**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
7	**Where Did Our Love Go**	Donnie Elbert (London)
8	**Morning Has Broken**	Cat Stevens (Island)
9	**Let's Stay Together**	Al Green (London)
10	**Sleepy Shores**	Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**I'm A Believer**	Monkees (RCA)
2	**Matthew & Son**	Cat Stevens (Deram)
3	**Green Green Grass Of Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	**Night Of Fear**	Move (Deram)
5	**Let's Spend The Night Together**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
6	**Standing In The Shadows Of Love**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
7	**Happy Jack**	Who (Reaction)
8	**Hey Joe**	Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
9	**I've Been A Bad Bad Boy**	Paul Jones (HMV)
10	**Morningtown Ride**	Seekers (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

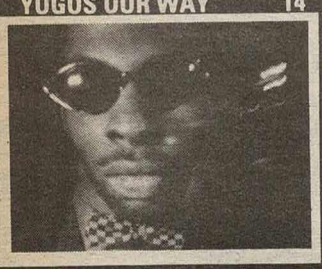
1	**The Young Ones**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	**Let's Twist Again**	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
3	**I'd Never Find Another You**	Billy Fury (Decca)
3	**Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen**	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
5	**Stranger On The Shore**	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
6	**Multiplication**	Bobby Darin (London)
7	**Forget Me Not**	Bobby Vee (London)
8	**Run To Him**	Bobby Vee (London)
9	**Walk On By**	Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
10	**Let There Be Drums**	Sandy Nelson (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

URBAN SHAKEDOWN 6
STRANGLERS 4
PORTRAITS 5

CARMEL 7
DANGEROUS VISIONS 8
FAD GADGET 10
SINGLES 12
YUGOS OUR WAY 14



BUZZZ 17

SILVER SCREEN 19
JAMES BROWN 22
LPs 25
TOUR NEWS 29
RECORD NEWS 30
GIG GUIDE 31

LIVE! 35
GASBAG 42
T-ZERS 43

NMEXCLUSIVE

Stones set Wembley fixture

THE ROLLING STONES are planning to stage a massive open-air concert at London's vast Wembley Stadium in the early summer, it was learned this week — and it's understood that the date pencilled in for the event is Saturday, June 26.

NME **reported exclusively in its Christmas issue that, after touring the Far East and Europe, the Stones would deliberately delay their arrival in Britain — because they were keen to play a special outdoor show here, so ensuring as large an attendance as possible.**

Now it seems they've settled on Wembley, which has previously hosted several huge rock concerts — including shows by Elton John and, more recently The Who. And this will guarantee 80,000 people being able to see the Stones in action — plus others who are able to catch the band in the one or two other smaller gigs they're planning.

No official confirmation of the Wembley date could be obtained this week, largely because the promoter was still unknown — at the last count, at least three top promoters were vying for the right to stage the show. And this means, of course, that — although the stadium has already been booked for the event — no tickets are yet on sale, nor are likely to be for some time.

The 11-piece England combo, who usually play at Wembley, have considerately opted to gig elsewhere in June — and in return the Stones have thoughtfully scheduled in *their* appearance on a day England will not be performing for the TV cameras.

Lynval: three held

THREE MEN appeared in a Coventry court last week in connection with the attack on Lynval Golding which put the Fun Boy Three singer into intensive care with 29 stitches in his face and neck and permanently impaired eyesight.

Robert Viola, 28, was accused of wounding Lynval in the incident while his brother Raphael Viola, 22, and another man, 22-year-old Andrew Wilks, were charged with wounding Lynval's companion Kevin Stewart. The three, all of whom live in Coventry, were remanded in custody.

Golding himself was discharged from Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital at the weekend and is now resting at home. The stitches around his right eye were removed last Thursday, but a spokesman said that those in his neck will have to remain for some time. He added that, although the hospital is pleased with Lynval's recovery rate and general condition, he will need to convalesce for several weeks.

Delta 5: two out

DELTA 5 have a new line-up this week following the departure of two founding members, singer Julz and guitarist Alan.

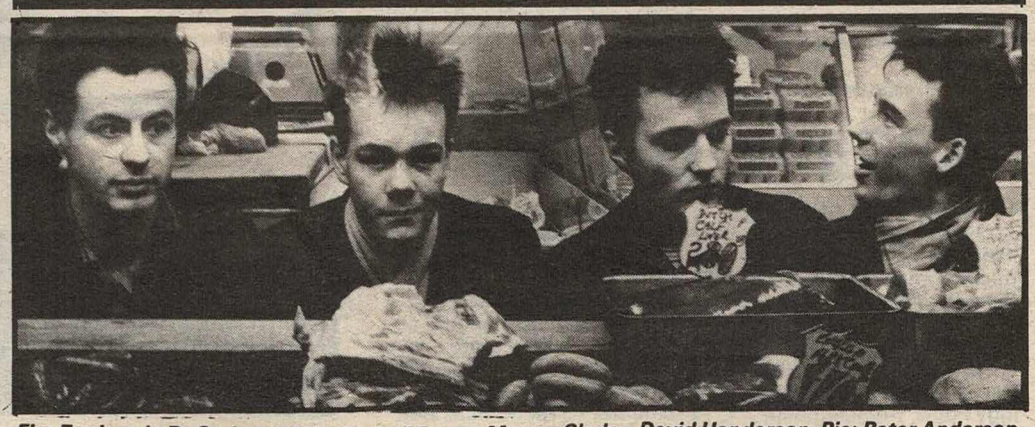
Their probable replacements are, on vocals, the sister of The Human League's Jo Callis — who knew the group from early days in Leeds, and on guitar Graham, formerly with Scottish combo Boots For Dancing. The other three members remain Ros and Bethan on basses, and Kelvin on drums.

The exits of the two departing members are not, apparently, related; the guitarist has quit to pursue a solo career while the chanteuse seemingly quit/was pushed out in a flurry of ill-feeling. Julz has no immediate plans, but intends to continue her musical career.

The re-shuffle means that none of the groups to emerge from Leeds in the late '70s has survived intact; The Mekons and Girls At Our Best have both split and The Gang of Four changed line-up, all within the last year.

One can only hope the same fate does not await the new crop of Leeds art graduate pop stars — Soft Cell, Fad Gadget, Scritti Politti. Well, then again . .

RESHUFFLES 'N' RUMOURS DEPT



Fire Engines L–R: Graham Main, Russell Burns, Murray Slade, David Henderson. Pic: Peter Anderson

Fire Engines: fire out?

THE FIRE Engines, the most promising of Edinburgh's new pop hopefuls, are currently being hosed down for some major maintenance and possible crew changes later in the year.

A spokesman for the band, however, extinguished rumours that the quartet would be splitting up. One such rumour has it that band members had 'come out' and said they were gay and had split after a lovers' tiff. And we'd also heard that singer Davey Henderson was about to "go solo".

Their record company, Pop-Aural, poured cold water on any suggestion of a split when we rang them on Monday.

"A split? We're not sure about *that* ... then again, they might have. I would leave it just now."

They suggested we ring the band's press spokesman James Oliver, again in Edinburgh. We did. So have The Fire Engines split up?

"No ... there are just a few changes being planned. We've stopped recording for the moment. We'll still be working together, but in a different form."

The only confirmed future projects are a ten-minute film with Edinburgh television cameraman Mick Campbell, a three-minute video for their recent 'Big Gold Dream' single and an appearance on the BBC2 magazine programme *Riverside* — with the original line-up.

"We're still going to be using the name ... well, certain members of the group will still

■ *Continues over*

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■ *From previous page*

be using the name."

Which ones? Davey Henderson?

"I can't really say. I don't really know."

The band were apparently unhappy with their progress up the ladder to stardom since the release of their debut single 'Get Up And Use Me' over a year ago.

"We gave ourselves to Christmas to see what we could do. The band weren't really happy with the stuff ... it didn't come out the way they wanted it to sound. We'd got to the stage where we could put out a single and be pretty sure of selling 25,000 copies. But we wanted to do some other things, something more than that."

Anything more to add?

"That's all I want to say. They're not too sure about definite future plans ... we've only really talked about it among ourselves at the moment."

— **POP-EYE**

P. Furs: two out

THE PSYCHEDELIC Furs are now a four-piece following the departure of Duncan Kilburn (keyboards and sax) and Roger Morris (guitar) who are not being replaced in the line-up — at any rate, not for the immediate future. The remaining members apparently like their new slimline sound and they'll be recording their new CBS album next month as a quartet. The two defectors left the band amicably to pursue their own projects — Morris's plans are unknown at present, but Kilburn is already writing "some very different-sounding material."

Adam: no sackings

WIDESPREAD rumours that Adam Ant is considering disbanding The Ants soon after the end of his current UK tour have been denied by his London office.

The reports seem to have stemmed from comments by Adam himself, possibly in an unguarded moment, when he was heard to say backstage at one of his recent concerts that he was "fed up with playing to audiences aged from four to 14". And he told eager listeners that he was going to take time off until August to re-think his whole future.

The London view is that he was merely blowing his top over some trivial incident. Said a spokesman: "As far as I am aware, there are already plans for another album and an American tour. But of course, if he decides to take up the offer to make his movie debut in the film *Yellow Beard*, he will obviously not be working with the band for a period." Even so, Adam has made it abundantly clear to his tour entourage that he is somewhat disenchanted at present, and it remains to be seen if he still feels the same way after journey's end this weekend.

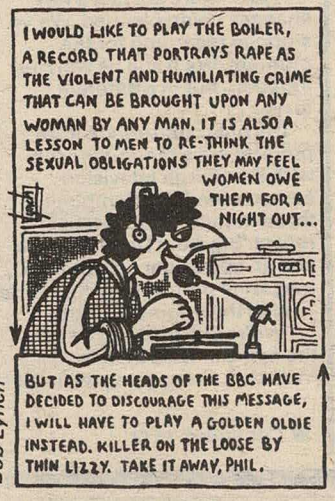
● **CHICA SATO**, lynchpin of top Japanese outfit **The Plastics** — who are now officially defunct, though their disbandment in the autumn wasn't announced at the time — has formed a duo with the group's other founder member Toshi. Their plans are still in the formative stage, though they're aiming at a flexible and interchanging backing line-up. But reports that they may be working with Kate and Cindy of The B-52's were denied by their manager this week.

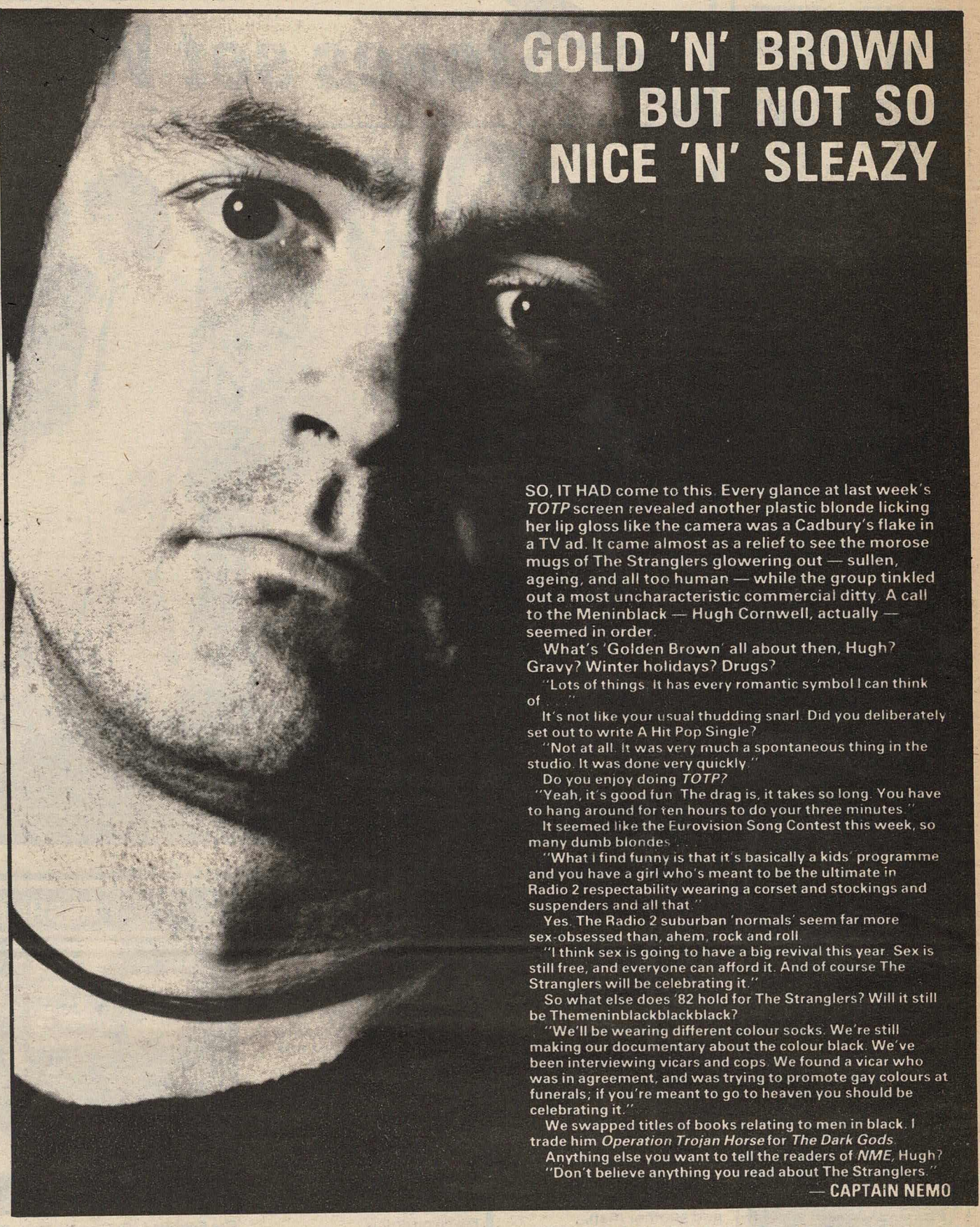
League get legal

THE HUMAN LEAGUE have a 12-inch EP issued by Virgin on February 5 — containing the tracks originally featured on their double-pack seven-inch EP 'Holiday 80': 'Being Boiled', 'Marianne' and 'Dance Vision', complemented by a medley of Gary Glitter's 'Rock'n'roll' and Iggy Pop's 'Nightclubbing'.

The band were prompted to put out this somewhat contrived release because EMI is enjoying some success with what Virgin term "an early and ancient version" of 'Being Boiled' — and they have gone to these lengths to remind all concerned that "a more recent and vastly superior" recording is available. Well, thanks for the reminder — but perhaps *we* should remind people that Fast's 'Being Boiled' was in fact The Human League's very first record (no doubt a strong reason for the current interest) and many would say, itself "vastly superior" to Virgin's version . . .

Meanwhile, the League are declaring war on poster 'pirates' and other merchandisers of unofficial and "unapproved" material such as T-shirts, badges, posters and League magazines. In a gesture of pure altruism they say they want to ensure that fans don't get ripped off — and they're now determined to resort to legal action to overcome the piracy. As Phil Oakey commented at the weekend: "After all, we can afford lawyers now."


I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY THE BOILER, A RECORD THAT PORTRAYS RAPE AS THE VIOLENT AND HUMILIATING CRIME THAT CAN BE BROUGHT UPON ANY WOMAN BY ANY MAN. IT IS ALSO A LESSON TO MEN TO RE-THINK THE SEXUAL OBLIGATIONS THEY MAY FEEL WOMEN OWE THEM FOR A NIGHT OUT...
BUT AS THE HEADS OF THE BBC HAVE DECIDED TO DISCOURAGE THIS MESSAGE, I WILL HAVE TO PLAY A GOLDEN OLDIE INSTEAD. KILLER ON THE LOOSE BY THIN LIZZY. TAKE IT AWAY, PHIL.
Bob Lynch



GOLD 'N' BROWN BUT NOT SO NICE 'N' SLEAZY

SO, IT HAD come to this. Every glance at last week's *TOTP* screen revealed another plastic blonde licking her lip gloss like the camera was a Cadbury's flake in a TV ad. It came almost as a relief to see the morose mugs of The Stranglers glowering out — sullen, ageing, and all too human — while the group tinkled out a most uncharacteristic commercial ditty. A call to the Meninblack — Hugh Cornwell, actually — seemed in order.

What's 'Golden Brown' all about then, Hugh? Gravy? Winter holidays? Drugs?

"Lots of things. It has every romantic symbol I can think of . . ."

It's not like your usual thudding snarl. Did you deliberately set out to write A Hit Pop Single?

"Not at all. It was very much a spontaneous thing in the studio. It was done very quickly."

Do you enjoy doing *TOTP?*

"Yeah, it's good fun. The drag is, it takes so long. You have to hang around for ten hours to do your three minutes."

It seemed like the Eurovision Song Contest this week, so many dumb blondes . . .

"What I find funny is that it's basically a kids' programme and you have a girl who's meant to be the ultimate in Radio 2 respectability wearing a corset and stockings and suspenders and all that."

Yes. The Radio 2 suburban 'normals' seem far more sex-obsessed than, ahem, rock and roll.

"I think sex is going to have a big revival this year. Sex is still free, and everyone can afford it. And of course The Stranglers will be celebrating it."

So what else does '82 hold for The Stranglers? Will it still be Themeninblackblackblack?

"We'll be wearing different colour socks. We're still making our documentary about the colour black. We've been interviewing vicars and cops. We found a vicar who was in agreement, and was trying to promote gay colours at funerals; if you're meant to go to heaven you should be celebrating it."

We swapped titles of books relating to men in black. I trade him *Operation Trojan Horse* for *The Dark Gods*.

Anything else you want to tell the readers of *NME*, Hugh?

"Don't believe anything you read about The Stranglers."

— **CAPTAIN NEMO**

Brixton venues open as Rainbow folds

THE FAIR DEAL — the new South London rock venue in Brixton, formerly the Astoria Cinema — will open next month with two all-star benefit concerts in aid of the British Solidarity Campaign for Poland. The shows are on Friday and Saturday, February 12 and 13, and they're being lined up by Marek Garztecki — who wrote the feature on Polish rock in *NME* two weeks ago. Marek expects to announce his first list of acts next week, though he's already indicated that he has the support of The Beat, and it's understood that The Boomtown Rats have volunteered their services.

□ **THE ACE** — Brixton's other new rock venue, located at the old Ace Cinema — now expects to begin regular live shows in April. With its 1200 capacity, a policy similar to that at The Venue is envisaged, though two or three major acts — of the calibre of Elvis Costello — will be featured in the opening concerts. Rock film screenings will start earlier, and the UK premier of the movie *The Countryman* will take place at the Ace in March — produced by Chris Blackwell for Osaris Films, it's a reggae picture about a Jamaican mystic, and features music by Bob Marley & The Wailers and Toots & The Maytals.

□ **THE RAINBOW** Theatre in Finsbury Park, which effectively closed earlier this month when the leaseholders Strutworth went bankrupt, seems unlikely to be reactivated in the forseeable future. Attempts are being made to sell the remainder of Strutworth's lease to another company interested in presenting stage shows, but prospects are not hopeful — partly because the Rainbow has become an increasingly unprofitable concern over the past months, and additionally because the current lease only lasts until next year before the venue reverts to Rank's ownership.

Several top London promoters are now faced with financial problems, having not received any money for shows staged at the Rainbow during the weeks leading up to Christmas. It's understood that at least three promoters each have several thousand pounds owing to them which, in view of the bankruptcy proceedings, they are unlikely to secure. So while it seems that South London is about to emerge from the cold in terms of live gigs, North London suddenly finds itself sadly depleted.

AMERICANS INVADE SCOTLAND

SCOTTISH TOUR DATES

22nd January
Victorian Carriage - Greenock

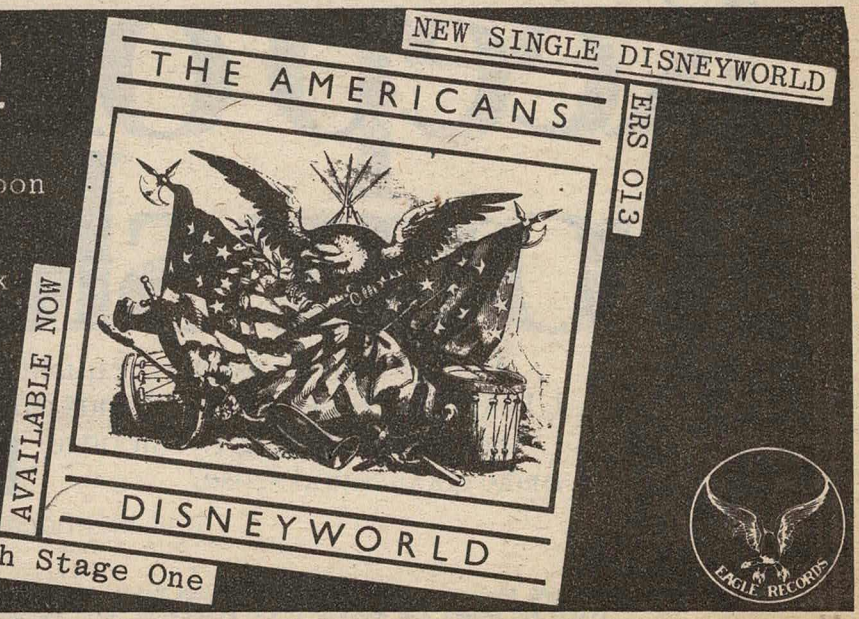
23rd January
Strathclyde College - Strathclyde

27th January
The Warehouse - Glasgow

28th January
Night Moves - Glasgow

29th January
The American Navy Base - Dunoon

30th January
Victorian Carriage - Greenock



Distributed through Stage One

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

GARY KEMP

Pic: Pennie Smith

IMAGES
Tartan
Hiking
Country
Leather
City
Cafe
Sun

PLACES
Islington
W.1.
Scotland

FACES
Sugar Ray (America)
Walesa (Poland)
Martin Kemp (Islington)
Taylor (Wales)
McGrotty (Scotland)
Krays (Isle Of Wight)
The (London) Boys

BOOKS (1981)
Doors Of Perception — Aldous Huxley
The Glass Bead Game — Hermann Hesse
The Teachings Of Don Juan: A Yaki Way Of Knowledge — Carlos Castaneda

FILMS
True Confessions
The Postman Always Rings Twice
Apocalypse Now
Gregory's Girl
Carry On . . .
Music Lovers
Kubrick
70mm Dolby Stereo

MEDIA
Grange Hill
L.B.C.
Daily Mirror
Miss London

ALCOHOL
White

DRINK
Fresh Fruit
Tea

FOOD
No Meat

VICES
Vitamin Pills

LIKES
Love

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

RALF HUTTER

"Reduce the amount of consumption by introducing at least one day a week free of music. In a society overflowing with consumer distractions the only way to activate yourself is to cut yourself off from them for at least one day a week. This is the rule that Kraftwerk follows."

Pic: Ron Vaughan

N.I. goes SF

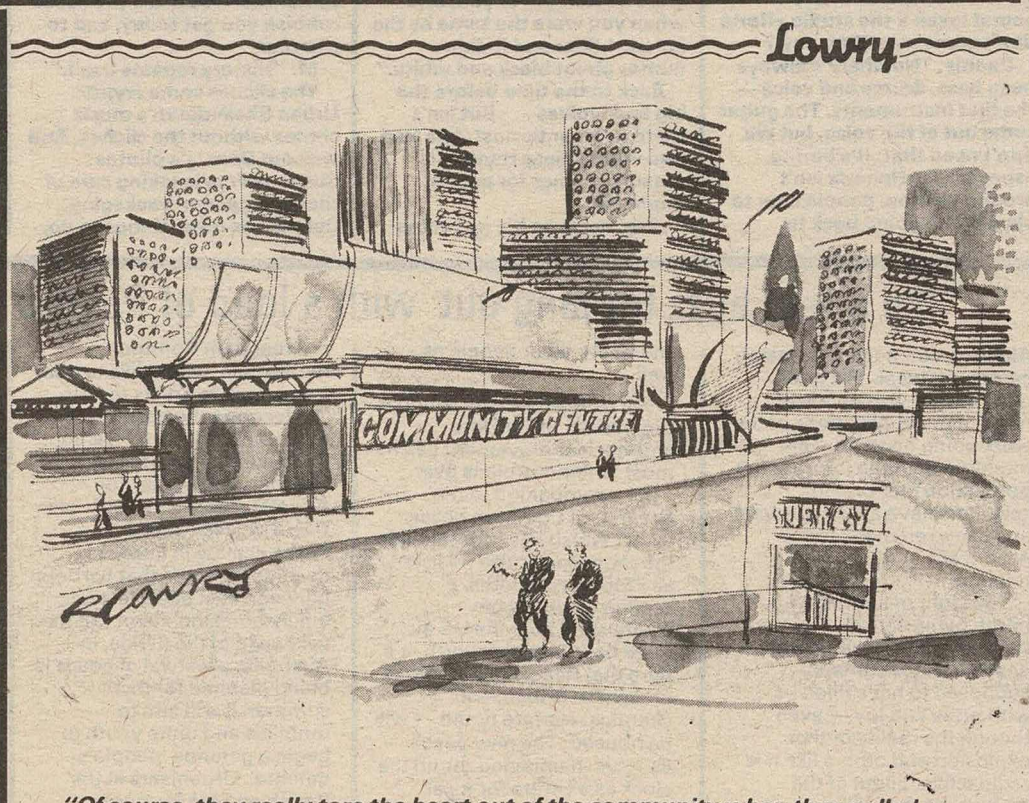
A NEW sci-fi magazine called *EXTRO*, entirely printed and published in Northern Ireland, should be out on mainland news-stands this week.

Reckoned by its founders to be the first of its kind in the sci-fi mag market for the past decade, *EXTRO* boasts a full colour cover, with fiction, articles and reviews from local buffs, and English short story writers like Ian Watson and Chris Priest. It sells at 75p and comes out every two months.

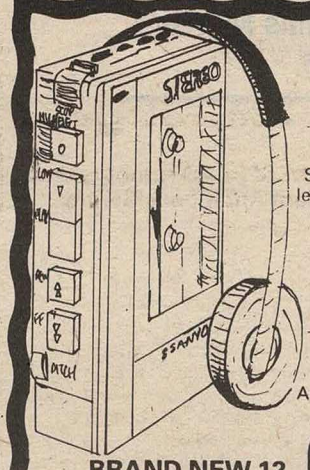
Editor Paul Campbell justifies the seemingly optimistic first print run of 10,000 copies by pointing to the massive TV, cinema and novel sci-fi boom of the last few years. He hopes to muscle in on what he refers to as "this pretty extensive appeal" with a sci-fizine that, to these eyes, looks sharp and has a professional typography and graphic layout that outclasses the myriad xerox comics piling up unperused at too many alternative bookshops.

You'll never be a buff if you don't try the stuff ...

— ADRIAN MADDOX



"Of course, they really tore the heart out of the community when they pulled down the last remaining rows of terraces and uprooted hundreds of families to build the community centre."



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E.L.O.
Live in Dortmund, West Germany
On 20th February. Price £58. TICK BOX No 3

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
Live at the Festhalle, Frankfurt on 14th March
Price £60. Departs morning 13th, returns 15th March. TICK BOX No 4

EARTH WIND & FIRE
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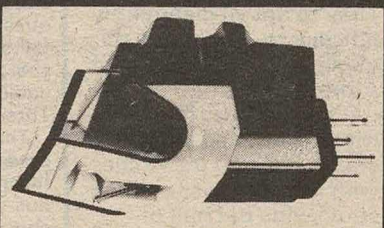

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audio-technica

PAUL TICKELL hears Dennis Morris's nursery rhymes for adults

Who's afraid of Urban Shakedown?

Portrait: Susanna Frye

"I CAN DRUM funk, I can drum reggae, I can drum drum," says M. All that's been missing is a band to do it in.

In the past M has worked with The Twinkle Brothers and King Sound And The Israelites and been a tape op at Island studios. His assertive blend of playing styles made him ripe for Basement 5 and their metallic cross-over of reggae, punk and funk. The band always had drummer problems, but just as they found the right one, they split . . .

Basement 5 could be seen as the brainchild of Dennis Morris who, as well as dictating their musical direction, used his extensive photographic skills to develop 'A Look' for the band. Overalls, pit helmets, naval jackets, longjohns — Dennis made them all look stylish; so much so that a picture of B5 probably inspired Jagger to go out on the Stones' US tour in those antique male drawers.

"There are other copyists. Perry Haines has looked at what I've done, but I'm two steps ahead, not one."

Dennis is probably referring to the cover which he did for the first PiL album, which reflected upon the style-making process itself and pushed at the world the notion (long before your Heaven 17s) of a band image as a parodic corporate front.

It's worth stressing these other creative aspects besides Dennis the vocalist (and now also bassist and saxophonist) because they were a factor in the B5 split. He was frustrated by the others in the band not having any extra-curricular interests and wanting to be in a "rock'n'roll band 24 hours a day"; so he and M, with whom he was getting on particularly well, decided to do something as a duo. Urban Shakedown is the result. An inflammatory title?

"We don't want to burn anything down. Marley did a soul shakedown party, we'll do a city shakedown."

M intervenes, lest I take his partner's words as a liberal flight from the reality of last summer's riots.

"People should go to the home of who it's important to and burn that down."

M supports anarchic action — as long as it's based on ideas and sights the right targets. Dennis is a different kind of ideas man.

"You can shake someone down by just looking at them, by the way you walk."

He likes playing off (with more than a hint of humour) city paranoia against an elegant philosophical cool. He talks of going to uptown clubs and upstaging the bohos and posers, and of going downtown to do the same to rastas and 'greens'.

"We like taking strolls; it clears the mind."

Dennis isn't just talking about his clubbing activities but also the fact that Urban Shakedown aren't rushing into any deals. They've already been in the studio, though, with producer Martin Hannett. The outcome can be heard on *SFX* no 3; 'Big Bad Wolves' has all the eclecticism of B5, but with more melody to go with what Dennis calls "body-rhythm" and M "flip-and-skip music".

Live, the duo will be augmented by percussionist Chilli. But won't that still make for a rather sparse limited sound (even if the studio efforts don't come over that way)?

Dennis: "No, there's always been bass, drums and voice — the first instruments. The guitar came out of the voice, but we don't need that: it's boring, especially as Hendrix isn't around to show people how to play. We're going back to basics; but not regressing; it's a case of getting back to the natural senses you had when you were a child — before they were beaten out of you, and when you were the same as the kid next door and it didn't matter about black and white."

Back to the time before the big bad wolves . . . But isn't there a romantic nostalgic trap into which these rhythmic nursery rhymes for adults might fall?

"No, because it's *not* going back to . . . a kind of barefoot stage, more like to when shoes were still well-made: we want to find out what made them better than the mass-produced rubbish you get today, and to use *that*."

M: "History repeats itself."

The cliches come cryptic. Urban Shakedown's music comes without the cliches. And without Dennis's photos: Susanna Frye is taking care of that and general packaging. Dennis has other things to do, like helping on the promotional strategies for *Countryman*, a film which Island financed and which might prove to be *The Harder They Come* of the '80s. Dennis is even writing a script of his own, into which he's working parts for himself and M.

"I have no choice; we're such a good-looking couple of guys."

He gets M to smile: mouthful of a teeth like a wolf. Dennis Morris is the oldest young fox in town.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

"It's a real buzz tripping out with a load of Polaris missiles . . ."

By MARTIN GOLDSCHMIDT of No Nukes Music

JUST WHO is in charge of the modern day war toys? They're not all gleamingly efficient to judge from this quote in the latest issue of Atomic Times.

It's a real buzz to be tripping out and know that you're cruising the Arctic with Polaris missiles that could wipe out half of Russia — man, that's a real trip.

Drug use among US servicemen is common — a situation which begs the question, how secure do you feel with these people in charge of the missiles that could launch World War Three?

The Dr Strangelove reality presents a sharp contrast to the image presented by dull-witted BBC science correspondent Mike Mortimer, who was allowed a conducted tour round Aldermaston nuclear research centre last week. His brief quite clearly was to reveal none of the implications of the work going on there. The intention being to impress the population that British scientists have all the answers and can even match the Americans in the hi-tech religion.

The sight of a British made bomb being set off underground in the Nevada desert was presumably supposed to have filled us with pride and joy — even though the reality of that explosion and others like it is radioactive fallout of the magnitude that killed 'indestructable' John Wayne and many other people as well.

But at least the opposition is organising. In 1982 the anti-nuclear movement has its most ambitious plans ever.

As a companion to the Greenham Common peace camp, which has been outside the proposed cruise missile site for three months, a second camp is now established near the US air force base in Molesworth. It's here that Reagan's Christmas present to Britain — a chemical warfare bomb — will be housed. The new peace camp is maintained round the clock as a centre for local protest, but support is called for nationwide.

Greenham Common, meanwhile, would like to hear from creative artists to help "redecorate the base in a more environmental fashion." Their contact number is Newbury 34284 (ask for Angela). For Molesworth call David on 0480 63054.

Peace activity in Europe is developing signs that barriers between East and West are finally breaking down. On the very cusp of the divide, in Australia, a festival of peace is being planned for this summer. It will aim to mobilise and unite youth to begin a genuine 'people's detente'. Organisers at the British end are European Nuclear Disarmament (6 Endsleigh St., W.1.).

One of the great successes of 1981 was the Nuclear Free Zones campaign, which was supported by 133 local councils in Britain — quite a breakthrough, since local authorities usually tend not to wrestle with such contentious issues. It has seriously disrupted the civil defence programme here, and it is being adopted by Italian and West German anti-nuclear movements.

Another valuable breakthrough is the Lothian Regional Council's decision to rent the Playhouse Theatre in Edinburgh for one week in order to show (for free) the film *The War Game*, the Peter

CHANCE ENCOUNTER with a truly dazzling voice

MARK CORDERY (words) and PENNIE SMITH (picture) on assignation with Carmel

IT'S POSSIBLE that you've seen and heard Carmel already. At the Venue, before Rip Rig & Panic; at the Hammersmith Palais, before The Return Of The Giant Slits; or maybe earlier at the Mooch club. Any which way, under less than ideal circumstances — Carmel is too rare a talent to fit into anyone else's shows, and if you arrive at a decent hour, she'll have been singing while you were still at your toilette. (This probably doesn't apply to citizens of Manchester — it certainly shouldn't, anyway.)

The first time ever I heard her sing was on an unpromising and unlovely rainy night at the Moonlight in West Hampstead. An incongruously humble setting for a chance meeting with a truly dazzling voice. Since then I've seen her give three shows which have made that first impression a lasting impression.

To begin there is just no contemporary comparison. There are no contemporary singers capable of working in so many settings — with a big jazz band, with colourful Manchester avant-beat combo Bee Vamp, with one drum kit and a surreal doo-wop trio of greasy power-vocal spivs called The Thunderboys (alas, now sadly deceased, I believe).

Carmel has a very *ambitious* voice. Capable of presenting emotions *a la* Sinatra at his best with Cole Porter songs, or of communicating with a mysterious method in the mode of Piaf or Judy Garland. Which is an attempt at description of an idea, not an odious comparison. Of Piaf — her favourite singer — Carmel says, quite truly, "No one will ever sing like that again."

The point is that Carmel is not just a singer — there are, given a generous definition of the term, a lot of singers around and about — but a musician with the ability to improvise and communicate with emotional directness. A cliched jazz definition, I know, but it's true now. She blurs the distinctions between methods in a similar way — for instance — that Bowie did on the best tracks from 'Station To Station'. Her version of 'I Can't Stand The Rain' is an epic interpretation, which makes that familiar seem strange again, and creates a genuine mystery, not an accidental enigma.

I met her for a lunchtime drink after her rendezvous with the organiser of an independent record label, somewhere in London. . .

"OH, I DON'T know about all this. When he started talking about America, I thought, 'I'm going to have to grow up fast'."

Carmel's openness about such possibilities — later we laugh about the idea of the fabulous riches that are likely to come her way — is matched with a healthy and constructive cynicism of the basking sharks in the London music business. She'd never bother with anyone she'd hate. There are valuable exceptions, though. She had met Sean Oliver and Gareth Sager by chance on the tube.

"Gareth asked me if I'd support them again, and then he talked me out of it. He said I should do some shows on my own."

And. . ."The plan is to do five nights or so at a club. Just do a short set every night. Somewhere out of the way. I don't know where yet, but some time in February."

Carmel has no permanent band at the moment, preferring the freedom to use various combinations and components of Bee Vamp — congas, drums, clarinet, upright bass — or something different altogether.

"I used to sing with a big jazz band, doing standards. And I'm doing part of a show in Manchester next week, singing Billie Holiday numbers with a trio. I don't want to get tied down to just doing one type of thing, I want to be versatile, to be able to do anything. I've been listening to Al Green lately, I'd like to do an Al Green song."

What will make Carmel special, what makes her special *now*, is the ease with which she transcends a fragmented, directionless 'modern culture'. It needs a conscious decision and a rare talent to defy categorisations, to avoid the traps of irrelevant esotericism and soulless, spineless bowing and scraping to commercialism. To resist the given impression of what can and can't be bought and sold; to The Limits We Set.

At the beginning of 1982, despite a diverse abundance of exciting sounds to be found if you desire, in a general sense there are still calls for More, More, More . . . "Fire . . . passion . . . subversion . . . change . . . shiver down the spine. . ."

Carmel won't be the only fabulous superstar of this speeding year, but she has a uniquely arresting voice which will be a major pleasure. To begin with, a residency somewhere off the beaten track, and a coincidental 45rpm release.

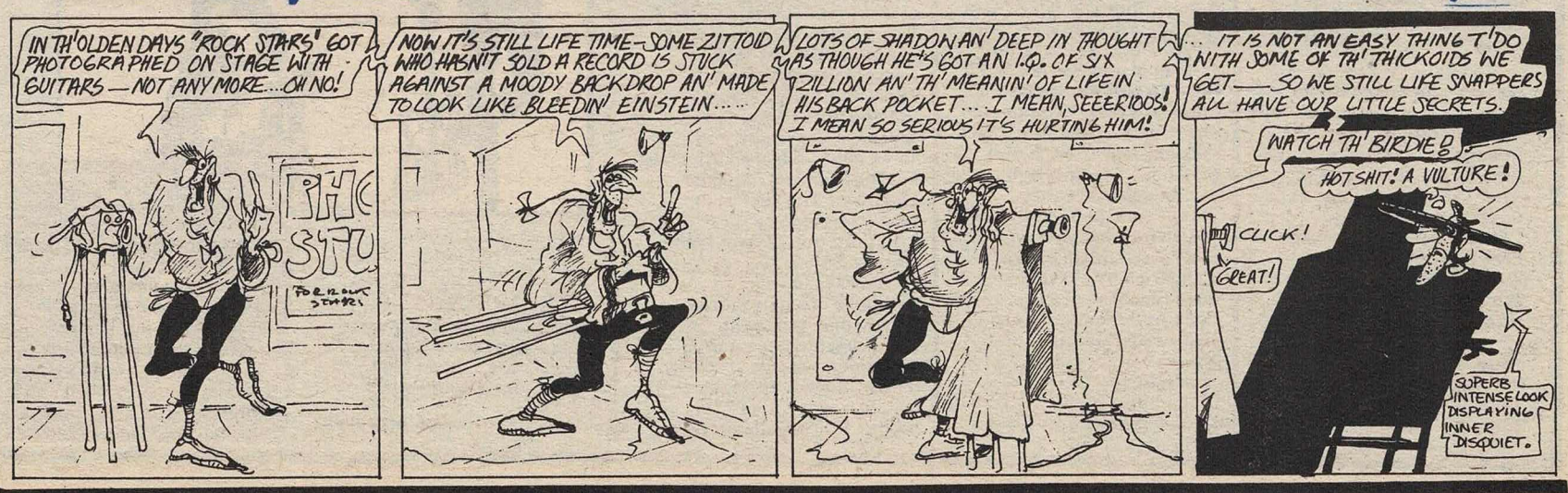
Carmel is only just beginning. She suffers from between-song nerves, but she can make music of a really affecting emotional importance. Carmel takes vocal risks. !982. . .More Torch Songs and more. . .look here.

Watkins masterpiece which the BBC still refuses to broadcast. Screenings last until Jan 24 and start at 10.30 am each morning.

On a musical note, No Nukes Music would like to thank everyone who helped in 1981. Their Brixton Christmas gig with Pigbag and The Raincoats solved all financial problems. They are kicking off '82 with a cabaret tour featuring Tony Allen, comic dance band ABA and escapologist/fire-eater Capt. J J Waller.

NNM's first London gig of the new year is this Saturday (Jan 23) starring Androids of Mu and Watch With Mother at the Pied Bull, Upper St, Islington, near Angel tube. Mutate now . . . avoid the rush!

The Lone Groover — Benyon


IN TH'OLDEN DAYS "ROCK STARS" GOT PHOTOGRAPHED ON STAGE WITH GUITARS — NOT ANY MORE.... OH NO!
NOW IT'S STILL LIFE TIME - SOME ZITTOID WHO HASN'T SOLD A RECORD IS STUCK AGAINST A MOODY BACKDROP AN' MADE TO LOOK LIKE BLEEDIN' EINSTEIN.....
LOTS OF SHADOW AN' DEEP IN THOUGHT AS THOUGH HE'S GOT AN I.Q. OF SIX ZILLION AN' TH' MEANIN' OF LIFE IN HIS BACK POCKET... I MEAN, SEEERIOUS! I MEAN SO SERIOUS IT'S HURTING HIM!
... IT IS NOT AN EASY THING T'DO WITH SOME OF TH' THICKOIDS WE GET — SO WE STILL LIFE SNAPPERS ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE SECRETS.
WATCH TH' BIRDIE!
HOT SHIT! A VULTURE!
CLICK!
GREAT!
SUPERB INTENSE LOOK DISPLAYING INNER DISQUIET.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

RAY LOWRY drinks up and goes home

Welcome to the Undersea Kingdom . . .

FRIDAY NIGHT, I'm sat in the pub, pissed as a judge as usual, when all of a sudden 'Red' Ken Livingstone pops up on BBC2's **Friday Night . . . Saturday Morning!** Surprised? You could have knocked me down with the complete works of Marx and Engels bound in hand-tooled Simuleather, with illustrations by Ralph Stoadsman!

Is it the revolution or what? Has he annexed Islington and placed the Royal Family under house arrest?

Apparently not, because a minute or two later he's chatting away with 'Blue' Auberon Waugh and 'Positively Purple' Nigel Dempster about the role of disabled gay newts in the Coming Struggle, or some such, I shouldn't wonder. I couldn't really tell, being several sheets to the wind and surrounded by a horde of loutish, drunken boors shouting for the revolution, the television being turned off, more ale, etc, etc.

'Pale Pink' Germaine Greer giggled on the sidelines as megabore Waugh did his usual impersonation of the world's most insane person and Ken sparted along in his earnest but slightly ludicrous fashion. Megabaugh is a fine example of the dementia that grips the higher reaches of our great society, being consumed by an almost visible distaste for everybody. Not just the unwashed yobs of the lower orders, but anyone else you care to think of, including himself probably. Maybe he copped a bucketful of shrapnel in his head in the last waugh, or something. Then they unplugged the television and kicked us all out, and by the time I got home some actor or other had usurped Waugh, Livingstone, Dempster and all. Very baughring.

Generally speaking, it's been what we medical men term a 'thin' week on the box; only the ever inspiring **Undersea Kingdom** (BBC2) causing one to reel back from the tube in stunned disbelief clutching the forehead and whimpering for hot towels. Is anyone else but me following this one? I had innocently supposed that *King Of The Rocket Men* was about as good as these things get, but *Undersea Kingdom* must be the *War And Peace* of old movie serials.

It starts from the premise that the absurd world of the Glen Baxter drawing is a mundane reality and needs crazying up a little for the sake of art and entertainment. Talk about the chance encounter of an umbrella and a sewing machine on the operating table! (Go on then, talk about the chance, etc, etc.) What's it got? Well, it's got a rocket-powered submarine, the undersea city of Atlantis New Town, Ray 'Crash' Corrigan and his performing hairstyle, a precocious brat, a talking parrot, Unga Khan (evil genius and odd jobs), warring armies in Roman Empire style drag whose members insist on fighting each other with swords and charging around in chariots even though they have access to high technology, a comedy duo for light relief, robots hammered out of old paraffin cans, ferociously mannered acting and unconvincing special effects and dozens of hilarious machines for doing those tedious household chores like warping people's minds and destroying whole cities. Plus, there are snoods and wimples in abundance.

Catch the last episodes before they take this one out and shoot it like a mad dog.

The new, Busby-Berkeleyfied **Top Of The Pops** (BBC1) obviously owes a debut of gratitute to the pioneering work done by the makers of *Undersea Kingdom* to make idiocy acceptable. Despite their heroic efforts, no one in *Undersea Kingdom* was as visually ludicrous as Dave Lee Travesty, while Flick Colby's ever nauseous 'Zoo' have caused me to adopt a new viewing stance for *TOTP*, I look away from the screen entirely and only turn round to face the set when assured by sympathetic bystanders that Altered Images are on.

This week's show closed with Fuck's Bizz (I think they're called) pouting triumphantly atop a veritable riot of waving limbs, swaying bodies, grinning faces and warring armies in Roman Empire style drag. Flags emblazoned with the *TOTP* logo rose and fell above the celebrating crowds from all corners of our glorious empire, as the Queen sent telegrams of congratulation. The only missing element was a band of armed and desperate individuals intent on storming the studio and wasting all participants with bursts of rapid-fire from Kalashnikovs and flame throwers. Oh well, I can dream.

Jocky Wilson won the **Embassy World Professional Darts Championship** (BBC2). This competition involves stuffing a ten-pound bag of potatoes up the front of your shirt, smoking two thousand cigarettes and drinking hundreds of gallons of strong ale in the course of a lot of games of 'arrers'. The contestant who does the best impression of a tired and emotional Zeppelin in a malignant mood, wins.

Jocky won, to cries of "Up yer kilt ye ferrrruchtin, hooorie, twa, grommit, baaas!!!" from the heather-clad banks and brass of Jollees Club, Stoke-on-Trent. Warring armies in Roman Empire style drag poured down from the highlands.

'Mad' Al Haig, the U.S. Warmongering and Sabre Rattling Supremo, turned up on **Newsnight** (BBC2) doing his popular Adolf Hitler impersonation. Fixing the camera with a manic stare, he berated some unfortunate journalist it was beneath his dignity to look at, because said journalist had accused the U.S. of operating double standards over Poland and El Salvador. Thanks to the elephant tranquilizers, Al was just able to restrain himself from leaping into the throng and disembowelling the guilty questioner with his bare hands. No doubt the CIA have terminated him with extreme prejudice by now.

Good news of the week (all channels) was that Mark Thatcher had got lost in a desert. Bad news was . . . well, you know all about those massive chips we have on our shoulders out here in the real world.

Late Flash. Latest reports confirm that the Scottish Expeditionary Force, despatched in the wake of Jocky Wilson's triumph over the Sassenachs, has been found in a 'tired and emotional' condition in Dalbeaty High Street.

"I just overheard somebody saying I looked a right count!"

Pudsy

Undercover Costello —the bootleggers stir it up

THE NEW Jersey Devil and an old Mersey despot make an unscheduled return to the shelves of certain vinyl vendors this month in the guise of the two artefacts illustrated here.

'Do I Have To Say His Name?' and 'Shaken, Not Stirred' are the latest in a long line of unofficial, unauthorised and previously unreleased recordings of Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello respectively.

The attractively packaged Elvis item acts as an illuminating retrospective of the man's career from 1977 through to 1980.

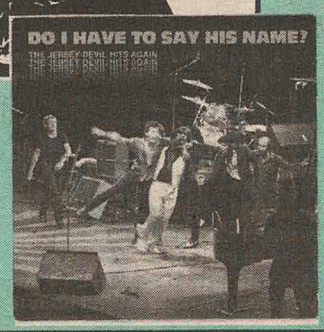
From '77, the album includes a solo 'Watching The Detectives', a perfunctory 'Mystery Dance' and a bizarre interview with a Swedish journalist. From '79, six tracks recorded live at Los Angeles, Palamino Club with The Attractions and pedal steel player John McFee are featured, including covers of George Jones' 'If I Put Them All Together', Chris Rittel's 'Psycho' and a reggaefied version of Jim Reeves' 'He'll Have To Go', alongside Costello's own 'Stranger In The House', 'Girls Talk' and a radically rewritten 'Motel Matches'. The final two tracks — a languid cover of Smokey's 'Don't Look Back' and a storming version of the Doc Pomus/Mort Shuman standard 'Little Sister' — were recorded at a low-key Hope And Anchor date in 1980, with Rumour guitarist Martin Belmont depping for Steve Nieve.

The Bruce bootleg is culled predominantly from studio out-takes for the 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' LP, although it also features two songs — 'Southern Son' and 'Cowboy Of The Sea' — recorded as demos for CBS talent scout John Hammond way back in 1972.

Among the out-takes are nascent versions of such faves as 'Candy's Room', 'Racing In The Streets', 'Because The Night' and 'Fire', three never-released originals — 'The Promise', 'Spanish Eyes' and 'The Fast Song' — plus a searing live interpretation of Tom Waits' 'Jersey Girl'.

Needless to say, the purchase of such records, should one find them gathering dust in some bargain basement, is totally illegal. Indeed, Springsteen last year won some £2½ million from bootleggers, although a spokesman for Costello's label F-Beat admitted on Monday that there was little a record company could do to stop the determined bootlegger.

— POP-EYE



SAMMY HAGAR

NEW ALBUM

Get Sammy's latest album – 'Standing Hampton'.
Includes the hit single, 'Piece Of My Heart'.

FREE with album. 7" single.
Sammy Hagar in conversation, plus music. Featured as extra track on cassette. Hurry. Limited edition only.

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For the first time in two years, Sammy's back and gigging in the UK. Avoid standing – get your tickets now!

JANUARY
23 St Austell, Colosseum
24 Southampton, Gaumont
25 Bristol, Colston Hall
26 Sheffield, City Hall
28 Glasgow, Apollo
29 Newcastle, City Hall
30 Edinburgh Playhouse
31 Liverpool, Empire

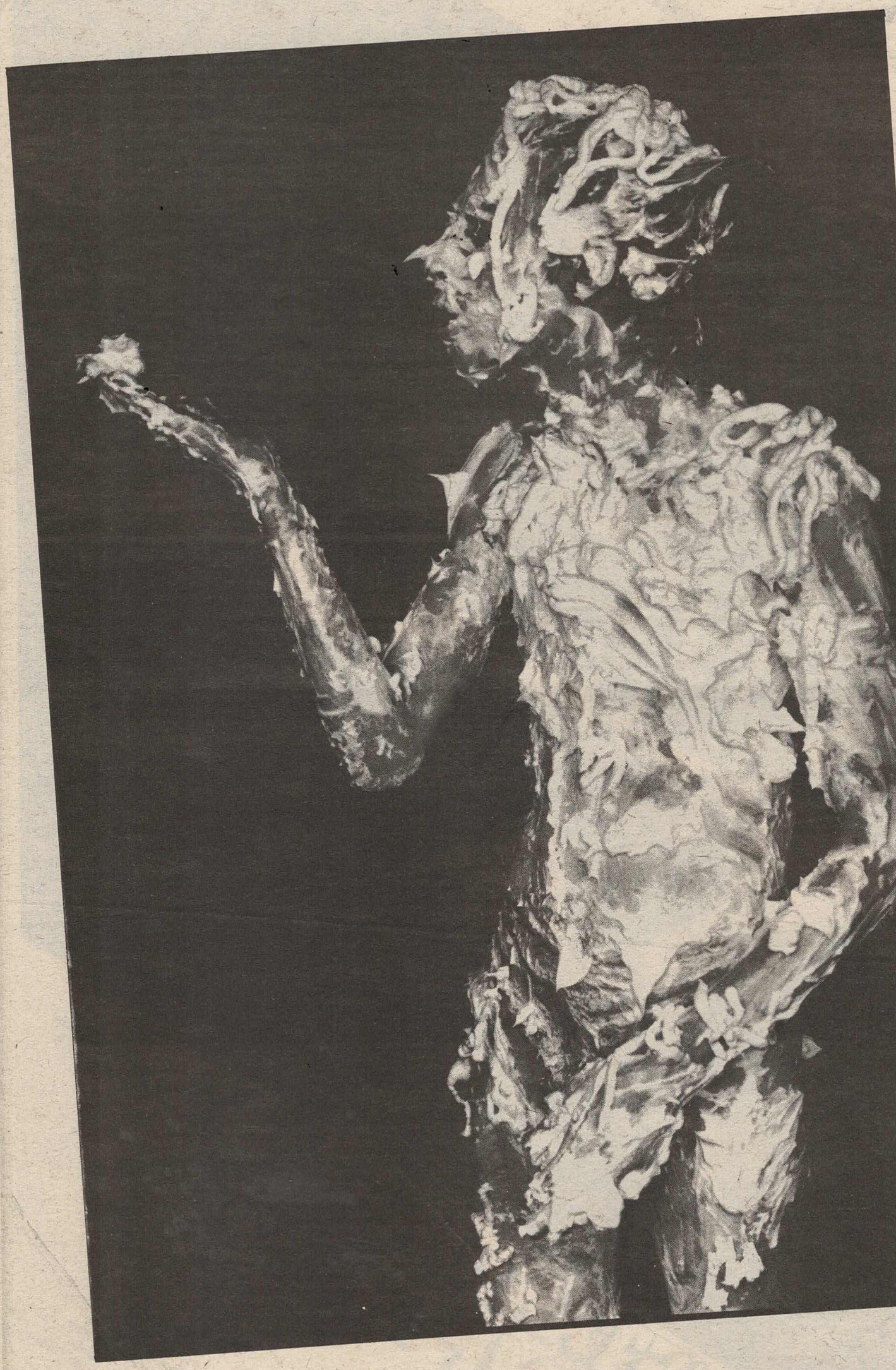
FEBRUARY
2 Birmingham, Odeon
4 Ipswich, Gaumont
6 Lancaster University
7 Manchester, Apollo
9/10 Hammersmith, Odeon

'STANDING HAMPTON'

Single: GEF A 1884
Album: GEF 85456
Cassette: GEF 40/85456

GEFFEN RECORDS

FADFOOLERY AND FRANK CONFESSIONS



Paul Morley encounters Frank Toovey on the verge of failure, and Fad Gadget on the point of hysteria. So why is this a succesful combination? Lazy shaves: Anton Corbijn.

DISTINCTION ...

WEARING AN iron mask and a long steel coat and having travelled north through endless frozen wastes I meet Fad Gadget, played by Frank Tovey, in a place that seems to be at the very centre of this desperate period of collapse and stagnation.

Amidst the ruins of the north west, dealing with the destructive cold and suffering a real confusion as he drowns in the rush and noise of historical change, Frank is in some ways a pathetic sight. Like all of us he's in a sorry state: unlike most of us he is prepared to admit it — more than that he is willing to confront his own shame and limitation (all the moments of struggle) and convert it via Fad into a search for actuality, for identity.

Frank is paper thin, bashful and practical. Fad is a half-human being: like the tramps in *Waiting For Godot* he is waiting for a miracle, a liberation that may never happen. The blood of resistance is draining from Frank. Fad is crying out loud at the deadening of sensibilities.

Fad Gadget is The Fool: you'll see him on the stage. Frank Tovey is Ordinary: you'll see him at home with his pregnant wife Barbara, anxiously anticipating the changes a daughter or son will bring into his life. Somewhere in between is The Stranger: you'll find him on records released on the Mute label.

Fad Gadget is a mixture of memories, experiences, unfettered fancies, absurdities and improvisations: musically a tantalising misunderstanding. He's an odd fish juggling with odds and ends, left over lives, the eternal imbecility of man. He doesn't want to be made a fool of by life, but by himself, through his own childish naivete, as if to cheat life of the privilege.

I get the feeling Frank doesn't like Fad as much as he might.

DETENTION...

"I THINK we're grasping at straws," says Frank about the human race as Fad pulls faces over his shoulder. "Suddenly there's an upsurge in the popularity of different religions. People are thinking — what the hell's happening? I've got to have something to hold on to — so you're getting loads of born again Christians. People are clutching at things so that they feel they have a *position*. Maybe that's why I go on stage and scream my head off.

"Onstage perhaps what I'm looking for is realness. I don't do it so much now but when I first started I used to hurt myself a lot onstage. I thought that by being onstage it would make me feel more alive, but then I felt to do that I had to start hurting myself.

"I think some people use sex like that, or alcohol. They use alcohol until it becomes a pain, they fall over and they're sick. In a way people want physical pain because pain makes you feel that you're real. You'll see the kids in lunatic asylums banging their heads against things. There is a certain sort of numbness that people feel and they need to look for reality, to place themselves in society . . .

"Um, do people want to read things like this in a music paper? Don't they just want a pretty picture and a blurb about the new LP underneath?"

Let's talk about what's going on around about inside and up top in as many ways as we can! Frank shrugs off Fad and scratches in the sand.

"It's like, what am I doing to try and change things? That's the nagging doubt all the time. Is what I do having any effect at all? I believe that people need a kick up the arse because a

lot of them hardly ever think about the way they live or anything and I write things that I believe passionately about, but am I going to alter ideas or just get lost? . . .

INVENTION . . .

"THE REALITY of appearance," gossips Fad before Frank can ruin his own career," is unmasked in favour of the truth of being.

"Masks' — rough, grotesque, like the emotions of which they are the expression . . . A-logic is the most spiritual form of humour, and thus the best weapon against the cliches that dominate our whole life. . . . So as not to be a tearful pacificist or salvationist, the poet must perform a few somersaults to make you into children again. For this is his aim — to give you some dolls, to teach you to play and then to throw the sawdust of the broken doll into the wind."

Fad smirks indulgently and leaves Frank even further behind.

"I think Jean Cocteau has been reproached for having merely touched upon grave problems lightly. I feel that this is wrong: he raises them in a moon-struck enchanted decor. He has been reproached for an impurity of style, his fairyland of cardboard stage sets. It is precisely his confetti that I like, his serpentine, his baroque fairground sphinxes.

"I learnt a lot from Cocteau. As everything is but a mirage and life a fairground, it is not amiss that there should be sphinxes and that there should be a kind of fair. Nothing expresses better than these itinerant and precarious festivities the precariousness of life, the fragility of beauty, evanescence."

ATTENTION . . .

I SUPPOSE that some of us are ready to welcome and weigh this years tin-sell stars, speaking as what many of you think that I am — a rock writer.

If 1981 propelled Phil Oakey and Marc Almond from the cult-webs into the pumping secretions of lighted stardom then the favourites for 1982 could easily be Kirk Brandon and Frank Tovey: except that when you expect something to happen it rarely does, not around here anyway.

Fad, though, is the kind of committed cult that can end up indelicately contagious, ever ready to act the part of star and part the strong seas of opinion. Fad is the sort of oddity that suddenly people can't do without: or, he backs into the wall of failures and breaks up. Fad, like Kirk, doesn't especially suit the darkened narrow corridors of the underground — far better he be in public view, feeling that he's working something worthwhile into people, or something a little less whimsical than usual.

"I don't want to appeal merely to an elite crowd. That's why I left performance art. When I was at college in Leeds doing performance I had a captive audience, but in London I was just performing for like the *Time Out* crowd. I see very little appeal in just performing for the trendy arty type. I want to challenge all forms of acceptance. But I don't get involved in fashion because I'm very wary of adopting a particular style and being stuck with it. I try and keep it all a bit ambiguous."

For someone like Frank Tovey, what he's acting at can often only make hefty sense if it achieves widespread success (especially in a world of ELO and Genesis and Gillan, if you acknowledge my drift). They start making music without a care for all the complexities, to emulate certain people and to satisfy primitive creative urges.

They reach a point where, having decided to accept many of the regulations of the pop circuit, energy works against them on the levels of attention and they continue 90 per cent because it's a job and 10 per cent because of any idealism or creative concern — they get lost, they forget why they started or what they want and don't investigate what can be achieved.

"It gets like a job . . . I'm very wary of that and so's my wife. We discuss it a lot. She says to me — why do you go on if you don't like the business, because most of it is crap. But this is an obsession, it's a large part of my life. It is very frustrating because all the business side dulls my creativity. I'm at home thinking of ideas but constantly I'm wondering what's happening with the album, how is it selling? I feel all the time that I'm beginning just to think of all the business and you get to wondering what the heck you're actually doing. The likelihood of it being just a job if I was successful frightens me as well."

Is the time and effort necessary to take his act into the low clubs of the nation worth giving up? Doesn't the crushing absurdity of the routine wipe away the details of absurdity that he's building up throughout his performance? In 1982, doesn't there *have* to be shortcuts.

"But what are the shortcuts for somebody like me? We tour like this basically because our records aren't getting airplay so the only way we can sell records is by touring. There's a regular crowd that buys our records, but other than that . . . even John Peel doesn't play our records. We're neither Peel-ish nor hip.

"So there's no route through for us unless I start turning out stuff like Depeche Mode and I don't want to do that. I don't want to make the music too simple or too frightening. Daniel Miller (Mute) can't or won't advertise our records so I have to do interviews and do gigs as the only ways to sell our records. I'm only just getting by on record sales.

"Really I can't carry on like this. There's a baby around the house soon. I've got to start selling records just to live. I don't care if I don't sell millions but I want enough money to live on. It's very difficult. I feel it's a constant fight against mediocrity. That's the hardest thing — I'm aware of the temptations, and comfort of slipping right back into the routine."

PROTECTION . . .

"MY MOTHER," says Fad, who refuses to be stifled by commercial pressures, "could not tear me away from the Punch and Judy show. I could watch, enrapt, for whole days. The spectacle of the Punch and Judy show held me there, as if stupefied, through the sight of these puppets that talked, moved, clubbed each other.

"It was the spectacle of the world itself, which, unusual, improbable, but truer than truth, presented itself to me in an infinitely simplified and caricatured form, as if to underline its grotesque and brutal truth."

INTOXICATION . . .

THE WARM car slides through the weighty world, where nothing can be right, on its way from Liverpool to London.

Frank and I feel detached from all the grotesque curses of what we find ourselves involved in and talk about the details of his act simply to pass the time. I express happy interest that his way of celebrating appearing in a damp chilly club for a few pound notes and staying in a flooded hotel is to spread his body with shaving foam and flick pubic hairs at a bewildered audience.

"I'm always interested in things that go out of control. I'm interested in people trying to do something that's everyday and they can't cope with it and it goes wrong. The shaving foam works well visually, I can change how I look really quickly, and it fits in with the song 'Lady Shave'. I object to the pressures put on people to have hair here but not there . . . the pressure that says that hair on a certain part of a woman's body is unfeminine.

"I don't find the pubic hair shocking at all. I think it's quite funny. I can't understand why pubic hair is supposed to be naughty or shocking. Why *are* there certain parts of the body that you mustn't talk about? Why can't you have your pubic hair coloured and attended to by a hair-dresser?"

Some con-rock groups love to refer to certain art movements or attitudes in an effort to establish a mystique — does Frank Tovey do such a *cheeky* thing?

"I'm very wary of establishing any false mystique. I try and knock down any of that. When I tried to think of names for this everything sounded really pretentious so I picked the phrase Fad Gadget because I thought it was so throwaway. It was saying this is disposable, take it or leave it. If you can get something from it, all well and good, but if you don't, chuck it away.

"But I think it's a silly name. I might even ditch it."

Fad squeals at such a suggestion. Is Fad Gadget an imp pulling back the covers of apparent decency — to embarrass?

"Yeah . . . so what! Why is it pornographic if you have a photo of a penis? You see newspapers with pictures of naked women but if there was a naked man in there all hell would be let loose. Because newspapers are run by men and men are frightened by their own sexuality."

Is what Fad Gadget gets up to a practical joke?

"In a way. But maybe the practical joke is on me. The jokes are not so much directed at other people as much as me. I'm making a fool of myself on stage — on records I'm much more relaxed. Maybe I ridicule myself because I can't take myself seriously. I sing about serious things but I can see how ridiculous something that's seriously meant can be.

"I'm definitely influenced by traditional comedians, in the music hall sense rather than the cabaret stand up sense. Their humour is based on people's prejudices rather than a true sense of the absurd. I like comedy that is sort of . . . painful. You're not sure whether to laugh or not. You're not sure whether you *should* laugh. It's on the edge . . . why am I laughing at this? I shouldn't really be laughing . . ."

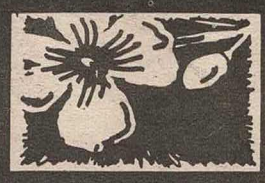
Is Fad Gadget compensating for a mystery that mild Frank Tovey doesn't have? The metaphysical dimension? . . .

"Maybe Fad Gadget is what gets me by. Being able to scream on stage makes me more calm and balanced in daily life. There is something weird about being on stage in front of people. Everyone that goes on stage is a poser for a start. You only have to twitch your little finger and there are 300 people watching so that one gesture can become very important. It can make you behave very differently once you're on the stage.

"When I start off the show I tend to be very still. It takes a while to get going, to get into the Fad Gadget character . . . It's difficult. Once I used to click into it but now I find that it takes a long time to shake off my self-consciousness. But there's a lot of energy being concentrated on the stage and when you're the centre of attention the energy goes into you, your adrenalin gets going, and unless you can turn that back into people's faces or can use it, you buckle. It's like beams of light coming towards you and you have to mirror that back . . . if you absorb it you completely collapse under the pressure of being watched. So maybe me going over the top and being so loud is a defence, because if I didn't do that I'd be shitting myself."

CONTINUES PAGE 39

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES



THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES

THE TOUR

MONDAY 25th JANUARY
AYLESBURY FRIARS

TUESDAY 26th JANUARY
IPSWICH GAUMONT

WEDNESDAY 27th JANUARY
BRIGHTON DOME

THURSDAY 28th JANUARY
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL

FRIDAY 29th JANUARY
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY 30th JANUARY
ST. AUSTELL CORNISH COLISEUM

SUNDAY 31st JANUARY
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY

MONDAY 1st FEBRUARY
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE

TUESDAY 2nd FEBRUARY
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

WEDNESDAY 3rd FEBRUARY
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

THURSDAY 4th FEBRUARY
MANCHESTER APOLLO

FRIDAY 5th FEBRUARY
LEEDS UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY 6th FEBRUARY
BIRMINGHAM ODEON

FRIDAY 19th FEBRUARY
EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY 20th FEBRUARY
NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY

SUN./MON. 21st/22nd FEBRUARY
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TOUR PROMOTORS OUTLAW & KILTORCH

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY IAN PENMAN

WAS roused from the exclusion of depleted slumber by a succession of unexpected blows. . .

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: I Can't Go For That (RCA)
BELIEVE it! Hall & Oates wouldn't flush many cheeks or even flash before many eyes at the drop of a hihat, but heavens, 'I Can't Go For That' — it's been nestled atop the appalling USA singles chart for a while — is a breathy lift, with *the* most seductive introductory crack. Floored by MOR? Think of it as polyMORphous perversity, think of it as MORal sex — "soul" is in how *relaxed*, "funk" is in how *sexed* — and these two drippy looking dandies prowl unexpectedly along a brink filled with breaks, a gritty mix churning together dry-as-dub dressing and silky-soul stretch-marks.

'I Can't Go For That' has everything your body needs to put everything your selfish body needs in perspective: a rhythm that is casually carnal — never aggressive or digressing — a voice that is still singing when it screams, apposite hyphens of vocal harmony, and the joy of sax. The singer off-handedly debates the body/soul dualism, worries out loud about the bounds and boundaries of a pleasure bond — the ever-present fear of bondage — and considers transgression; he decides it's not enough to be *nice*. Whether the implications of this choice insinuate dark Sadean things isn't made explicit, but I quite like the hints all the same: *"Where does it stop? Where do you dare me to draw the line?"* Sounds like a HIT to me; submit to their simple soul bevel — don't query the MORality — and remember that HOOK is a word one of whose traces is *'coupling'*.

MARI WILSON: Beat The Beat (Compact)
The vague sense of something off-puttingly camp and contrived about Mari Wilson — and the Compact organisation — evaporates in the elegance and energy of these debut recorded moments; I'm almost moved to say that this minor epic is momentous! I feared a clinical recreation of some era or other, buried under effects and very affected — but the reverberations here are a lot craftier, and eminently well crafted. Wilson's intonation is revealing, extending a lyrical and textural promise of maternal warmth wrapped with a ribbon of perversity . . .hints of those dark Sadean things again, something vile and hilarious behind the hairclips, handclaps, silk stockinged feet and saxaphone smile. Glamour is thus restored to its rightful position in an aesthetic of fearful and frozen desires . . . and this is no blank recollection or shyster's curio reproduction, but a resonant plurality of voices, a cascade of classic signs twisted into a tinny minor classic: reflections in a Compact mirror.

Sounds like a HIT, and Mari's voice sounds like it could torch with the very best of them. Sweet evil dream: think of her voice — her vice? — in a duet with James White! Two sulky animals cooing in a schizoo. . .

WAS iridescent with a sensual glow of which nothing need be said; it has turned itself into rhythm, it IS rhythm. . .

STEVIE WONDER: That Girl (Motown).
The Wonder hit machine never stops working — it strikes in our hearts — and is an almost unique pop phenomenon, in that it satisfies nearly *everyone*, from the most boring muso to the more misadventurous amongst us . . . in pubs, clubs, bedsits, bungalows, because of love, because all our needs must of necessity take a mythic form — be it a political utopia or an undying love — and because of that Wonderful voice. Even when his words are not exactly swords — the love songs can sometimes be a little prosaic — *that* voice with its hardly noticeable dips, shudders and dabs will make you swear by every syllable. *This* girl is as universal as she is personal; he tells her that he loves her, wants her . . . and you know it sounds something like the truth. It's almost eeri how easily Wonder can slip out a record this casual, this complete.

TOM BROWNE: Fungi Mama (Arista 12")
GASPER LAWAL: Kita Kita (Cap 12")
BRANDI WELLS: Watch Out (WMOT/Virgin 12")
EVELYN KING: Spirit Of The Dancer (RCA 12")
Rattle those bones! Unwrap your true rhythmic self, generously: 4 × 12", all fairly unconditionally recommended. You could have an above average dance party with these four — providing the kind of company you keep is up to above-average dancing. If you're not into partying, you could just have a good private jig to yourself at the epi-centre of the carpet of your choice. If you're not into that, you could have a musicological seminar, or just let the musicological beat ruffle your winter doldrums. If you're not into any of these things, check and see if you're dead — if so, get yourself buried.

The differences between Tom Browne's trans-pan-African-jazz-snazz-plus stampede and Gasper Lawal's are hardly discernible, if you play your decks right (let's play at being rappers — bagsy Grandmaster Flash!) — give or take the odd cock-crow, syn-drum, or dub-trigger. It hardly matters — they both blow up a fine cross-cultural sand-storm. Tom Browne has the bonus of one of the all time most obtrusive bass rackets ever recorded, by virtue of Arista re-scheduling a remixed 'Funkin' For Jamaica' on his reverse — which makes this one Value For Money Buy Of The Week. But both 'Fungi Mama' and 'Kita Kita' sound like summer, which can't be bad.

Although a fair number of people purchased it last year, Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love' — definitely A Great Record and Gorgeous Rhythm Of Our Time — wasn't really accorded the publicity it deserved; it was an AWEsome tingle, a sex-earthed trampoline harmony bomb — if you don't yet, OWN it. 'Spirit Of The Dancer' — *not* about a funky poltergeist — doesn't quite have the same once-in-a-lifetime tug (although 'I'm In Love' actually made it twice-in-a-lifetime, already, for Evelyn: remember 'Shame' from 1978?), but is hyper-hypnotic all the same. Virgin, meanwhile, have wisely leased the truly tru-funk US label WMOT, and the first thing to fly our way is Brandi Wells' *very* classy 'Watch Out' — so you thought they'd stopped making them like this? — which has been selling heavily on Import, and simply oozes Real Soul quality. Try for the 12", which features Brandi's trystworth and cliche-free rap.

To the floor!

THE JONES GIRLS: Nights Over Egypt (Philadelphia Int. 12")
SLAVE: Wait For Me (Cotillion/Atlantic)
T. S. MONK: Too Much Too Soon (Mirage/WEA)
LIQUID LIQUID: Successive Reflexes (99 Records 12" Import)
Four slices of urbane sound, conditionally recommended — the conditions being yours; aesthetic and financial, rather than the more wide-reaching Human one(s). The first three are superior modern soul, smooth and smoochy rather than tight and tetchy — which is where Liquid Liquid come in, with their sort of Chico Hamilton-meets-'Metal Box' PiL New York-imbalance funky drone; one side of it is provocative, the second a trifle strained.

T. S. Monk have the benefit of Odyssey's modest producer Sandy Linzer and it shows in a imperturbably classy arrangement — the up-rush of thick swirling strings hear the songs climax is a minor masterpiece of this manner of doing things. Slave are a sometimes groovy, sometimes

gooey proposition — and their tricksy rock-fronted funk should have the benefit of a 12", which the 'Wait For Me' waiting for me doesn't. The Jones Girls do, though, and come over sheer and clear on a curious tribute Far Eastern nightlife. *"Take a caravan . . . across the Sudan,"* they advise us, verging on a parody of such sweet soul chorus chanting. But the Philadelphia expertise — manifest in a lush, spacey production — pulls things away from potential farce. Midnight at the oasis? I could get into that.

WAS scared to turn out the lights. . .

CARLY SIMON: Hurt (Warner Bros).
A crying shame. Simon's 'Torch' LP is a polite MOR-bid for the eternal ambience of all those elusive sighing telegrammes . . . singers stuck in love's carnage, regressing, regretting, retentive, repose ironic, escape impossible, dreamily convinced of repossession, lost in the reclining areas of the mind that just refuses to relinquish . . . but it's no use. The LP, that is — unfortunately all the gloss and no sense of loss, bar one beautiful moment: her delivery and Mike Mainieri's arrangement of Hoagy Carmichael's 'I Get Along Without You Very Well' — which should be here as the single (and as a timely tribute to Carmichael?) for millions of lonely consumers to lose — see — themselves in. 'Hurt' is a merely adequate little poem on the metaphysical contaminations of heartbreak. *"I'm hurt,"* she sings — the hurt of lust can be easily handled, eased, emptied, but the hurt of Love is the bind of a myth whose nets no amount of struggle will free you from — but she just sounds like she's hamming it up.

RAY CAMPI: Rockin' At The Ritz (Rollin' Rock).
COLONEL JIM SILVERS: Crying My Heart Out Over You (Rollin' Rock).
Resuscitation without bore: the Rollin' Rock label tends to the historical thrill-billy classics being left in the collector's margin whilst plastic plagarists scamper up and down our chart ladder (the nauseous Coast To Coast, the unnaturally *nice* Shakin' Stevens, etc). Campi has the essential wild bounce and impertinence — a thick twang and rumble — big enough to bother even a mock(ing) anti-R'n'R snob like me. But I *really* love 'Crying My Heart Out Over You' (call it the post-'Almost Blue' bandwagon or flagon if you want) — an archetypal C&W tequila-binge torch. There is nothing minor about achieving a genuinely maudlin lilt — something nearer to the death instinct in man than the drunken bore in the corner booth. This is the

painful poetry of an eternally recurring primal scene: *"Each night I climb the stairs up to my room/It seems I hear you whisper in the gloom . . ."* Hallucinatory melancholy magic.

WAS reclaimed by the siren songs of a longed-for foreign shore ...

BUSH TETRAS: Rituals (US Stiff 12" Import).
When they're loud they're very very lewd, when they're drab they're another OK NY rock band. Some brittle nights they're special — hard rock that is sensual, something we are right to believe doesn't exist, most of the time. When the Bush Tetras have got their grab, and smash through, they're a funk band — exploiting and warping the tensions of the guitar-bass-drums-voice sound. Bare faced lovers, love stranger, dwell morbidly on a moody precipice ... "rhythm and paranoia" they wish their music to be known, if it has to be named.

On this four track e.p. produced by Topper Headon (not badly, not brilliantly) the rhythm and paranoia are split over the sides. Rhythm: 'Can't Be Funky' and a version thereof, coloured in with horns and percussion. Paranoia: 'Cowboys In Africa' (lovers of The Fall should topple into this) and 'Rituals' — the low highlight of the four, with a jaundiced jive that could only have come out of the side of a Manhattan mouth: *"The rituals we observe, we turn them into holidays / With our sex and our drugs and our endless spare time ... This isn't life, it's just a STUPID lifestyle."* There lies the rub: they're very much a New York band, although not quite a New York myth yet (James Chance as Dionysus; Lydia Lunch as Desdemona?), and I wonder how worldly-widely attractive they can get outside their home environment. Their love could pull them through, the weight of their city's lore could cuddle them to death. So many NY sparks just fester into a safe hell of a cult, die of heroin poisoning, disappear ... Don't disappear, Bush Tetras.

WAS considering a severe departure in the cut of my hair ...

HAIRCUT 100: Love Plus One (Arista).
It took a while, but I was eventually tickled — although never deeply touched — by the frisky tumble of 'Favourite Shirts'; but what sort of long term trick are Haircut 100? New funk? New Monkees? Haircut ICA? 'Love Plus One' is a skimpy little skip of a pop song, and "funk" certainly doesn't come into it; they must have fallen out. It's very English and whimsical — hardly considerable — and a bit smug and snug and zzzany. I find these sort of attributes cloying (faintly facetious FUN boys with fringes and fickleness) and never get the feeling that the rinky dinky doo 'Love Plus One' *desires* me as a neutral consumer — it doesn't *tug* at my ear. That said, I *do* think it's nice they're not labouring the f(l)unk flight — by the end of last year funk had just become the Number One hobby for young boys up and down the country, and all sense and sensuality got lost in irrelevant arguments about how 'authentic' this was, how 'well' that was played, etc. Perhaps it's because there are *so many* of these cuddly all-boy groups that I'm offput. Maybe if there was an equivalent all-girl Haircut 100 chart group — a sort of *Miss Selfridge* come to life — the picture would round out a little. I'll hum along to 'Love Plus One' — here, there and lazywhere — in the weeks to come; but it doesn't reveal enough irregularity, or revel in its own identity enough, for me to rave or save my pennies.

THE JAM: Precious (Polydor).
Stop before you start, *please!* Oh no ... oh yes. 'Precious' is The Jam gone all funky; a but late in the day, wouldn't you say? Weller takes the 'Fave Shirts' / 'Chant No. 1' formula (song-brass break-workout) and submerges his lyrics in a stammering, bubbling funk. What does remain of the stylised Weller syntax is at odds with this would-be sweaty inferno — the protagonist's angst *"on a winter's morning"* doesn't quite fit. The mix is murky, the pivotal bass line too familiar, and the whole separates into more or less 'interesting' parts — it can't quite raise itself above the historical traces. The feel is rigid rather than relaxed, Weller sounding strained when trying to prise a groovy grimace out of his singing voice (the grunting "huh!" here and there isn't at all convincing). Overall, there's no sauce or space — it's funky doggerel, a musicological *exercise*. And where, I wonder, does this fit into the '60s recreation sequence? (Food for fans: b side is 'A Town Called Malice' live, December '81.)

WAS idling, disengaged ...

ROBERT PALMER: Some Guys Have All The Luck (Island)
OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN: Landslide (EMI)
Two swinging, good looking, filthy rich adults who are each capable of greatness ... here turn in merely average selections. I'm not sure how ironic Robert intends his song's title to be, but whatever it's all about gets buried under a variety of vain vocal mannerisms; such a pity, seeing as how when he disciplines himself — 'Johnny and Mary' and 'Looking For Clues' are Great Records Of Our Time — he's far removed from the dodgy sophist sophisticate he tends to get mistaken for. 'Some Guys Have All The Luck' has a dozen rhythms battling against one another for foreground space and no real rush, all just sludge.

Livvy's new single isn't nearly so bad — all the pieces of production are peachy, flawlessly paced, hooks well spaced — but it comes as a disappointment after the epiphany of 'Physical'. After the explicit 'Physical' language, the corny trail of metaphors in 'Landslide' — romance represented in cold winds, rainbows, and indeed a landslide of some considerable displacement — is just not rude enough. Fetishists could always pore over the pic sleeve — Livvy's smart new haircut (a world of difference) emphasized with a trendy headband.

THE NOLANS: Don't Love Me Too Hard (Epic).
This would appear to be the sisters' attempt to emulate the Pointer family's recent success with lyrical sexual instruction, 'Slow Hand' — although it could just be reading dirty rotten things into something a lot less contriving in its desire: *"Don't love me too hard / No honey, you're moving too fast / I know that you wanna please me / But don't think it's easy ..."* I did read somewhere last week that the Nolans enjoy reading their especially smutty fan mail, so who knows? Whatever, the song can't make its mind up what tempo it wants to adopt, the intro flounders, and the arrangement is nowhere near sophisticated enough to put them up there with the Pointers and Sheenas of this world.

THE STARGAZERS: Groove Groove Baby E.P. (Epic).
What I feared Mari Wilson would be and wasn't — flaky camp vamp reconstruction — and what is loveable in the Rollin' Rock stock — authoritative R'n'R flounce — would up together in one big parcel of "whackiness': The Stargazers half send-up / half idealize the essences of McMillan era Espresso Bar slick skiffle boogie. This E.P. is a would-be trendsetter's treat — slightly disfigured "authenticity" seeping through the merry masquerade. Creeps, I call 'em. Necrophilia without the moral abandonment — an ill-considered nostalgia. Probably a hit.

WAS lost for value judgements ...

MOUTH: Ooh, Ah, Yeah! (Recreational)
THE PASSIONS: African Mine (Polydor)
Two not disagreeable but hardly disjointing records — they'll reach the converted, will they rearrange a wider world? The Passions' 'African Mine' — sunny agit-pop — is laudable, lilting, but has no secrets. 'Ooh, Ah, Yeah!' is sort of slapstickabilly on one side and *a la mode* funk (a bit Bristol squiggly) on the other: loud and laughable (*with* rather than *at*) but no more than an (up)start, as yet. The Passions sound too mature, Mouth still immature ... and I'm beginning to sound too liberal.

THE JAM

Thanks to everyone for all your support and belief last year.

The Gift is coming...

MYSTERIES OF THE BALKANS

Dragana

6. **IN which Dragana brings colour into the winter's life, and she meets the punks inna the community centre.**

WHEN DRAGANA walked into the room, I gasped with surprise. The effect was like seeing a parrot in the middle of a flock of pigeons.

Dragana Saric had left me a note introducing herself as a young 'chanteuse', and arrived at the Hotel Moskva to play me her tune.

She was wearing red and white Worlds End stockings, peach-satin cami-knickers, and a blazing red Russian peasant scarf smothered in huge rainbow flowers. Her bright red hair flooded to her waist.

To get the full impact, you have to psyche yourself into Belgrade. The buildings all look as if they'd been designed by someone who was born colour blind in to a square womb. The entire city is something like a cross between Colditz and the most dismal, inhuman housing estate — minus the graffiti. Dragana whips out a cassette of her tune 'Mustapha' and had I not been lying down to receive the full impact through my Walkperson, I'd have fallen over backwards.

Dragana is in her early 20s. Like Neneh Cherry, she was greatly influenced by her father, a jazz musician, with whom she travelled a lot in her youth. Dragana's had lots of musical training, but it hasn't knocked the freedom out of her. Neither has the musically frustrating time she spent as one of Yugoslavia's top session singers.

'Mustapha' is being released soon by state record company, PGP. For it. Dragana has taken the unfortunate (I think) *nom de disque* of Baby Doll — but let's hope there's an English release under her own name. With its B-side, 'The Famous Cosmic War' a re-working of 'In The Hall Of The Mountain King' that reminds me irresistibly of Klaus Nomi, it was intended for release as a 12-inch.

Dragana shuddered as she remembered her sessions — eventually, she'd cut her album project short because she was so dissatisified with the difficulties of working without people of like mind in the studio.

"I mean, the engineer was 50 years old! Can you imagine! He had absolutely no idea what I was trying to do.

"I didn't want to quarrel — the situation was stranger because I was a girl, and none of the men were used to working with a girl who had her own ideas about music.

"I just wanted to be normal, but then they started to push me into a situation where I felt like somebody else. Here in Yugoslavia, we have houses, schools, department stores — so we have record companies. But nothing else for a musicial sub-structure."

Like Idoli and lots of Yugoslavian youth, Dragana speaks fluent English. She was as bright, warm and funny as her music was good. I'd never expected to meet a spiritual sister of the late lamented Slits who musically fulfills all that Lene Lovich attempted — and failed — to do with Balkan mystery but I was glad I did. Dragana took me down to the Studentski Kulturni Centar — you can guess what that means — at 48 Marshall Tito Street, telling me that this was where much of the Belgrade action happened.

It's a large space with a plush bookshop, a coffee bar with busts of Marx and Lenin and ranks of winged '60s brown plastic armchairs, a rehearsal room in the basement (which looks like any grubby cellar rehearsal room), and the Happy (art) Gallery as well as a hall that's used for gigs.

Upstairs, shivering in the freezing cold — the heat was cut as part of Yugoslavia's current tighten-the-belt "stabilisation" programme, I met 15-year old Ciril and his mate 17-year old Rosa, both skiving off school in the lunch hour.

They contribute to three groups between them — Urban Guerilla, Berlinerstrasse, and Joy of Europe. Ciril has a skinhead crop and an earring, and a lively guttersnipe rodent face. "I'm a SKINHEAD," he shouts enthusiastically.

Rosa looks more solid, blond with a ruddy face. In his khaki army fatigue jacket, he looks like a Young Territorial you might meet having a pint in a country pub.

"Only Joy of Europe are *real* punks," Ciril says with pride. They don't speak much English, so the ever-useful Dusan had to translate.

Ciril and Rosa, with financial assistance from the Centre, put out a fanzine *Urban Guerilla*. Flipping through its well-xeroxed pages is like taking a time trip to '77. Safety pins, blackmail lettering, wild blobs of ink. Rosa says: "I make music because there's nothing else to do except go to school, then go into the town centre and drink beer."

Ever since Rosa's girlfriend went to London in '77 and brought back The Damned's 'New Rose', Rosa and Ciril have been living the life of expatriate punks and skins.

They have an uncannily sophisticated knowledge of the English music scene, putting the bands in a context that they've never experienced themselves. Till recently, they bought *NME* every week at the news stands in the Underground, but since recent import cutbacks, the range of journals has been slashed. Now you can almost only get Russian newspapers like *Pravda*.

You can't buy any imported records in Yugoslavia, and no record label has signed a deal with any of the independents. Thus all Ciril and Rosa's favourites are brought back by friends visiting England to buy equipment. They cite as favourites: Rough Trade, The Pop Group (specially Mark Stewart), Rip Rig & Panic, Medium Medium and Bauhaus — specially their 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' — the more expressionist, hurricane end of the new wave market. Rosa is tuned in to the great ideological debates of the late '70s; he spits on groups that sign to EMI, and is staunchly loyal to labels like Factory and Rough Trade.

"I don't like Crass," Ciril says.

"Why not? They stick to their ideology, at least."

"But they're anarchists. Anarchy is impossible. And they talk about Peace."

"So what's wrong with peace?" I ask, wondering if he can hear ghostly kaftan bells ringing from my past.

"I just don't like it. But I suppose it is possible."

Ciril likes all the English groups like Sham 69, The Cockney Rejects and The 4 Skins.

Since Ciril's so hip to the English scene, how does he feel about the bands' alleged racist affiliations?

Ciril ain't bothered. He expresses admiration for the Nazis.

"He's talking rubbish," Rosa interrupts hotly. "Those German Nazis killed many Yugoslavians in the war."

Ciril stops giggling and starts to almost shake with fervour in his attempts to explain that he was just joking.

"Sometimes there are things you have to make a stand about," I say severely.

Ciril says earnestly, "I don't like the idea of fascism. We're living in COMMUNISM."

What does that mean to you?

"It means we're — full of liberty here," says Ciril shrugging his shoulders the way you do when you make a guess in an oral exam.

Ciril and Rosa have to go. Speaking in Yugoslavian so that I won't understand, Ciril mutters that he'll be in trouble at school, he hasn't revised his Marxism.

7. **In which the writer visits ZAGREB to see ELECTRIC ORGASM perform and search for MAD JOHNNY**

ELECTRIC ORGASM had been rehearsing downstairs in the Cultural Centre, sounding like a primaeval punk thrash. Luckily, they're not like that live or on record.

The coffee bar has one glass wall with trees behind; it's so damn cold that I feel we're actually out there sitting in a tree, becoming icicles.

Their rehearsal over, Electric Orgasm come

PART TWO
Vivien Goldman continues her journey in Yugoslavia in search of the elusive Mad Johnny and the Balkan mentality.

Pictures by Alain Bizos.

to the coffee bar just as Ciril and Rosa are sneaking off with their satchels.

Their lead singer is Srjan Gojkovic, an intense, doomytwitchy gangling beanpole of a 20 year old who looks several years older. He has a passing resemblance to the young Franz Kafka (though Kafka, judging by the photos, had less spots) whom he greatly admires, along with Samuel Beckett.

Srjan is another English speaker, luckily, and likes to talk. "Belgrade's a great place to make music," he says cheerfully, "because it's got such a depressive atmosphere, like Berlin.

"A few weeks ago, we played in Warsaw. It went down great, they added an extra two shows to the two we'd planned. It was wonderful — *very* depressing," he said gleefully. "I really felt at home. Our money was worth so much there, we ate venison and caviar and smoked salmon. All you can buy there is Russian art books. You should come with us next time we go to Poland — they grow lots of good grass . . ."

This conversation took place pre-putsch.

Srjan tells me he likes ugly music, and loathes Yugoslavian pop. He has turned his back on the days of punk politics.

"Electric Orgasm were very rebel when we started, but now I'm not in that mood. I saw I couldn't do anything with those songs. People wanted to listen, but they didn't understand. I don't believe songs change things any more. Now I'm looking more inside than outside. I'm not like Mad Johnny. I don't like to write about politics."

I'm surprised at this, since Dusan isn't the only one to quote Electric Orgasm's song 'Crocodiles' as a good example of the Kafka-esque fear lurking below the Balkan Mentality.

"It's dark, I'm alone / Come back, I'm frightened / Because I don't want to be alone / When the crocodiles are coming / Who are they? / What do they want? / And why are they taking me away from freedom? / There's nothing left / There's no one left / The crocodiles have eaten everything . . ."

Why do so many people tell me that song of yours is anti-Russian, Srjan?

He twitches some more.

"I just had a vision of those crocodiles. You can say they are . . . Babylon."

The next night, Electric Orgasm are playing at the hip club in Zagreb, the Kulusic Club, a State niterie. He invites us along.

Zagreb is particularly appealing because it's the home of Mad Johnny and Azra. The more I hear about this TNT person, the more curious I get. Clearly, he knows too much for his own good, and insists on shouting it very loudly in public.

So Alain, Dusan and I fly to Zagreb in a cigar size plane, and discover that it's a very pretty old city, with all the charm that Belgrade had flattened out of it by the bombs. Some ornate buildings look almost Italian. The Kulusic Club reminds Alain of a New York venue. It's modern, with a concert room like a university hall with a narrow balcony around it, and a bright bar with zany murals of a multi-coloured striped zebra stretching round the built-in seating.

Electric Orgasm are wearing some bright jumble-sale shirts that look like they've been bought abroad, and they're the only men I see wearing make-up in Yugoslavia.

Onstage, they all have distinct personalities. Srjan's basketball height leaps, lowers and threatens. The drummer is unusually dance-y from the shoulders up — obviously a born poser. They shift from straight punk through to more spacey, Talking Heads style stuff.

The audience is far more dramatically dressed than any Belgrade kids, indicating a link between architecture and the aesthetics living therein. There are even real punks in ripped, torn and scribbled-on shirts. At first, everyone stands still, listening far more intently than British audiences, then the punks begin to pogo and shake V-signs in the air.

In the ladies, I meet a couple of punkettes who want to know if I've met Adam Ant or Steve Strange. We play around with make-up for a bit, then — minus the elusive Mad Johnny, who's stood us up — we go to eat with some journalists.

Over the sawdust and polystyrene food in the only restaurant open at midnight, they tell me horror stories about the frustration of never being able to write freely. Unwritten regulations insist that all articles must be positive and only positive. Little or no criticism allowed. They tell me about the frustration of jobs always going to Communist Party members, they tell me about the obstructions placed in the path of those dodgy individualists, freelance journalists.

As more wine is drunk, everyone starts to flash on the more positive aspects of their country. Someone says: "It's based on the most metaphysical concept in the world — a workers' conscience. If it existed, everything would work."

They talk of Tito: "He built a system that could only work with him. Tito could get credit anywhere. We called him Papa. He had failures, but human failures. Above all," the journalist looks at me meaningfully, "he said NO to Stalin . . ."

I think of Mad Johnny's song, 'Sons Of Bitches'.

"About pro-Russians,
In strategic positions,
I can hear them on our roads —
The paranoiac feeling that
Pro-Russians
Will get hold of our country . . ."

Where IS Johnny?

Next morning we drive out to Yugoton, his record company. It's marooned in the middle of a wasteland surrounded by building sites, hardly the pulse-racing inner city context you'd expect for Yugoslavia's most adventurous label.

Inside the office, the head of A&R, Sinisa Skarica greets us. He's a big built man in his late 30s, who looks like he used to play rugby. In fact, he used to be in a top Yugoslav R&B group. He has some sad news for us — Johnny had left the previous afternoon for London to attend a meeting with EMI's International Department, about possible British release.

This is impossible! I groan. With great diligence, we unearth the number for EMI International. Finally I connect to London — it's the wrong number, EMI Classical. No Mad Johnnies expected in the orchestral department that day.

Sinisa says to me: "Perhaps it isn't a very good time to phone Johnny anyway. He's having a bit of trouble at the moment. The people who run the record company don't want to put out one of the songs on his new album, and Johnny refuses to change it."

What's it about?

"Oh, just some criticisms of the way things are run, nothing in particular . . . Maybe it would be better to interview Johnny in — February, say?"

Sinisa is responsible for a lot of Yugoslavian music. The company also distributes RCA, Island, Decca, EMI, Virgin, Capitol, and Liberty, so he speaks with some authority. He tells me that The Sex Pistols' LP wasn't released, because "In connection with our politics, we don't want to get involved in other people's problems; though if it would have been released here, it would have been a commercial success. We haven't much trouble about words, but Johnny boy . . ." here Sinisa breaks off and gives a respectful sigh, "he is a rather interesting person. He has much to say. He's a scribomaniac, you know, can't stop writing songs. His last double album sold 30,000 albums and over 30,000 cassettes." His voice rings with personal pride.

I try EMI again.

No luck.

Instead I work out with Sinisa that it is impossible for some musicians to release music in Yugoslavia. If a musician is rejected by a state company, he can't release it on his own. There is a provision, though, for people who are willing to pay for a state company like Yugoton to press records, though they'd have to distribute it themselves. Sinisa seems to feel that this system offers total freedom to Yugoslavian musicians — till he has to admit that somewhere down the line, there's definitely someone who could nix a project, even on grounds of musical taste. If that applied to England, some incredibly popular groups who make an ugly noise, like Throbbing Gristle and Crass (who both have their own labels) couldn't get their music out at all. It's a *trompe l'oeil* freedom, at bottom — more Balkan Mentality.

Sinisa seems surprised and slightly disturbed by where our discussion has led to.

He tells me about the Republican Committee For Cultural Questions, a board made up of music critics and other arbiters of taste; they have the power to levy an extra tax of about 30-50% onto records they don't care for. A rock critic who's served on the Committee later tells me that it's pretty meaningless nowadays; certainly, if it's not used to penalise a political extremist like Johnny, this Orwellian Committee seems fairly harmless. Lately, it's only been levied on modern Yugoslavian folk records, and some would say with good reason.

Still, the Committee is there, with the power to price some people's messages out of the market. Why keep a gun — or a bomb — around, if you're not going to use it?

8. In which more Balkan Mentality is expounded by the ex-President's daughter Mira and her beat combo.

DUTY DONE in Zagreb, we return to Belgrade. An assignation has been made with Thala (wave) the group fronted by notorious ex-President's daughter Mira Mijatovic, the same girl that got into trouble for participating in Pappo's happenings, posing around with a Mercedes and saying how it costs more to set up the summer labour camps for Yugoslavian youth than the youth make with their labour.

Thala drops in at the Moskva, and raid the liquor in the hotel room fridge.

Mira is a dead ringer for punk vintage Poly Styrene, down to the black curly hair, the unselfconsciously flashed braces on the teeth, and the taste for synthetics and sparklers.

She and Bogan, who looks like a ski instructor, and Mici, who wouldn't look amiss in Pasolini's *Thousand And One Nights* with his cameo face and soft fair hair, walk in laughing.

What are Thala all about?

"We want to be famous! Rich!"

"Beautiful! Smart!"

They all laugh. Mici says grandly, "There's money around, that's no problem."

Just as I'm about to dismiss the guy as a hopelessly empty-headed hedonist, he says practically: "When you have an opportunity not to work, you don't. Now for the first time I feel warm, doing music. I want to tell about all the things that are happening in this country. But there's not a lot of opportunity, because you can't do whatever you want in a song."

How's that? I thought art was meant to be the place where you could be more honest than in the media.

"Maybe that's what it's like where you live," Mici said dryly. "Here good groups make music and can't make a record, because the authorities say it's not good for people to listen to. You have to find your own way to say what you feel."

Don't be a coy — who are you talking about?

After a hesitation, Mici says it's a group called Bulldozee, a Zappa-esque satirical group. "They're so good! They made fun of everything!"

continues over

Idoli

Thala, featuring ex-President's daughter Mira Mijatovic.

Electric Orgasm throw a few shadows over the Yugoslav establishment.

POLITICS AND POLKAS

POLITICS AND POLKAS

From previous page

So what actually stopped them?

"It's some kind of custom. . .it's hard to explain. It's as if you're not fit for society if you're not in the Communist Party. It's full of shit."

Bogan, who starts off saying cautiously, "Sometimes misunderstandings are caused by words" starts to get more militant. He cries out angrily: "Yes, you're always supposed to sing about the birds flying, about the sea and the beautiful countryside."

Mira isn't saying anything much. Her father used to be the president of the Presidency, the annual revolving leadership that's been governing since Tito died. Mira's already got into trouble with her folks, when she participated in Pappo's "actions".

Does Mira's daddy like her being in a group?

"I have problems with that. It's not very popular."

How about you mother?

Mira's eyes sparkle.

"Ahhh, she's a very great Yugoslavian actress."

Oh, then, she must be pleased her daughter's also gone into showbusiness!

Mira looks miserable. The boys giggle.

"She's the wife of a political man now, she likes peace in the house, she's busy raising a family of nice children. I'm a really good daughter," (I thought I heard a faint note of desperation in there) "I study painting and Spanish. They think I have music as a hobby, but if I miss a class for music, there's a big fight. It's like all parents."

Are you in the Communist Party?

"Yes."

Why?

Mira pauses. Laughs. "That's an interesting question. I joined two or three years ago. My language teacher at a school told me that it was my duty as the daughter of a political man. I was so young I didn't even know what it meant. They advise all the people who are good in school to join the party."

Bogan and Mici aren't in the Party. Bogan says: "It's much easier to get an apartment if you're in the Party. It's easier to make life as you want."

Mira is getting twitchy. "Don't look at things so black," she chides; "Yes, a lot of people join the Party to get a job or apartment, instead of ideology. It's bad, but true."

Mira is honestly worried, even though she's deliberately stayed schtum through the boys' political beliefs. "I'm a politician's daughter. It's bad for me to say anything. . .it will only get me into trouble."

Don't worry, Mira, I hereby officially pronounce you a Dutiful Daughter, properly solicitous of her family's welfare.

9. In which Mad Johnny finally speaks. And the Radio Belgrade Control Tape monitors our writer.

ONE MORNING I was woken by a phone call from a white dread journalist called Goran who I'd got friendly with in Belgrade. The other night he'd been telling me how he didn't deal with "politricks" and just moved spiritually; ironic that it should be his voice trembling as he told me of the military take-over in Poland.

My journalistic search for Mad Johnny had turned into an obsession by now; all of a sudden I needed to find out how the most outspoken Yugoslavian youth leader was feeling. Dusan helped me to contact him by phone; Johnny speaks virtually no English. When he spoke to me from his hotel in London, where he was making a trip to buy equipment, all he could get out was a furious yell of "Oh, Poland! What a shit!"

So Dusan acted as interpreter; what did Johnny feel about the Polish putsch?

"We don't have a lot of information, but it reminds me of the last war. The English, French and Americans were all fighting the Germans. But American money was invested in German factories, actually going towards planes to bomb the Americans and their Allies. The Allies didn't bomb those factories.

"We've got to watch out, there's a lot of shit going on."

Well, Johnny, the Poles owe so much to the International Monetary Fund that people are saying a lot of European banks could fold because they can't pay their debt. . .

"Yes! The West wants its money back, and the East wants *its* money back. Everyone's got an investment in the Polish situation; dig it."

Don't you get the feeling that this is an historical re-run? It feels like a movie we've sat through before.

"It's difficult to be precise, but if we can draw any historical parallels, it reminds me a bit of the Paris Commune. It might be just as powerful, historically.

"But I'd been hoping that Poland would affect the Russians the same way as the Czechoslovakian's fighting against the Austro-Hungarian Empire made the whole Empire collapse, in the end.

"Knowing the Polish, I always wondered how far they'd get in making radical changes before the Russians stepped in. I can't believe this picture the army's putting up, that they're there to protect the people."

Do you imagine any outcome?

"What's the solution? They can kill everybody, perhaps. But the Polish people aren't puppets."

"Everybody's scared, and I'm scared too. Of course I'm scared. It's Europe, and the Russians are getting closer. It's the same shit we lived through 40 years ago, with Hitler."

When we wanted to talk to you, your record company said it wasn't a good idea, because you were having some problems with a song on your album. What's that all about?

"It all started with one song, 'The Weekly Commentator'. It's not even one of my favourites. It's about domstic problems, daily politics. It doesn't even have international signficance."

"I'm reading the Weekly Commentator.
It says, everyone who doesn't think THIS way
Libels and lies.
People with no idealism and no ideas
Pushing us truth in black and white.
Investments gone too far,
All our credit's spent
Paranoia everywhere, everyone sinking
Into the crisis. . ."

I don't know Johnny, you could say that about places outside Poland, too.

"Like I said, I don't specially care about that tune, but I do care when they try to stop me doing what I want to do. That's bullshit. The song's still under discussion by the Communist Party Commission at Yugoton. All the other songs on the album got the green light, except for that one.

"But I've told them — if this song isn't on the album — no album."

10. In which the youth of Belgrade play and speak their pieces and our writer bids farewell.

THAT NIGHT, *Actuel* throws a party at the Youth Community Centre — the same place that a few weeks ago hosted a Polish Week of films and discussions. Some of the usual backers and supporters, the newspaper *Politika* for example, pulled out, but that persistent Balkan Mentality won out, and several members of the Syndicate spoke. Unanimously, they expressed total optimism and confidence in their ability to win.

Now, in the same hall, Belgrade punk bands play, the second and third waves. First, Kasimirs Punishment Corps, who played literally the same wild, scratchy rhythm five times in a row. Very conceptual, and a surprising success. Then a new wave style macho guitar band called Bezobrazno Zeleno, who looked like a bunch of speed freaks, with the scowls that only come from hours in front of the bathroom mirror. Next, Idoli. They also agree that something was missing that night. I think that Poland was in all our hearts.

I pretended I was a consumer research statistician, and stopped a few kids to ask them what they felt about Poland. I wasn't surprised at their articulate passion, somehow.

Srdan Givurtic, a 20 year old philosophy student with an exquisite Nureyev face who'd left the army two months before, said: "I'm shocked, I never expected a military takeover. I think it's pressure from Moscow — the Russians saying, if you don't do anything, we will. I'm always afraid when the Russians do anything; I was young when they invaded Czechoslovakia and Hungary, but I still remember. We are the only country in Europe who has Socialism and isn't in their pocket. It could be very difficult for us now. I'm afraid. The army? It would be good if we didn't need it, but — in this situation, we need it."

Karolina, 18, an actress, said: "I don't like what's happening there. I don't like it that Kissinger compared Yugoslavia to Poland, saying that it's the same thing. I am for Solidarity, they are doing good, real things. What's happening now is Centralism."

Poland's tragedy had cut deep into the Yugoslav psyche. Zoran's silence-breaking article was printed; and a special editorial meeting criticised it severely. Not that it disagreed with the opinions, but in such delicate times, to give any opinion was to invite attack.

Nonetheless, the article was printed. Just as, despite some argument, Mad Johnny's 'Poland In My Heart' had been released, and Idoli's 'Malchiki' was played on the radio and became a hit. It's — the BALKAN MENTALITY.

I leave the next day. The Idoli boys come to say goodbye, and Dragana. While I'm hysterically packing, they write me a note, which seems to sum up the new, fervent patriotism that young Yugoslavia's feeling:

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
We are not dissidents.
We are not illegal.
Everything we do, write, sing etc has no problem with our government.
The only problem is with the Establishment.
So, if we do not manage to do something, we, personally, are to be blamed for it (in business).

Government and establishment are not the same thing. The differences are quite similar to those in Western countries.

the FIXX

CHARLES BARRATT ADAM WOODS CY CURNIN RUPERT GREENALL JAMIE WEST-ORAM

SOME PEOPLE

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"It maybe winter outside but in my heart it's Spring." — Love Unlimited.

ON THE COLDEST night in London for something like 20 years the big freeze is down all around Clapton's Hollywood recording studios. Inside it's a lot warmer thanks to a fan heater, a variety of headwear, legwarmers and the music of Buzzz.

This time it's a coffee 'n' cream *coup de grace* called 'Come What May'. Jennie and Dorothy, the group's two female vocalists, flank their soul brother and lead singer — the suitably named Dee Sharp — and provide his bruised but assertive tenor with a mixture of dipping doo wop and fearless falsetto harmonies.

It's a typical song for the group in that it sweeps through a lot of idioms but refuses to be trapped by any of them: a bluesy funk-treated slab of Lover's Rock riding along on a lolling desert island bass-loop.

'Buzzz rock' is what they call it and the music sounds like an obvious and necessary injection into depression hit Britain and a plainly depressing music scene. With a vivacity which makes them just right for widespread consumption, Buzzz are on the verge of providing a dazzling, surefooted antidote to bad times, bad government and even bad weather.

It's two years now since the group's keyboard player and producer 'Junior' Tesley Francis and bassist David Barra began their search for a new imaginative commercial stimulant. They struggled for around 18 months having enlisted Tony Scanlebury on drums, Kee Ling on guitar and the aforementioned Dee Sharp as singer, but it wasn't until last September that the Buzzz thrill gelled and began to take off. This coincided with Dorothy and Jennie — two-thirds of a vocal trio who'd been playing in the Middle East — joining the group fulltime, and their management falling into the capable hands of Island A&R man Gary Blackburn.

Between then and now space and time don't seem to have mattered at all — a host of performances spread the word, causing several record companies to wave cheque books at them. They finally settled for RCA and their debut single 'Sorry My Dear' is due for release in a couple of weeks.

The group aren't at all surprised at the furore they've created and although I've seen them only once neither am I; their show was by far the most fully realised and imaginative entertainment produced by any new group I saw last year.

"Everyone's feeling pretty/It's hotter than July/Though the world's full of problems/They couldn't touch us even if they tried" — Stevie Wonder: 'Masterblaster'

ABUZZZBOPALOO BOPALOPBAMBOOM

Down on the dance floor with Buzzz: Gavin Martin. Movies: Peter Anderson

Below: Dee and Jennie funk up close. Page pic: Dee stretches out.

BUZZZ REJOICE in a spectrum of sweetly savoured musical colour and characterise domestic drama with boundless wit, energy and style. Their vignettes have personality and individuality but are presented in such a way that we can see the blemishes, joys and tangles of relationships in a larger than life, superior soap opera focus.

In this they are at least spiritual kindred with The Undertones, Madness and the Coconuts — a vibrant bitter-sweet comedy of emotions.

Musically they are a lot harder to pin down — as a matter of course they encompass anything from Leiber and Stoller, Motown, James Brown or ska but that's only strokes in a much larger picture — the whole is a sound that confidently stands on its own as something original and contemporary.

But you know what music critics are like — compulsive comparison makers: the nearest I could get was a cross-Atlantic mirror image of the Coconuts with more earthiness than glamour.

Onstage there was still the right balance between *repartee* on one side and *rap-party* on the other with Dee, Dorothy and Jennie in the middle making a sensual, footloose cabaret.

Jennie objects: "I don't like the use of the word cabaret it sounds really naff. It conjures up pictures of RAF gigs which Dorothy and I have just finished doing."

Kee Ling (the band's only 'white' member, he's part Chinese, part Jamaican and part English): "What you see is a show. We don't rehearse it and anything you see is very spontaneous,"

Dee Sharp as the group's frontman is a shock absorber for the group's integral chemistry, an assertive and obsessive spokesman for a calm confident bunch.

"Buzzz rock music is an original form of music whereby the past, present and future are all involved in our own sound, not in a contrived way but by sheer naturalness. From when we began we never wanted to play a set formulae, we always knew our heads were tuned to a different level and we started to play together and the sound started to create itself and we just built upon that base. Hence we got the Buzzz rock sound of which we are very proud."

The songs often seem to poke fun, exaggerate and then flip back to dismantle the myths and codes that are associated with accepted sex roles.

"Are you saying that I'm a pouf?" asks Dee.

"Or that I'm butch?" drawls Jennie laughing.

"I see what you mean," she continues, "that we're breaking them down and showing that nothing's really that fixed. I don't think that's conscious, it just came about in the interplay that goes on between us three. Sharp's a really weird person, I'm a weird person and Dorothy's a weird person. It's not intentional, it's just our individuality coming through."

Do people that know you consider you're weird?

"Yes," says Kee, politely but firmly.

The musicians in Buzzz, drawn from all over London, have played in numerous groups before: drummer Tony worked with Eddy Grant and Sharp recorded a Lover's Rock single for the independent Fashion label about 18 months ago called 'Rub It Up Dub It Up' which almost succeeded in crossing over into the pop chart. Even during our brief encounter I couldn't help being drawn by a strong impression that the relaxed, amiable family atmosphere which exists between the seven members was the perfect environment for vibrant creativity.

While everyone agrees that Tesley is the leader it's Dee Sharp who draws the most immediate attention in conversation and onstage.

"A lot of bands have very limited ambition, a few chart singles and a top selling album and they're happy. With this group — we're not happy coz we want to take this whole world and spin it round and let everyone know Buzzz rock music is where it's at. From when I was young I always loved the thought of being able to jump onstage. Now I'm seeing a dream come true, when I get onstage it's like living a dream. It's a feeling I wouldn't swop for anything, I'd rather die and I mean that seriously."

A lithe, lean figure he prowls and twitches around the stage — trilby perched on his head, razor edge creases and omnipresent shades — like an all purpose male caricature halfway between a brooding Brando and a street sussed rude boy.

His persona moves through myth and imagery with ease without paying homage to icons or pandering to any particular poses. Despite the constant self-assertion in print, in essence Buzzz embrace the universal by respecting and refining the personal — examining the distribution of self right across a fabric of dalliance, deceit and insecurity. But then there's a doubletake and he becomes squirming and vulnerable and betrays 'a truth' behind the facades.

Continues over

From previous page

"A friend of a friend of a very good friend, well that's what they say./My best friend's friend took my chick away" — Buzzz: 'Hocus Pocus'

KEE LING: "I think people do overlook that our songs have a social aspect; like with 'Hocus Pocus' it's infidelity which is something that exists in everyday life. In some of our songs we put over the race issue but it's in such a subtle way that you might think it's a love song."

Tony: "We play serious music we can write about all sorts of things if we really want to but we prefer to keep it on a commercial level. We are not here to depress people.

"Have you ever heard about the great deception. How the plastic revolutionaries take the money and run" — Van Morrison: 'The Great Deception'

As usual Sharp is a hotbed of ideas, his speech illustrated by great physical animation. The others chuckle at his enthusia but nod in agreement when he reaches a conclusion.

"We're all aware what's happening in the world, I thin everybody does. What's the point in talking about taro unemployment blah, blah blah. I know there's racism out there; we know that there's people dying all over the world. But if there's some way we can get people to forget their troubles for at least three minutes then we are happy because we've done something positive. All our songs have a message and that message is happiness and the good will always overcome the evil. Everytime, check 'em".

So far Buzzz have played mostly support gigs to people like Stimulin and Haircut 100, slotted in as a versatile extra treat. So what do they reckon to the new breed of, hmmph, 'white funk merchants'?

Dee: "Ha ha, dodgy territory. Personally I think that music is something for everyone to share in. If a white band wants to go and play black funk as they interpret it, that's great. But like I said before, the good will always overcome the bad and that's all I really want to say about that, if you know what I mean."

"This man is looking for someone to hold him down/He doesn't quite ever understand the meaning" — Dexys Midnight Runners: 'Dance Stance'.

YOU CAN'T really get close enough to anyone over a two hour meeting, close enough to appreciate their character or understand their motivations. Buzzz are a group of diverse characters all driven by self belief and ambition. Although he spent the interview in the corner, a slightly mysterious figure, sheltering under his hat and hidden behind a pair of wraparounds, it was Sharp who gave some idea of what Buzzz represents for him on one, vital level — survival and a certain type of freedom.

He asks me what part of Ireland I'm from. I tell him the North and though I have a good idea I ask does he know the country.

Jennie begins to laugh: "This is a different interview now, this bit is for *Private Eye*."

"It's not funny, it's very serious," he continues, "I joined the army in 1974 when I'd just turned 18. I left school when I was 15 and I was lost; I was like a wandering sheep. I didn't want to get into a rut by working in a factory, I wanted to do something with my life. There were three things I really wanted fast — to have a driving licence, travel the world and save some money and I thought, where can I do all those things?

"So I went down to their agency and read all their leaflets about foreign places and how you get more money if you sign on for three to nine years. So I thought — yeah — this is where I'm at.

"The next thing I knew I was in Germany and then I was sent to Belfast. I was walking round the streets thinking what the hell is going on? I found it very weird in Belfast; it messed me up, my hair started to fall out."

I bet you were sorry you'd joined.

"No because I learned a lot about people, how they react with one another. I've met people from the north, south, east and west of the world. I've learned how their heads work. If it wasn't for being in the army I don't think I'd be in this band now. I realised through being in the army that my true ambition was to be a musician and as soon as I left I met up with Junior."

But in view of the present employment situation, isn't it an easy trap for young people to fall into? Some poor bastard bored out of his scone in Barnsley or wherever could end up in Belfast and not have a clue why he's there.

"Not anyone can join the army. You have to have a certain type of mental attitude. If you're a guy who can't stand being told what to do you won't want to join the army because you'll always be in jail. Hence I was always in jail. You've got to have a certain way about you, you've got to want certain things out of life.

"But I just didn't want it; I *thought* I wanted it and I got into it and found it just messed my head up, it really did. I was made out to be a black panther because I didn't want to join the army as a black man and have them turn me into what they wanted: going down to the pub and drinking lots of beer or whatever. That wasn't me: I was a black person right down to the roots. Hence I had a lot of trouble in the army, it's a long story and I'd cry telling it to you, y'know?

"When I went to Belfast I wasn't on one side or the other. I was right in the middle. I had Irish guys saying to me, What the fuck are you doing over here fighting their war? And it really hit home to me — what the hell am I doing here? Because on one side I had the British Army, who are supposed to be on my side, saying you're a nigger, and on the other side I was getting you guys saying the same thing.

"I was still a lost sheep and my head was all messed up, especially when I had to go back again in 1976. . .and being shot at, that was really freaky. But it was an experience I wouldn't swop for anything in the world."

"When all the dark clouds roll away and the sun begins to shine. . ." — Van Morrison: 'Brand New Day'.

BUT BUZZZ and Sharp aren't looking back anymore they're looking to the future to another story which should be longer and happier than what's gone before. They're determined that this year will see them breakthrough to the top, relishing the chance to make videos, which they seem born to make as a compliment to their ebullient, quickfire stage and vinyl performances.

"We've got so much energy waiting to be unleashed to deal with the special tasks we've been designated," says Dee as he remains imperious to taunts about self aggrandisement on par with James Brown or George Clinton.

"I don't check what anyone else is saying. I just am myself, if you don't believe in yourself no one else is going to. I know people might think I'm a self-centered motherfucker but that's not what I'm about. I believe in myself and I believe in this group. That's something I have to get across because it's a feeling that is very deep-rooted. I believe we are the business, WE *ARE* THE BUSINESS.

"If you start making excuses why you're not having success, coz you can't get records played, 'cause you're black — whatever reasons you might have — it's total nonsense. Because if you believe in yourself you will go, if your music has all the things you believe in then it will happen."

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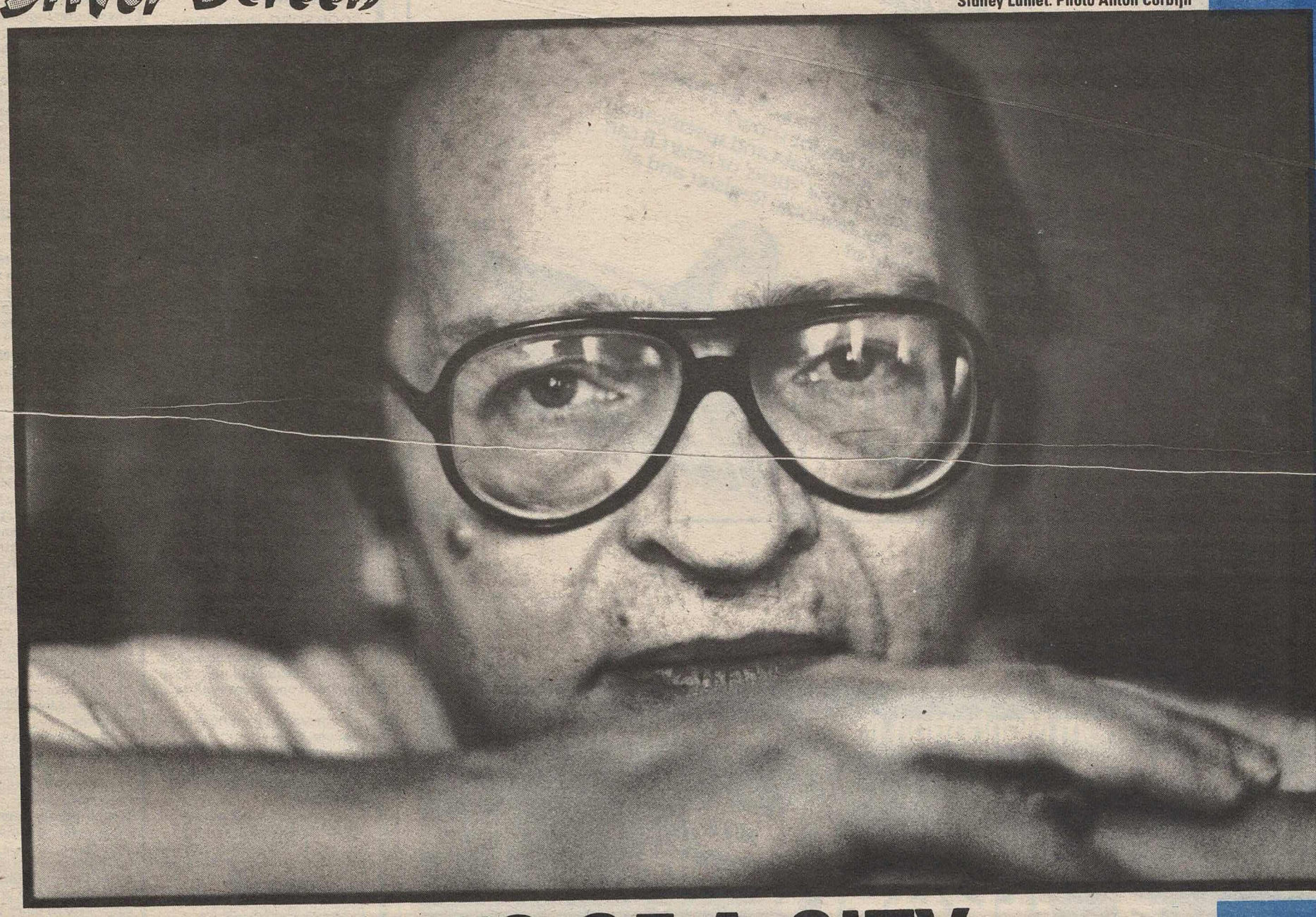
Sidney Lumet. Photo Anton Corbijn



PRINTS OF A CITY

Monty Smith talks to Sidney Lumet, veteran New York director of the controversial cop corruption movie Prince Of The City; Paul Rambali enjoys the sexual psychology of Body Heat; Chris Bohn reports on two extremely different German films; and Paul Tickell tries to laugh at the new Walter Matthau comedy.

WE SHOULD ALL be grateful that Sidney Lumet turned his back on an acting career at an early age. A child actor in his father's New York Yiddish theatre, Lumet progressed through Broadway plays (including a role as one of the original Dead End Kids) to his first, and only, movie part at the age of 15 in *One Third Of A Nation*, a 1939 social conscience drama about tenement dwellers.

Although he continued acting in off-Broadway productions throughout the '40s, Lumet was disinclined to return to performing after accepting an assistant director's job with CBS television in 1950. Which is probably just as well, since with his unprepossessing features — sharply pinched into the middle of his face and vainly trying to hide behind owlish glasses — and shortness of stature, the best he could probably hope for is the part of Ronnie Corbett's American uncle in one of those gangster sketches that crop up from time to time on *The Two Ronnies*.

More important, we'd be without a significant series of films that have shown his native New York City in varying degrees of chaos and confusion: *12 Angry Men, A View From The Bridge, The Pawnbroker, The Anderson Tapes, Serpico, Dog Day Afternoon* and *Network* (a mere handful of Lumet's extensive credits), all share a common concern for responsibility, accountability if you like, amidst urban decay and violence.

It's an extraordinary body of work, and Lumet has recently topped the lot with his enormously ambitious and complex *Prince Of The City*, described in *Silver Screen* a few weeks ago as "one of the very finest American films of the past ten years".

Ostensibly a (factual) tale of police corruption, *Prince* painstakingly depicts a harrowing picture of a fragile society slowly grinding to a halt. Cop corruption is something Lumet has dealt with before, of course, in *Serpico*. Did he see any correlation between Frank Serpico and the protagonist of *Prince*, informer Bob Leuci (called Danny Ciello in the film)?

"No," says Lumet, shaking his head. "They're very different men and they're very different movies. Frank's a hero, Frank can be played by Al Pacino. He's a hippie in cop's clothing — if he hadn't found corruption he'd've protested about the colour of cops' unforms.

"And Frank was pure, he was a baby. Frank was really shocked when he saw a cop take a meal for free.

"Bobby's corrupt. I still don't know how much he's got under the mattress. Bobby's a cop, he's not naive. He's tough, he's sophisticated, he's a liar."

FOR A MAN so often described as an energetic hustler ("a genius hustler" according to Pauline Kael, who wrote a marvellous profile of Lumet in *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*), Lumet talks with surprising deliberation, with many brief pauses between phrases and many long pulls on plain Camels during those pauses.

There's another pause when I ask Lumet if Leuci ever told him *why* he turned informer.

"I don't think it was ever any one thing. I don't think those kinds of decisions you make in your life are ever down to *one* thing. That's a dramatic cliche. We like convenient drama, we like little packages neatly tied with a bow.

"The easiest thing in the world would've been to do the scene where the mother comes in a takes the rubber duck out of his bath when he's two. But that's nonsense.

"I don't believe that anyone

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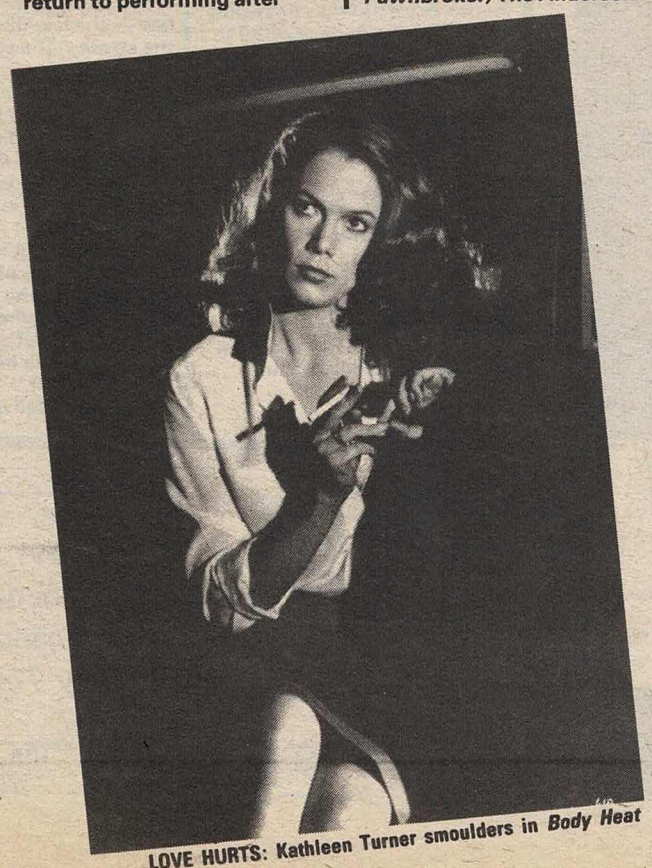

LOVE HURTS: Kathleen Turner smoulders in *Body Heat*

Body Heat

Written and Directed by Lawrence Kasdan
Starring William Hurt and Kathleen Turner
(Warner Bros)

THE BODIES are those of William Hurt, the lover, Kathleen Turner, the wife, and Richard Crenna, the husband. Except the husband's body is a charred corpse. And the heat is everywhere: barometric heat, physical heat, metaphorical heat.

Body Heat is a panchromatic *film noir* about a weak man, a willful woman and their poisoned, engulfing affair. Ned Racine is a moderate failure as a lawyer and a modest success as a woman-chaser, but not quite sharp enough to be a rogue in either occupation. Matty Walker is the cool, brazen, ambitious woman, who seduces him with a cunning he cannot meet.

They tangle for the first time on the ocean promenade, both looking for a breeze in the middle of a Florida heatwave. Matty is also looking for a way out of a marriage to money and a husband she detests. Ned is simply looking for some fun, and Matty leads Ned by the groin. "You're not too smart," she teases. "I like that in a man."

Ned follows Matty back to her lavish house in the Chandleresque suburb of Peacehaven, where she cruelly, forbiddingly arouses him and indulges his rape fantasy to the hilt. Ned soon realises that he has never had it so good, nor so often, nor with such consuming desire, nor in so many variations — genital, oral and even, very coyly intimated, anal.

The scenes of sexual intimacy in *Body Heat* have earned the film a mis-reading and a certain amount of misplaced notoriety. It is not, as reputed, a film about an obsessive sexual relationship. The sex scenes are very *intimate* but far less laboriously explicit than most; they concentrate on the emotional juices — the inflamed, liberating passion excited by Matty that will cause the couple to commit murder.

At this point, they might have opted for a simple divorce. But it's the heat, says the police captain, wiping the sweat from his neck, the un-natural heat that does strange things to people, makes 'em think all the usual rules have been suspended . . . He says this to Ned, during the gestation of the crime, in the diner near the court-house — a casually loaded scene reminiscent of the seedy potboilers of the '40s on which *Body Heat* is based.

Lawrence Kasdan co-wrote *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* — an obvious period piece — and wrote *Continental Divide*, in which John

continues over

Cowley to Bodie
...Cowley to Doyle...
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Lili Marleen

Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder
Starring Hanna Schygulla, Giancarlo Giannini and Mel Ferrer (Alpha)

GOOD SONG, shame about the film. Before this most blatant of attempts to foist Fassbinder on an international circuit, 'Lili Marleen' had survived two world wars as forces favourite of frontline German, British and American troops. So how come it doesn't fare so well after only two hours in the ring with Germany's favourite culture shocker?

Sung repeatedly, and then badly, by Hanna Schygulla's second rate wartime cabaret singer Willie, the number soon loses its appeal. For once the Gestapo have got it right in wanting to suppress it, but their order is superceded by the Fuhrer's enchantment with Willie's wavering tone and the lyric's homefire sentiment.

Never the most obedient of employees, the Gestapo persist with their investigation of the singer's past only to discover what was revealed to us early on: that Willie had a pre-war love affair with a Swiss Jew who operates an escape route from Nazi Germany. Her other dubious dalliance was with a cultural attache who, in return for offscreen favours, records her interpretation and ensures its wartime airplay.

The rest is legend and what is not is Fassbinder hokum of the worst and most superficial sort.

Eschewing any notion of realism, Fassbinder laboriously constructs a string of excessively mannered, faintly comic set pieces after the nostalgic soundstage-bound style of *White Christmas'* opening scenes. *Lili Marleen's* mood is only slightly blacker. Through Schygulla's dizzy dumb blonde singer he (mis) presents stupidity as an excuse for apolitical and amoral career building without any of the panache or posers of Szabo's far more intelligent *Mephisto.*

Unlike Szabo's film Fassbinder's doesn't so much expose the pernicious brilliance of Third Reich spectacle as exploit it for its theatrical quality. Thus *Lili Marleen,* though a cauldron full of characteristic Fassbinder ingredients — heavy caricature, comedy, raw emotional edges and even clumsiness — boils down to little more than an understanding of the international appeal of Nazism in black stockings.

Invariably a winning commercial combination.

Chris Bohn

Escape Route To Marseilles

Written and directed by Ingemo Engstrom and Gerhard Theuring
Starring Katherine Thalbach and Rudiger Vogler (Other)

THE OUTSTANDING film at last year's Edinburgh festival, *Escape Route* burrows into the minds and emotions of the German refugees from Nazi Germany, who used the Southern French port as a point of departure for neutral Spain. Treading through treacherous Vichy France was a tricky business at best, even before the Germans occupied it. For some, the strain became too much — the great, benevolent historian and man of letters Walter Benjamin committed suicide after his exit visa for Spain was revoked. That it would have been granted a few weeks' later was just one of the cruel ironies governing the unsure lives of the refugees.

Escape lets slip stories such as Benjamin's during its mammoth 210-minute flow of memory and melancholic reflection. Using contemporary newsreels and more recently filmed travel sequences, *Escape* dodges back and forth through time as the two narrators — seated for the most part in a harbour cafe — try to piece together the facts and conjure up the profound sense of displacement felt by those Germans stranded far away from a home they couldn't return to in a country naturally

From page 19

knows how they're going to behave at a critical time. I never have. I think I know but I surprise myself every time — good surprises and bad surprises.

"There are 20 reasons touched on in the movie. I think the fact that he's Catholic had something to do with it. I mean, he went from the noblest motives to the basest. Never did a group of people with better intentions start out but by the time all of their humanity came into it, it became the mess of all time.

"I think he knew the whole house of cards was collapsing around him and he wanted to get in first — put his money in the bank before the shit hit the fan."

And he seemed to get off on the danger of informing to a certain extent.

"Oh absolutely. About 30% of that movie is direct quote, from either him or his tapes, and when he says 'It's a fuckin' game — I love it!' he means it.

"There's another line in there that's great — and I can say that because it's a line that actually was said — when the prosecutor tells Leuci that the cops will co-operate because 'in their hearts they want to confess — that's why they became cops in the first place'. That goes as deep into it as anything I've ever heard in my life."

ONE OF THE reasons I like the movie is that I think it's extremely compassionate about the police and their dilemma, and yet none of that is ever meant in any reactionary political sense.

"The heart of the problem is, to me, the job of being a cop in a democracy is anachronistic. A Russian cop has none of these problems. When Leuci says 'I know the law — the law doesn't know the streets', it's absolutely true. But in my own view — don't change the law. That's his job. His job is to get a conviction without busting your door down at 12 o'clock at night. His job is not to beat the shit out of you when he pulls you in.

"That's why it's hard. And that's why the suicide rate is what it is and the rate of alcoholism is what it is. And why the corruption rate is what it is. Their lives are in danger for shit."

Lumet's in full flow now,

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Giancarlo Giannini wonders about his choice of wallpaper in *Lili Marleen*.

hostile to their presence.

Though always lovely to look at and easy on the ear — check the Pablo Casals soundtrack — *Escape* isn't always easy to watch. It hovers precariously between delicious ennui and plainer boredom, but make an effort to succumb to its inordinate length and you'll easily be seduced into moving with its slight shifts of mood.

Otherwise just sit it out and catch the excerpts from East German novelist Anna Segher's excellent *Transit*, which forms the narrative basis of the film.

Chris Bohn

First Monday In October

Directed by Ronald Neame Starring Walter Matthau, Jill Clayburgh and Barnard Hughes (CIC)

THE AMERICAN Supreme Court starts sitting the first Monday in every October. This seems to be all that director Ronald Neame is sure about in this incredibly patchy comedy. He just doesn't get the tone right, that clear yet subtle ring which comedies relying on verbal fireworks — the script is based on a play — should have.

Furthermore, Neame doesn't know how to milk a scene. Harmless sideswipes at authority, especially the US legal system, sit cosily with sequences like that of a judge's funeral, all flag furling and drum rolling. You wait for the punchline and realise that there isn't one; the scene is meant to represent integrity American style — and some sort of record for Walter Matthau. Not once in five minutes does he hint at his great comic skill or utilise that endearing yet wily bulbous face.

The plot basically involves Matthau as a crusty old liberal Supreme Justice clashing away with Jill Clayburgh, the first (token) woman to be appointed as a "Justess". At least the film displays one sort of timing: Ronald Reagan in real life has recently appointed Sandra Day O'Connor to the Supreme Court. Indeed, Clayburgh plays a character who in spite of — because of, the film simplistically says — her feminism, is a conservative in the Reagan mould, a wolf in iron clothing who promotes the interests of multinational corporations with the same zeal as she crusades against porn.

Of course, Matthau puts her right (ie a little liberal left) after a couple of set pieces during which both pit their legal skills against each other. Matthau comes over like a watered-down Capra character, a man of the people against the big guns of the system. His principles are strong but his heart is weak. However, with the help of Clayburgh and a few quips ("My heart wouldn't dare attack me") he pulls through, and they both fall into gentle mature love and judge happily ever after.

The onlookers to this affair are a few wet legal clerks and the seven other Justices, including a token black and not one token funny man.

Paul Tickell

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the pauses are practically non-existent. I remember another Kael phrase — "For sheer guts, Lumet is awe-inspiring" — as some of the pain and frustration he felt while making *Prince* spills out.

"I spent a lot of time in nightcourt researching the first scene and in New York we have a process called plea-bargaining which is, to save time, the defence lawyer and the assistant DA get together and say, 'OK, it's a felony and it carries five years, we'll plead guilty to a lesser charge, take two years, so now we don't have to go to trial'.

"Bang, it's over. And people are shocked at this. 'Christ, so that's why the fucking criminals are back on the street before the arresting officer'.

"Well, that's not true. You sit in nightcourt and basically it's a bunch of compassionate, involved people trying to make something work which cannot work anymore. Nothing in that system was designed to handle 600 cases a night. And they're keeping it together with spit and Scotch tape.

"I don't know how they do it. I don't know how they're all not suicidal by the time they leave that court at 12.30 in the morning. And, God help us, let's not even talk about the victim who's in Bellevue trying to get his teeth put back in his mouth . . ."

It's a depressing picture of the system collapsing.

"But it's true. And nobody will admit it's true. You just have to examine the whole fucking thing from scratch."

OF LUMET'S 29 feature films to date, 20 have been filmed in New York. But even more surprising is the fact that he's never made a film in Hollywood (as far as I could gather, he's never even been there).

"That's because it's a company town. The focus is so contained, so narrow, that you lose all perspective. It's not that I'm anti-Hollywood — great work has come out of there and the history of movies is Hollywood — but you've got to be in a place where you don't matter. And *nothing* matters in New York. That's terrific, because you can keep some kind of perspective."

His next film, already completed, is an adaptation of Ira Levin's popular murder mystery *Death Trap*. Filmed in New York.

"Listen — there's nothing like your own bed."

Monty Smith

BODY HEAT

From page 19

Belushi and Blair Brown attempt to re-create in a contemporary mould the vivacious romantic comedies of the '40s so beloved of Barry Norman. *Body Heat*, Kasdan's first film as a director, is again modelled on the movies of Hollywood's Golden Age; specifically on James M Cain's stories such as *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

Body Heat even borrows the heatwave motif from *Postman* — but moves the setting away from roadhouse low-life and up into Raymond Chandler's territory of the rich and corrupt. Peacehaven may even *be* Bel-Air; all the locations are interior — the court-house dinner, Matty's home, Ned's office — and the few exteriors are shrouded in a nocturnal haze.

Whether corrupted by greed or lust or the claustrophobic heat, or by the combination of all three, the lovers murder Matty's husband. This cold-blooded act occurs during a brief respite from the heat, a sudden misty shower that has rolled in from the ocean. But the heat that follows is all the more unbearable — a stifling atmosphere of deceit closes in on the couple like the suffocating freak summer air. One more cold-blooded act will follow; a cruel, final end to the poisoned affair.

Lawrence Kasdan's script for *Body Heat* is a genre masterpiece, a sultry murder intrigue in which the narrative details fall in to place like the tumblers of a lock. William Hurt's performance as a three-time loser, too soft to be honest but without the guile to be truly corrupt, is impossible to fault; Kathleen Turner as the *femme fatale* is, as the story demands, a less easily fathomable character.

Body Heat is a writer's rather than a director's homage to some of the great films of the past, brought right up to date and filmed in a plain, even style that never competes with the acting or the story.

In almost every respect, it is a perfect film. Perfect as only genre pieces can be. And murder never is. Or almost never . . .

Paul Rambali

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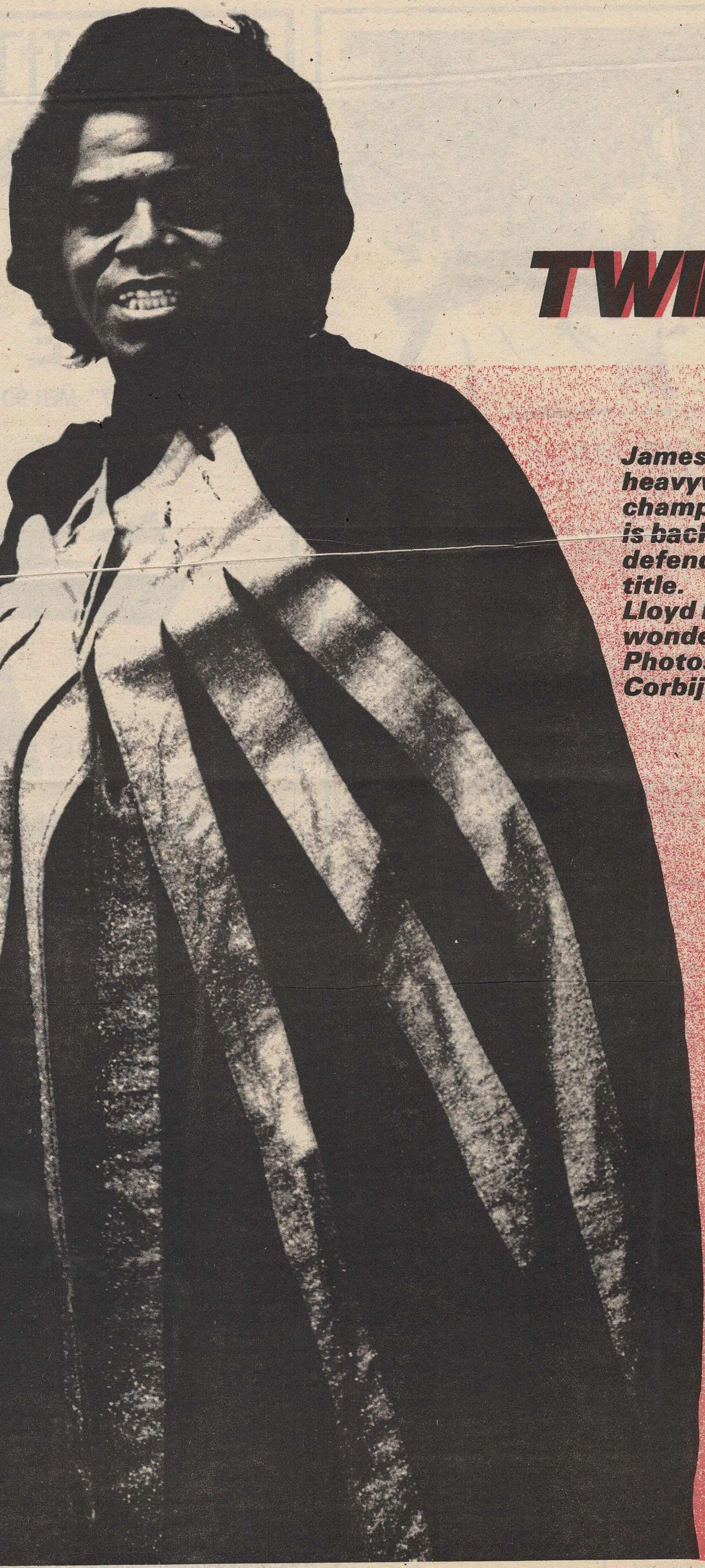


James Brown, the heavyweight champion of soul, is back and defending his title. Lloyd Bradley wonders why. Photos: Anton Corbijn.

T OF THE GODFATHER

APART FROM several Arsenal players, James Brown was my first hero.

I was too young to appreciate anything other than a change of names in the Cassius Clay/Muhammed Ali transformation, and until 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud' powered out of the speakers at one Harringey Boys Club dance, black was just something you either were or you weren't, and occasionally got chased up Wood Green High Road for being.

Since then, much has changed; shifted the funk to Funkadelic and its disciples; attitudes moved from acceptance to passive resistance to the streets of Brixton, Liverpool 8 and Miami, yet those roads lead back to James Brown, The Godfather, always more than a mere musician.

Under such names as 'Mr Please, Please Himself', 'Soul Brother Number One', 'The Hardest Working Man In Show Business', 'The Godfather Of Soul', 'The Minister Of New, New, Super Heavy Funk' and 'The Original Disco Man', it was Brown who changed the styles of that sphere of music as often as he changed hairdos, calling the tune for the year to come. He was such a prominent figure that it's been said that the development of black America over the last 20 years can be plotted in James Brown's hairstyles!

From the R&B of the late '50s into the harder more basic rhythms of the late '60s and on to the streetfunk of the '70s, he was always one step ahead. It is no coincidence the first Parliament album to go big ('The Mothership Connection') featured several ex-James Brown players. After all, anyone who'd served in the military atmosphere of The James Brown Revue (He once sacked the entire horn section for getting some dance steps wrong) just *had* to funk, no matter what was going on around.

But as his popularity grew he was also quick to recognise and adopt the cause of black advancement, as 'Don't Be A Dropout', 'Say It Loud', 'Get On The Good Foot', 'King Heroin', 'The Payback' and 'Papa Don't Take No Mess' testify. He was a people's person, out there on the street, dealing with street problems.

THIS IS THE second time I've faced James Brown, and I'm looking forward to it because the first was a shambolic press conference two years ago that developed into a mutual ego work-out for the subject and two writers so that nothing constructive could be learned. This time, a one on one affair was going to answer everything I ever wanted to know about the man who gave the class of 1970 an alternative to the Tamla Motown mire.

Unfortunately, that was not to be.

It soon became clear, that without a recording contract, shows with seats to spare and, except for the strictly minor league 'Body Heat', without a hit album since 'The Payback' in 1973, (all facts that I was prepared to gloss over, but now become relevant) sat a man far removed from the source of inspiration that was going to die on his feet rather than keep living on bended knee.

One of the strangest half-hours of pre-match banter I have ever been subject to set the pace: Cliff White (a former *NME* writer and friend of JB) and I had our religious beliefs questioned and corrected (among the three-piece mohair suits of his entourage who laugh on cue, there was a dog-collar belonging to the very well-fed looking, elaborately coiffured Reverend Al Sharpton who introduced himself as "Mr Brown's spiritual advisor").

Trying as hard as I could to defuse this line of interrogation, as I believe arguments about religion to be about as fruitful as reading horoscopes, I ventured: "Well, I like to put my confidence in the human race, being as how I'm part of it. I like to believe that man himself is wholly responsible for his achievements and failures, both as a race and as individuals."

That is a tried and trusted line, usually enough to change the subject. This time it was met with, "Let me ask you one thing. As far as you go back, you can't find one part of history when the world wasn't here — what made it?"

"Well, I don't know enough to answer that; one theory is that it's a chunk of something that broke off the sun, or an exploding star. That sounds reasonable."

"What about the other planets, where did they come from?"

"I don't know, it's not something I think about much."

"Do you ever travel, go out of this country?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Ever go to the wilderness, somewheres that's got a lot of woods? You should do, because there you can listen to God. Then a lot of things will start making sense to you.

"Go to California; you go through one part where water used to be, and now it's shifted to another part. That'll tell you something."

JB chuckles, as do his henchmen.

"I just know that there is a supreme force; most people in most countries call it God, and if that's not the right name in your eyesight or belief then you'd better find a name for it, because man can't make it, that's for sure. He can't do it.

"You see, they can go to the moon, maybe someday they'll go to the sun, and do all these different things, but he can't write those songs I write, and he can't put the music together. In spite of all their mass production, all their duplication, I can change the beat right in front of their eyes, OK?

"You and I could sit and eat or drink, and both of us would get a different taste, but if we walk outside and it rains, it rains on both of us, and we ain't got no control over it. None. So that's got to tell you there's a supreme force somewhere. I'm not a minister, I'm just a realist.

"There's something that man don't understand, he's trying every day to understand, but what's happening is so simple. Man is going to destroy himself, trying to copy everything. He's trying to copy everything in the world, but can't even control himself.

"He still walk down the street and stomp his toe; if he was perfect, he wouldn't do that! He's trying to control everything in the world, and can't keep his feet straight on the ground! (Chuckles from the henchmen) That's right, he can't even control his wife! (Henchmen crack up) And he's trying to control the universe. (Pause, while tears are wiped.)

"Someday, you and me are going to have to sit down and talk about this seriously, as I believe you've got a great deal to offer. You're just young right now, in time you'll see."

What I could see right now was that I couldn't hope to ask many questions, and those I did were going to have to be very careful.

THERE WAS now a silence, presumably for me to reflect on my future contribution to the way of the world. I took this opportunity to ask him what he thought of the present day funk scene; all of its exponents acknowledge James Brown, yet musically he seems at odds with it.

"In the last few years, the music has regressed. I gave those guys like Bootsy and Rick James the means to go out and carry on, but instead of going forward from where I left off, they went back. Back to the basics, back to the primitive.

"Like Civil Rights, that ain't no further than it was when Martin (Luther King) was alive. In fact it's gone back, back to where it was when my daddy was a little boy. That's because there was no one around to take it forward.

"You see, when I saw Louis Jordan and all those people, I said, Uh uh, but I wouldn't start where Louis Jordan started, I started where he left off. I took the next step. I hoped someone would do that with me, like Bootsy or Fred (Wesley) or Maceo (Parker).

"I gave cats like Bootsy all my knowledge, and they didn't do anything with it. That's why you have all this primitive music, that ain't going no place, when I'm still on to solid goals. It's just that my goals are on such a degree, such a massive level that people don't know how to deal with them. I do though, and although it seems almost as difficult now as it was when I started, I know it's not."

It's true, James Brown did take the Louis Jordan R&B forward, and that without him there would be no Bootsy, no Rick James and no Grandmaster Flash. But surely what they're doing *is* a continuation.

"If you knew what I was doing, you wouldn't even say that! See, right now no jazz person has gone further than Parker, they've all gone backwards."

That's not strictly true, and it's more than a little unfair. Nobody has taken Parker's style further, because that was his style, but Coltrane and Miles have made advances.

"Just pick up old records, and you'll find that true. Parker was so far ahead of them night and day, and noone's gone on. *You* would think that they went further, because you don't know the other part. If someone taught you that Bootsy really got down on those old songs with James Brown, you'd listen to them and ask, What are those guys doing now?

"Listen, Bootsy comes over to my house now with a stack of records, and asks me, Which one do you think is right? Now if he knew where he was going, he wouldn't keep coming to me, I'd be going to him for help. He doesn't even know where he's going.

"I love him to death, he's like a son of mine, and I tell him that when I gave him the funky licks, that was a way to steal, to get past the others and put your message there. Now you must become melodic, so if you've learned anything, now you can put it all together.

"But Bootsy don't know melodic.

"You listen to all my stuff, then you listen to Schubert, Strauss, Tchaikovsky and all those guys who knew where they were going, and you'll see that I was going exactly the same place, but I was going there in disguise because I couldn't get there going their way, unless I used their theories. So I got there."

THE ATTITUDE of the people listening to the music has altered though. The complexion of black America has become blacker and is now much more separatist than it was 15 years ago. Comprehensive drug usage among the young — grass, dust, coke, mescaline, acid, aerosol paint — and wholesale unemployment are the largest factors contributing to this mood of desperation and barely suppressed violence. James Brown mentioned Civil Rights — a multi-racial movement, strongly church biased and active in the late '60s — as a dying cause. But it doesn't have a chance when in the ghettoes the kids now see every white face as the enemy, and gave up trying to fit in while still at school because their prospects seemed bleak. All the future holds is the latest Sugarhill single on a friend's cassette box . . .

Harder times and harder attitudes, so naturally enough the harder music that there is now.

"But those kids are backwards, man. Evolutionary they've gone backwards. They can't even get a job. People with two degrees and the only job they can get is parking cars. They've gone backwards.

"It's because they can't deal with it. Any time a person can't deal with a thing, they become frustrated and then they lack a sense of where they want to be and then they can't get anywhere.

"You see, in troubled times people go to their Godfather, someone with greater experience, just like I went to my daddy for advice. But at the moment, these people aren't ready for the advice I have to give them, just like you aren't ready for what I told you earlier. In ten years time or so, they'll realise that what I said was right and they'll come back. I'll still be here."

That isn't really the sort of stuff that I would've expected from a man of the people, but it serves to underline the lack of new interest in James Brown material. He has been away from the streets for much too long. Indeed, he mentioned that he now has talks with Kings, Presidents and Prime Ministers, citing a meeting he had at the White House recently to instigate an employment programme for the poor; he was, however, a little vague about who he met there.

His stage show shows that he is cocooned in the past, shying away from today's problems, while the guys that chose not to follow his teachings sell records, more records than he does these days.

"They just gave you that, the system wanted you to have that. James Brown was like some of the Biblical people, he done carried it so far in there that they had to have somebody to take it back, so they pulled me out and let them other dudes become popular.

"You'll dig them, and by digging them you can't be going forward. In the meantime, they ease me into Vegas and get me right off the scene, so that it'll leave you ignorant.

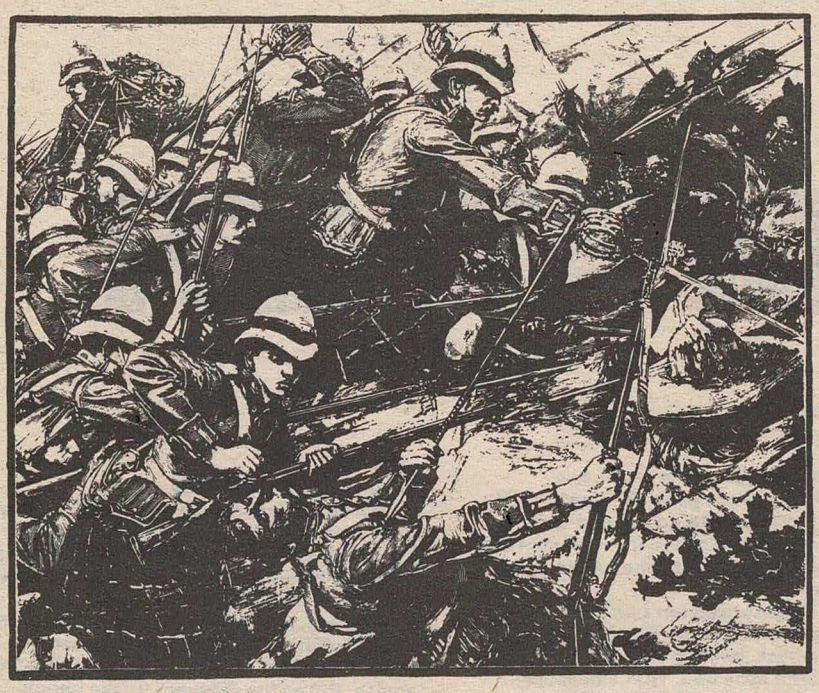
"You see the system has recognised James Brown's strength, and James Brown's influence, and James Brown's knowledge, that's why they figured they'd better take the edge off it for a while, but I'll be back.

"Pretty soon the people will realise that what they're listening to isn't the way it could be, and they're going to turn away from electrical instruments, and get back to the natural sound, because the truth got hid with the rhetoric.

"You see, if a cat can't play he just turn up the amplifier, and turn on the reverb and it makes him sound like he's playing something he can't play. Stop it, and it's a totally different thing.

CONTINUES

THE
PASSIONS



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THE GODFATHER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"I've got a bass player that plays with us now name of David Weston, but Bootsy came up on stage with us in Michigan and we wanted him to sit and do 'Soul Power', and we were playing too fast for Bootsy. I didn't want to tell him that, but David got up and to him it was like nothing, articulate and way ahead. But Bootsy's been playing that electrical thing and David was actually playing. Bootsy's instrument was playing for him.

"That is a regression if a man can't even do it himself. Cut off the power and he can't even play! (A smile all round the room, and the mohair suits nod and chuckle.)

"Bootsy come downstairs and I said, 'Bootsy we sound *baaad* (good) tonight and Bootsy say, Man, I don't know what you guys were doing, it was unbelieveable!' And 'Soul Power' was a record that Bootsy cut with me, but he couldn't do it no more as it was too up there.

"He's been hitting that electrical thing too long, and all he had to do, is turn it on fast speed to get what he want, so that man has regressed.

"He may have progressed in sound, but regressed in himself. Electrical instruments will be going out of style soon, and people going to get back to playing again, and coming to James Brown for advice. So when I say James Brown will be back, I *know* it!"

Strange words indeed from somebody who pioneered electric instruments in that field; it was the use of them that gave his band that tight, funky sound in the early days. I wound it up shortly after that, as he had a show to do and I needed a pint or ten.

IT HAD BEEN a sad afternoon. I was a little confused. I remember how I used to feel when I was a little kid and I'd come home from school and see the Christmas tree stripped naked, out by the dustbin. Christmas was really over, and the tree just so much dead wood, but never realising this I'd try to plant it in the garden.

1982, and I'm sensible enough to know when Christmas is over. Seems that James Brown isn't though. Christmas in this case, is the post-Panther, consciousness era (about '68 to '75) when the people were turning away from violence, and seriously working for better tomorrows. It was reflected in the songs of Curtis Mayfield, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Sly, Donny Hathaway, George Clinton . . . Nearly everybody recording then had something to say, as soul lived up to its name.

By comparison, today's music and attitides might seem retarded, but there are enough brains in there to suggest that not all is lost, and it's an exciting music now that the masses can at least call their own. That's reason enough, not to write it off.

But like a lot of what is happening out there now, James Brown does not seem to understand that. He said he is going to keep on performing as long as people come to watch him and love him. But he seems to be confusing their respect and adulation; it's for what he stands for and has done in past and not for his present output. After all, how many of you were *really* moved by the last James Brown show you saw, not just felt you should have been by remembering what he used to be?

Surrounding himself with people who blindly agree with him has not helped in that department either, and, like Muhammed Ali, he has no true idea of his capabilities or impact. Now he cannot judge other people's attitudes towards him correctly. The story of Bootsy asking what he should release is a good example of that: I spent time working on an album with him in Detroit and he asks everybody everything: every decision is a communal affair, and everybody's ideas count. Bootsy often talks reverentially about James Brown as his first teacher, so naturally enough he is going to ask for his opinion and listen — out of politeness and respect, not bewilderment.

Bootsy and his peers, the people James Brown derided as primitive in his pompous monologues, may not be another Schubert or Strauss, but they play soul music for today's people. So now is the time JB should sit back and be proud of them, rather than hope to compete on what might as well be a different planet.

James Brown has nothing more to prove to anybody, he proved it all when the likes of me were in short trousers, and although most of the soliloquies showed a glimmer of the man with the plans somewhere at their core (the religion talk, it didn't have the complete lack of balance that so many of them do), the waffle surrounding it was enough to suggest that now may be a little past the time to quit.

Please, leave the 'On The Waterfront' whinings to drunks at throwing out time, so the memories remain the same. I've already lost my second hero, Muhammed Ali.

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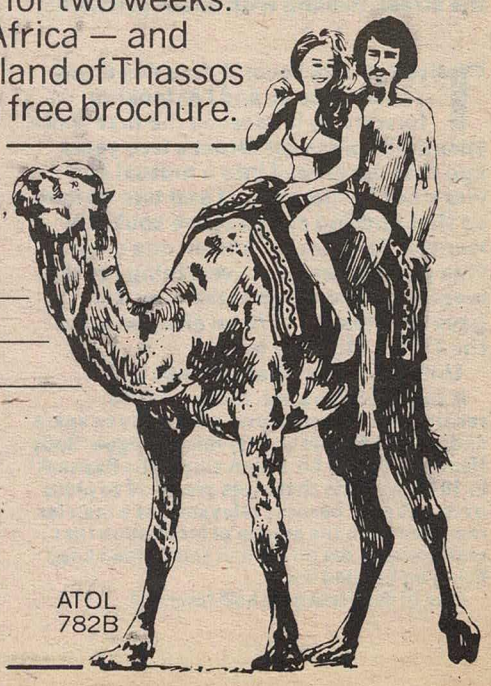

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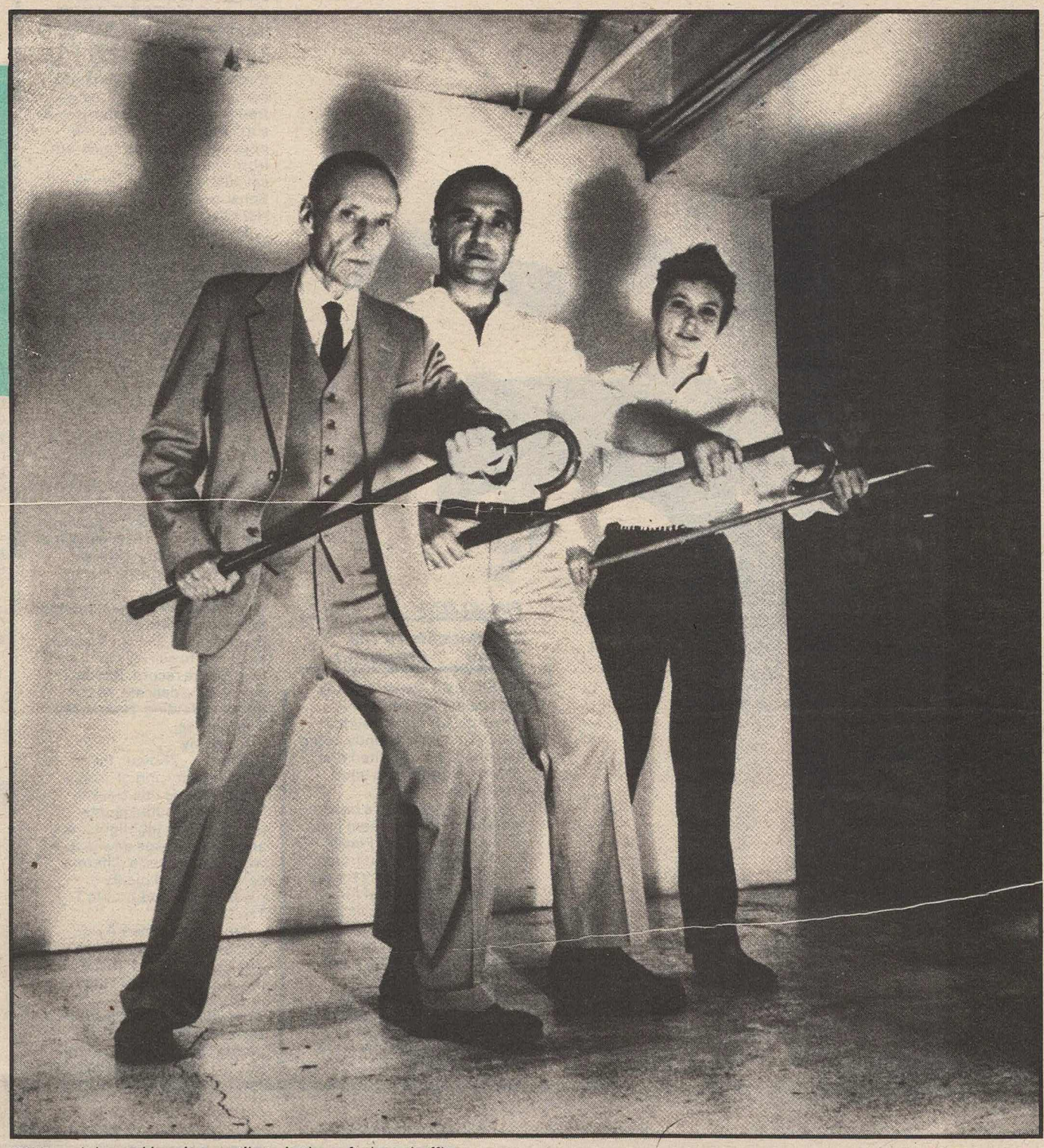

William, John and Laurie . . . stiletto in the soft shoe shuffle

LAURIE ANDERSON / WILLIAM BURROUGHS / JOHN GIORNO

You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With (Giorno Poetry Systems — US import)

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN there is no cause for alarm." Only the good ship SS America is sinking. The strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner' emanating from the lobby orchestra filter down the corridors, alerting Dr Benway in the operating theatre to the emergency. He simply abandons his helpless patient and secures a place in the ship's one lifeboat alongside the women and children . . .

Thus *Twilight's Last Gleaming* — William Burroughs' first luridly hilarious vision of the Fall of America. Having written off his native land way back in 1938, he has since acted as its archaeologist and archivist. He has sifted the ruins, probed the rank, decaying corpse with the clinical disinterest of a scientist, slowly reconstructing its systems of life from the junk it left behind. He gleaned information from discarded newspapers, comics and books, strips of smouldering B movie celluloid, radio and tape recordings, which he reworked through endless permutations of the same novel, beginning with *The Naked Lunch* through to his latest, last year's *Cities Of The Red Night.* (His first published book *Junky,* a journalistic account of addiction, informs his later work without actually falling in line with it).

Burroughs' (per)version of American civilisation focuses through a healthy paranoia — perhaps the one benevolent aspect of his heroin habit — on the country's various systems of control to depict a state run by massive corporations in league with the CIA company and redneck politicians, capable of shedding a tear for Old Glory while callously writing the death sentences of anyone threatening their position.

It's a hideously limited vision, of course, but it's also savagely accurate. He's only violently throwing back the violent images fed into a culture obsessed with cheap and shoddy thrills, and garish sensations, on the one side and inhibited by the fearful hellfire and brimstone preaching of the Moral Majority on the other.

Burroughs himself has always remained resolutely non-aligned. He chose exile back in the '30s, and systematically withdrew from society into (an almost) lifelong drug addiction and his homosexuality (manifested in the grotesque homoerotic hanging fantasies that litter his books). He cut himself off irreconcillably through the accidental shooting of his wife, which also resulted in him being removed from the family whose name adorns the adding machines his grandfather perfected. He spent most of his life away from home, in South America, Tangiers, Paris and London, viewing Americans from that worst of possible angles: the Ugly American abroad — consular officials, tourists, visiting politicians. But he returned in the '70s with a growing reputation as an avant garde novelist, and gradually won critical acclaim in America, too.

Which is why last year his *Red Night* promo tour and this record have been partly subsidised by Government and state grants. I'm sure Burroughs is drily chuckling at the irony. His one-and-a-third of a double set has him reading in parched, yet compelling, faintly aristocratic St Louis tones mainly from a hilarious new work *The Place Of Dead Roads,* described as a "real" western in progress, *Twilight's Last Gleaming* and *Nova Express.* Concentrating more on literary entertainments than his experiments in "cutting the mutter lines to the mass media", his 35 minutes consist of brilliant, sharp genre parodies, excellent one liners and brutally funny jibes at the patriotic kitsch presently governing American political sensibilities: *"(The Croaker) asked me what the American flag meant to me. I said: 'Soak it in heroin Doc, and I'll suck it.' He said I got the wrong attitude . . . I should see the chaplain and get straight with Jesus."*

Beside Burroughs, Giorno, his partner on the promo tour, patron of surviving Beats and minor poet, pales into insignificance. He seems to make a habit of sharing records with better-known figures and listening to his self-righteous, assertive rants it's easy to understand why. Here, his voice is multi-tracked in an attempt to raise them to a Last Poets-styled fervour. He nevertheless falls flat because he lacks that vital ingredient: something to say.

Just how and why performance artist Laurie Anderson fits into all this isn't that clear, but her compassion is a welcome buffer to Burroughs' cold visions. She begins her four part investigation of The United States (from which her contributions are extracted) from a position of affection for its common people, which isn't to say she's blind to their foibles. Like Burroughs, her primary concern is (lack of) communication and the conditioning role of the media and machinery. Her songs, hummed or recited into a vocoder and coloured by a solitary synthesiser or sax, are only part of a performing whole, and until she makes a video cassette or disc the full weight of her work won't be recorded. One track, 'Closed Circuit', has the accumulative hypnotic effect of 'O Superman' and the instrumental 'Dr Miller' is chirpy enough to stand alone, but having seen her shadowplays live, it's only too apparent that sound alone is not sufficient to convey her full inventiveness.

Anderson's people possess a warmth singularly lacking in Burroughs' characters. Then, he deals with caricature, in types; and if you doubt the validity of his grotesque cartoons check the sort of bombast we're currently being barraged with by Alexander Haig and the Reagan administration against Burroughs' word bubbles. More than ever his personification of The Ugly American is uncannily true, leading one to wish his pithy epitaph for a particularly noxious countryman isn't inscribed on the tombstones of those we've unfortunately come to know best: *"Here lived a stupid vulgar son of a bitch, who though he could hire Death as a company cop."*

Chris Bohn

Use it up . . .

Idyllic Odyssey . . . odd dressers

ODYSSEY

The Best Of Odyssey (RCA)

NEXT TO the 12" single, the ideal medium for mainstream black American dance music is usually the Best Of or Greatest Hits compilation. With only the occasional glorious exception, an 'I Am' or 'Off The Wall', the recipe for disco album is a familiar and formularised one — one or two killers and a wad of fillers.

Like rapping, toasting and a lot of new pop, disco is a singles music and its stars the folk from the hit factories that craft the finest forty-fives. Like New York vocal trio Odyssey — the Lopez sisters Lillian and Louise and the gritty-voiced Billy McEachern.

If Chic were the rhythmic renaissance that the black American mainstream was calling out for after the worst excesses of disco, then Odyssey were part of a vocal shot in the arm that was just as sorely needed: harking back to more ethnic modes — African, Latin, Caribbean — they rejuvenated what was becoming a tired genre, their fusing of African and American vocal styles reaching its apex early last year in an astonishing Swahili-meets-soul cover of Lamont Dozier's 'Going Back To My Roots'.

Though there is nothing else on this twelve-track compilation that approaches the intensity and invention of 'Roots', there are a few other moments of sheer musical joy. The best are the trio's three other major pop hits, the conservationist's anthem 'Use It Up, Wear It Out', the slushy 'If You're Looking For A Way Out' and the sublime 'Native New Yorker' — not since the heyday of Barry White or the Sound of Philadelphia has funk blended so perfectly with the strains of a symphony orchestra.

The rest of the album highlights the growth of the group over four years and as many LPs, veering from the dancefloor classics to the sort of MOR mundanities that are at home on Radio Two's late-nite *Trucker's Hour.*

But the singing is never anything less than impeccable and the back-up team as accomplished as the list of contributors would suggest, the key names being producer/songwriter Sandy Linzer, notable in the past for his work with Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, and the Breckner Brothers horn duo.

At their glorious best, Odyssey play it hard and sing it loud: *"Love is just a passing word . . . the thought you had in a taxi cab."*

Use it up and wear it out. Then go and borrow someone else's copy. It's serious.

Adrian Thrills

Dr. Pinski Hopscotch

Feed time for the soul

PINSKI ZOO

Introduce Me To The Doctor . . . (Despatch)

MUSIC, said Albert Ayler, is the healing force of the universe. Let me introduce you to Dr Jazz, currently doing his rounds on a spirited first LP from Nottingham band Pinski Zoo.

A five-piece who've been together in their present form for about two years, Pinski Zoo have stepped out from a home-base in free jazz for the unchartered terrain of funky, jazzy, dizzy dance music that Pigbag and Rip Rig And Panic have also begun to explore.

Not that they sound a *lot* like either. Pinski Zoo are more versatile than Pigbag, who tend to take a single riff and whoomp it to death with great glee; and they're more relaxed, more jazz-rooted than the skittery, spring-loaded dynamics of RR&P. But what they share with both hands is a contagious enthusiasm for the music, a determined verve that animates the record and sweeps their rough'n'ready free-jazzfunk (or whatever — it subverts categories) to the opposite end of the spectrum from the cool disco calculations of the George Bensons and the Herbie Hancocks.

There's a dash of daring in the air. John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, Roland Kirk are Pinski Zoo's reference points (discreetly acknowledged on the sleeve), and if the debts sometimes poke through a bit blatantly, what matters is that the *spirit* lives on too in the adventure and joyfulness of the music.

Pinski Zoo play with simple riffs, take them apart and restructure them, in a freewheeling turmoil of dense rhythm (Tim Bullock, Tim Nolan, Mick Nolan), squawky, slithery sax (Jan Kopinski) and hammering piano (Steve Iliffe). Their sound is raw to the point of dirty — a live feel that's down to a lack of money for second takes and overdubs: saxist Jan Kopinski even had to sell his car to help finance the record. But they can also be delicate, as the gently unfolding 'Here In My Zoo' proves.

A steamy 'Zawse . . . Znowu', the eruptive rejoicing of 'Iron Lung' and the title-track's handsome soulful jaunts provide other highlights; but anyone who likes new jazz, or who simply likes a different dance, will find plenty to please on 'Introduce Me To The Doctor . . .'

Truth, said Albert Ayler, comes marching in. Pinski Zoo invite you to join the parade. It's just what the doctor ordered.

(Available from good stores or Despatch Records, 14 St James' Street, Nottingham).

Graham Lock

A loony...

TED NUGENT

The Best of Ted Nugent

Great Gonzos (CBS)

THE reader's wife of American mega metal, Caliban with an electric guitar, John The Baptist for an onslaught of saliva, grit and guts.

Well look at the competition — trussed up, padded out bilge like Aerosmith, milksops like Foreigner and Boston or tarty old windbags like Blue Oyster Cult. It's a huge stinking connection of flimsy myth and plain old inert gullibility that makes these bands successful.

In comparison Ted Nugent — where the comic meets the savage — just requires a sense of the ridiculous. Jesus, it's only in such a world that you could even think of calling this collection of growls stabs and snarls *healthy!!?*

Ted Nugent is the pagan's reply to the cruddy rock process. Pretentious he's not, not for Ted the usual 'if you can't convince them — confuse' psychorama of Moorcock, black magic and bad sex. He plays it straight down the line, a sabre toothed looney from the backwoods whose songs and onstage persona is an exercise in barbaric primitivism.

So if you've heard Ted and you want all his famous opuses on one record — the great 'Cat Scratch Fever', 'Wango Tango', 'Paralysed' and 'Dog Eat Dog' *et al* then 'Great Gonzos' is just for you.

If you've heard Ted Nugent and you don't like him then don't buy 'Great Gonzos' coz you'll hate it.

And if you've never hard Ted Nugent just consider yourself very lucky.

Gavin Martin

...and Lizzy

THIN LIZZY

Renegade (Vertigo)

Rockers (Decca)

IT'S FASHIONABLE to write off Philip Lynott — if not as a spent force, then at least as a declining one. But each new Thin Lizzy LP, of which 'Renegade' is the latest, suggests to me this isn't true. In themselves, group and group leader are as strong as ever. The only trouble is that where Thin Lizzy have stood their ground, the rest of the world has moved on around them.

Lynott's made one original contribution to rock'n'roll, namely himself, or rather the romantic, semi-fictional image he's created around himself. One contribution doesn't sound much, but it's one more than most

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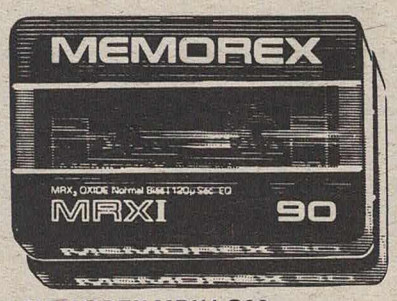

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SCOTT WALKER

Scott Walker Sings Jacques Brel (Philips)

PHEW, TALK about angst-ridden. Mix Scott Walker, maestro of melancholia, with the material of Jacques Brel — drama-laden, moody, intense — and the results are No Laughing Matter. The Brel songs that Walker covered in the course of his three solo albums are all gathered here: sombre, soaring symphonies and blackly humorous ditties, tragic ballads and bitter satires. And bubblegum it isn't.

Scott left The Walker Brothers in 1967. And once free of those commercial pop constraints, he went straight into the deep end, coming up with darkly brooding and heavily atmospheric commentaries on the human condition. As an acquired taste, some of it worked uncommonly well. But I'd suggest that his own compositions — the ones with a direct line to his own private vision — were better than these interpretations of another writer. The Brel covers are stagey and overplayed, a temptation which is maybe inherent in the material.

Jacques Brel — "the Belgian-born son of a cardboard carton manufacturer", as Fred Dellar so truly says in his sleeve-notes — was in the *chansonnier* tradition of French-language performers. It's a serious and literate, high-flown emotional style with no convincing equivalent in English. And despite the skill of Mort Shuman's lyric-translations, and the power of Walker's voice, and the grandeur of the arrangements, that transition is never successfully made here either.

Any way, in detail. . .Bowie fans will already know Brel's 'Amsterdam' (B-side of 'Sorrow'), one of those seedy-but-poignant epics, and probably 'My Death', a grim work you can hear on a Bowie bootleg — and my big regret is that I never saw Walker perform on the Billy Cotton Band Show. (Did Cotton, I wonder, march on after and howl "Wakey wakey!"?) Admirers of Alex Harvey (aren't we all?) will remember Brel's 'Next' — and how prissy and precious the Walker version seems compared with Harvey's bawling Glaswegian vulgarity.

An interesting collection but, as I say, self-consciousness is the obstacle — that and a certain angular starkness, unsuited to Walker's generally lush romantic gloom. Would-be torch singers, looking to re-charge their batteries, might more usefully consult the last Scott compilation, Julian Cope's Zoo-label 'Fire Escape In The Sky'.

Paul Du Noyer

Scott

Illustration: Ian Wright

VICTORIAN PARENTS

Silence Follows (Polydor)

VICTORIAN PARENTS are a four-piece from Staffordshire who use their two guitars like they'd really prefer them to be synths. Add to these instuments over-wrought male vocals and a rhythm section that is solid to the point of being stolid, and what you have is elephantine progressive rock '80s style.

In other words, the band, like the name, are rather backward-looking. Even when they look more to the future, the results are old hat: 'All American Hero' (also a single) sounds like Steve Miller on an off day, and 'Wasteland' sounds like Bauhaus trying to play like The Comsat Angels but missing the point and wallowing in the very oppressiveness of the material.

Appropriately, the band seem most comfortable on 'Endless Wire', a song which is pure Pink Floyd circa 'Crazy Diamond': over the slow beat come obvious guitar atmospherics — the kind normally plonked onto sound-tracks for films which have plenty of scenes set in night-time neon-lit rainy streets.

Paul Tickell

Unbelieveable

musicians make, and practically nobody ever makes two. But all that's left to him now are minor variations on a theme, that and the job of keeping up the quality. 'Renegade' certainly does *that*, but for anything more experimental, it's to his solo work that you must look.

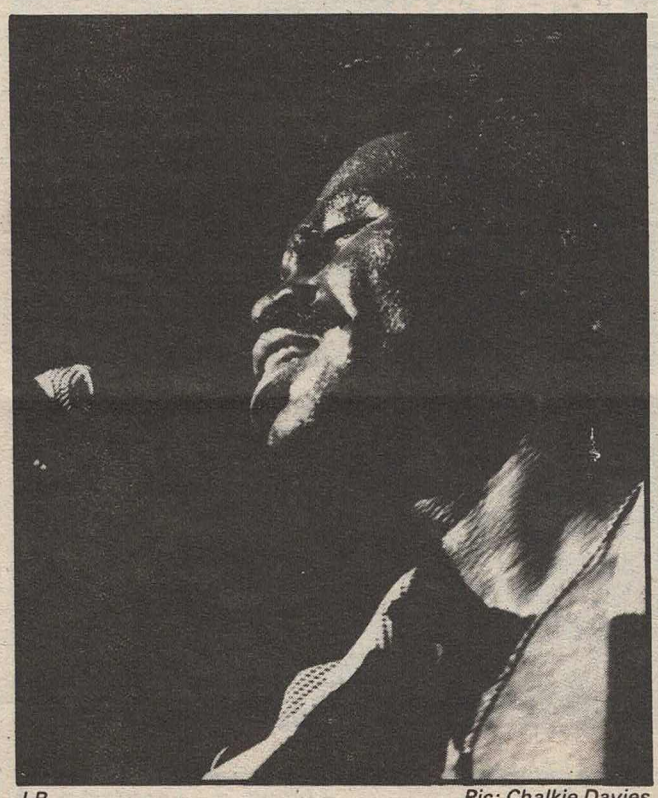
His songwriting style — basically an eternal re-run of cowboy mythology with 'street' trappings — is predictable but still mostly attractive. ('Killer On The Loose' was just muddled, not wicked.) And Thin Lizzy's hard-rock dynamics, although not the newest sound on eight legs, remain sharper and subtler than the competition's. All together, they can never again have the impact they had six years ago, but that's life.

There are nine songs on 'Renegade', of which the title-track is the sweetest, and 'Angel Of Death' the darkest. 'Fats' is a cool nod to the days of jazz and gangsters, and I like it best. For the rest, it's rebel poses a-go-go, and I guess you know the general picture. Downey, White and Gorham all hold their ends up manfully, which is no surprise, but why no name-check for "fifth man", keyboardist Wharton?

Moving on, or back, 'Rockers' is one of those compilations that Decca have lived on for years. Funny how everyone seemed to start out on that label, then leave it. It's mainly '72 and '73 stuff here, including B-side obscurities like 'Sitamoia' (available, come to think of it, on the first Decca/Lizzy compilation, 'Remembering'). But 'Randolph's Tango' is a disappointing and illogical omission. Oh, and despite the title, 'Rockers' includes a few soppies, too, like the earlier 'Sarah', and 'While I'm Away'.

Full listing: Whisky In The Jar, Baby Face, Mama Nature Said, A Song For While I'm Away, Call The Police, The Rocker, Sarah, Slow Blues, Little Darling, Sitamoia, Gonna Creep Up On You.

Paul Du Noyer



J.B.

Pic: Chalkie Davies

JAMES BROWN

Live In New York (AFE)

HERE'S A curious artefact — a James Brown live double on AFE (Audiofidelity), a label best known for its records of train noises and sundry sound effects. Curiouser still — the LP includes two instrumental tracks by the "Bay Ridge Band" *(who?)* which seem to be studio takes and nothing whatsoever to do with James Brown. Nor is there a date for the gig: the rather tacky sleeve-notes refer only to an "incredible return debut" whatever *that* is!) at Studio 54, though the presence of "Too Funky In Here', and the absence of 'Rapp Payback', suggest a 1979 or 1980 date.

Twenty years ago, James Brown recorded 'Live At The Apollo', a stunning, scorching masterpiece that remains one of the best-ever live LPs. 'Live In New York' can't shake off the shadow of that record. It includes many of JB's best-known tracks — 'Sex Machine', 'Try Me', 'Papa's Got A Brand New Bag', 'Please Please Please', 'Cold Sweat' and more — but the versions are respectable, hard-working, not inspired; and the sound lacks that *sticky* funk quality of his better '70s studio tracks.

But James Brown is still a formidable funkster and a brilliant balladeer, though there are too few occasions nowadays when he slows it all down and lays his soul on the line. *Those* are the truly shivery, sexy moments, rather than the relentless funk workouts he now favours. 'Try Me' and 'It's A Man's Man's Man's World (sloppily retitled 'This Is A Man's World') are highlights here, though the latter meanders somewhat when JB stops midsong and exhorts the audience to applaud a dozen or so of his favourite music-biz stars — whom he lists one at a time — and then gets his guitarist to imitate B.B. King.

The rest is head-down sweaty funk that treads a fine line between heavyweight and overweight, with JB struggling at times to recapture that soaring; fiery sexuality he used to turn on so effortlessly. When he makes it, there's still no one to touch him: and at 50 years old, I guess we should be glad he's able to turn out over an hour of quality music, even if it doesn't always match his previous bests.

Graham Lock

Time-locked

Phil

PHIL SPECTOR

The Wall Of Sound (Spector International)

WHAT thin times these are for superstar producers. The Spectors of today — Hannett, Sargeant, Rushent — work with the unassuming diligence of lab technicians, grant their artists an individuality that however great their own contribution to the finished artefact assures each of sufficient identity to let you forget who was at the controls. Phil Spector never let you forget.

As Hollywood moguls were finally outgrown and outdated by their industry, so Phil Spector saw pop music absorb his multi-storey extravaganza and retire him tc patrolled mansions and occasional indulgences. Spector's amusements took in singers, writers, musicians, studios; for a few years the industry allowed him, this kid genius with the terrific bark, to work them into producing records chiselled to the last detail, productions of vulgar DeMillian grandeur, then left him to recycle the treasures over and over. 'The Wall Of Sound', a big black box of nine records, is their latest incarnation.

They are aged now. It is almost twenty years, a generation, since Spector made 'He's A Rebel', eighteen since 'Baby I Love You' was conceived. Archivists and historians file the records under 'masterpiece' and 'milestone' without thinking about it: yet how they struggle to break out of their mausoleum, how defensive their gargantuan scale now sounds. There is no joy in Spectorpop: rather it heaves up and down like a bloated carousel, every bulb popping, every bell jingling and drum booming.

And there at its heart — hidden behind a portcullis of strings, pianos and percussion dovetailed with impregnable certainty — the simplest, tenderest declarations of heartache and swoon-song, the still small voices at the centre of the disturbance. The Crystals, Spector's earliest Trilbys, were the best at it: 'He's A Rebel', 'Uptown', 'He's Sure The Boy I Love' and the heavenly inspiration of 'There's No Other Like My Baby' put a brave face on the impossibilities of young love with such doe-eyed sincerity it melted enough of the producer's obsessive bombast to rise above jukebox emotion. The Crystals' album is the best of the nine.

The Ronettes, who get two records (the second has no hits as such — merely extras in much the same vein as the others from Spector's vaults), tried to be as good. They lost when they attempted to brazen it out. Ronnie Spector's bouffant sexuality and trumpeting singing weren't the done things in Spectorpop, where sex was submerged in the endless orchestral caverns. Of course 'Be My Baby' and 'Baby I Love You' are 'great'; that can be traced to the skill of Spector's writers, who finessed the tunes until any trace of crease or wrinkle was removed.

It was a nut Spector never really cracked. Darlene Love, his solo girl singer, was another in the Ethel Merman line; and the Wall Of Sound called for someone to squeeze inside it, not a voice to bawl against it. Her LP in the set is a sometimes painful exhibition of that exhausting battle.

Spector's failure to advance time-locked him into his bulging 60s creations. The worst record is Dion's dreadful 'Born To Be With You', where Spector wakes up in 1975 and tries to make a 1963 album. It hurts.

The rest, with one exception, are Spector's rep company: Bob B. Soxx And The Blue Jeans get a whole LP, The Treasures, The Alley Cats and their ilk are consigned to 'Spector Masters'. That also contains the record that broke him, the realisation of his dreams of singer and sound as one and the proof that it couldn't survive longer than three and a half minutes: 'River Deep Mountain High', the greatest possible conceit, took the Wall to its highest point and demolished it with its last chord. When it was finished, so was Spector.

Which leaves only the exception — The Righteous Brothers. Their record brims with anthems of gross sentiment, less blue-eyed soul than mimicry of the black Sinatra singers like Billy Eckstine and Jackie Wilson — a twice-removed folly that somehow bursts into obese greatness in 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' and 'Ebb Tide'.

If it seems far from today's pop, perhaps we should forget the eternal tag of 'classic pop music' on Spector's records. In truth Spector made a kind of anti-pop: he seemed to look down on poor snivelling pop music and decide to make it big and huge and strong. It would resound to the accompaniment of a thousand orchestras. It would thunder forth melodies strong enough to make mountains quake. It would, in the end, be banished to its cave: a lonely old dragon, roaring every time it is put in a new box.

Richard Cook

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featuring Alfredo 'Chocolato' Armenteros

Tuesday 2nd Feb — £3.00
CLIMAX BLUES BAND

Wednesday 3rd Feb — £2.00
ANIMAL MAGNET

Thursday 4th Feb — £2.00
Chinese New Year Celebration with
HUANG CHUNG

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SHAKATAK

All ticket prices include free brochure. Cheques not acceptable

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CALLING HEARTS

Thursday 21st January £1.00
THE WAVES
Featuring Kimberley Rew, ex Soft Boys

Friday 22nd January £1.25
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Saturday 23rd January £1.25
THE FORCE
Featuring Sean Tyla & Deke Leonard

Sunday 24th January £1.25
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LIVE ADS 261 6153

TOUR NEWS

B.B. King, Fats, Spyro Gyra in Euro onslaught

B.B. KING, Fats Domino, Spyro Gyra, Jean-Luc Ponty and Bobby Bland are among a host of artists lined up for UK visits this summer by top American impresario George Wein — and the chances are that they'll all be appearing in the annual jazz festival organised by London's Capital Radio. A spokesman for the station told *NME* that plans for the 1982 event are well under way, and the first official announcement is expected in early February.

It will be recalled that the first Capital festival in 1980 failed to get off the ground, because the proposed site — Alexandra Palace — was destroyed by fire. And last year's event had to be switched at short notice from Clapham Common to Knebworth, because of the fear of rioting at the original venue. So the station is taking special care in selecting a location for 1982, which is unlikely to be subjected to last-minute complications.

Among the many other acts in the George Wein touring package — which will also play festivals in Nice and Montreux — are Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, McCoy Tyner, Jay McShann, Lionel Hampton, Nellie Lutcher, Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Jackie McLean and Gerry Mulligan.

QUO OVERWHELMED

STATUS QUO have received more than 400 applications from drummers anxious to fill the vacancy, created by the recent departure of founder member John Coghlan. They have now whittled these down to a short list of five names, and expect to make a final decision in a week or two. In the meantime, no more applications can be entertained.

■ NICO, The Blue Orchids and Eric Random & The Bedlamites play a special London show at the new Albany Empire in Deptford on Tuesday, January 26 — tickets £2.50, or £2 with dole card. Nico is also in action at Edinburgh Nite Club (this Saturday) and Oxford Scamps (January 25).

■ COUNTRY JOE McDONALD flies in next month to play a few selected dates. The first to be confirmed is at London Camden Dingwalls on Monday, February 8.

■ MACHITO, the near-legendary Afro-Cuban music giant, plays his first-ever UK show on February 1 — when he brings his 15-piece Salsa Big Band to London Victoria The Venue. This follows the highly successful Venue show in November by Machito's colleague Tito Puente.

■ THE FOUR TOPS have added another concert to their UK tour schedule, reported last week — it's at Bristol Colston Hall on Monday, March 8.

□ **MARI WILSON & The Imaginations** have now confirmed a further string of dates for next month, in addition to those already reported for January. They play Oxford Scamps (February 1), Cambridge Sound Cellar (5), Keele University (6), Leeds Warehouse (9), Liverpool Warehouse (10), Manchester Polytechnic (11), Edinburgh Nite Club (12), Retford Porterhouse (13), Reading University (16), London University (19), London Regents Park Bedford College (26) and Coventry Warwick University (27.)

□ **THE ANDROIDS OF MU** headline the first No Nukes Music gig of 1982, when they play London Islington Pied Bull this Saturday (23), supported by Watch With Mother. All tickets are £1, and it starts at 8pm.

□ **NIGHTDOCTOR** have been confirmed as the support act on the extensive UK tour by UB40, which opened earlier this week.

□ **FLUX OF PINK INDIANS** have now engaged replacements for the two musicians they discharged last month, bringing in ex-Epileptics guitarist Kev Hunter and drummer Martin. They resume gigging with their new line-up at Preston Warehouse on February 4.

□ **UTOPIA** is the overall title of a series of Thursday night gigs throughout February at London Islington Pied Bull, featuring bands of a radical nature. They are To The Finland Station and Les Nouvelles Cyniques (4), Damaged Youth and Reverb & Barbed (11), Peking Opera and The Balloons (18) and A Popular History Of Signs and The Trumpets Of Ding-Dau (25).

□ **THE BREAKFAST BAND** have February gigs in London at Kennington The Cricketers (3 and 10), Bond St Embassy Club (4), Southbank Polytechnic (5), Covent Garden Seven Dials (20), Stoke Newington Pegasus (21) and Putney Half Moon (25). Out of town, they visit Wolverhampton Polytechnic (6) and Oxford Polytechnic (11.) More February gigs are being set.

□ **TYTAN,** the new hard rock five-piece band formed from the ashes of the now-defunct Angelwitch, undertake their first tour from late January to the end of March. First three confirmed dates are Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (January 28), London Marquee (29) and Bristol Granary (February 6). They'll be previewing new material destined for their debut album, to be recorded in April — though this will be preceded by a single in early March.

□ **MARILLION** make their headlining debut at London Marquee next Monday (25), and they complete their January schedule at London Stockwell Old Queen's Head (26), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (27) and London Clapham 101 Club (28). After spending three weeks routining for their debut album, they resume gigging at Coventry General Wolfe on February 19.

□ **ROY DRUSKY** tops the bill in Pontin's Country Music Jamboree at London Wembley Conference Centre on Saturday, February 6 (3-10.45pm). Other acts appearing include Philomenia Begley, Tammy Cline & Southern Comfort, Carl Gibson, Mustang and Burnt Ash. Tickets are £6 and £5.

EW&F extra dates

EARTH WIND & FIRE have added another two nights at London Wembley Arena to their upcoming UK schedule, following the virtual sell-out of their four originally announced dates there (March 15-18). The extra shows are on March 9 and 10, and tickets at £8.80 and £7.80 are available by post from EWF Box-Office (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH — state which date is required, and enclose SAE.

Some tickets are also available by personal application to Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box-Office, and a limited number of tickets for all six concerts will be available at Wembley on the day of the performance (restricted view only). As reported, the group also appear at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on March 12 and 13.

EW&F have their new single out on CBS this week — it is 'I've Had Enough', taken from their current album 'Raise'. The B-side is 'Kalimba Tree', and the 12-inch version includes a bonus disco remix of 'Let's Groove'.

Gladys nights

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips have now confirmed their spring UK tour schedule, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last month. They're playing a mixture of concerts and cabaret dates, including two major London shows, and the itinerary comprises Bournemouth Winter Gardens (April 14), Watford Bailey's (15-17), Reading Hexagon (18), Birmingham Night Out (19-24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Harrogate Conference Centre (27), Southport Theatre (28), Manchester Golden Garter (29-May 1), London Wembley Conference Centre (2), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (3), London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (4) and Brighton Centre (5). There will be one performance nightly on all club dates and at Brighton; all other concert dates will feature two shows nightly. Ticket prices vary considerably, and readers should check with individual box-offices for details.

HAVANA HAVE GONE!

HAVANA LET'S GO, the Latin American band who were spearheading the salsa eruption in this country, have broken up — evidently becuase the eruption wasn't as explosive as they had expected!

They say that — after building up a considerable reputation on the club circuit, and achieving a degree of success with their Polydor singles 'Torpedoes' and 'Spanish Cabaret' — they decided to disband because a major breakthrough was still eluding them, and salsa wasn't proving to be the powerful new trend they had anticipated.

Singer Joanna Havana and lead guitarist Andy Andes, who formed the outfit in the first place, have wasted no time in auditioning musicians for a new band called Joanna & The Red Bandana — which, they say, will concentrate on "good melodic dance music".

And they make their live debut this weekend with gigs at Norwich Gala Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday) and Liverpool Warehouse (Sunday). At least one other splinter group is expected to emerge from the old band within the next few weeks.

JOANNA & ANDY

COODER GIGS NOW IN MAY

RY COODER has been forced to postpone his string of British concerts, planned for early March and announced by *NME* three weeks ago. The reason is that he's fallen behind in his recording schedule, and needs more time to finish his new album, so that it can be issued to coincide with his visit. Fortunately, the decision to postpone was taken before tickets actually went on sale, so the public have not been inconvenienced.

His three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon have now been re-arranged for May 27, 28 and 29 — and tickets priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 go on sale this Saturday (23). Revised dates for his provincial concerts (Birmingham, Dublin, Manchester and Glasgow) will be announced next week. Cooder's backing band will feature Jim Keltner (drums), Reggie McBride (bass), Jim Dickinson (piano), William 'Smitty' Smith (organ) and Bobby King and Willie Green Jr. (back-up vocals).

EMMYLOU FOR LONDON

EMMYLOU HARRIS returns to London to play a one-off at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, March 4 — her first UK appearance for just over a year. As usual, she'll be accompanied by The Hot Band — John Ware (drums), Steve Fischell (pedal steel), Barry Tashian (acoustic guitar), Wayne Goodwin (fiddle and sax), Don Johnson (piano), Frank Reckard (guitar) and Mike Bowdin (bass.) Tickets are on sale from this Saturday (23) priced £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50, and the promoters are Asgard. As a prelude to her visit, a new Emmylou single is being issued by Warner Brothers next month, coupling 'Born To Run' and 'Ashes By Now'.

JCC marathon in gig Olympiad

JOHN COOPER CLARKE plays a string of ten dates next month, to coincide with the release of the first 'Poetry Olympics' album, on which he is one of the main performers — it was recorded at last year's three-day event at London Young Vic Theatre, and appears on the new All Round Records label.

His schedule comprises Keele University (February 17), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (18), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (20), Liverpool Warehouse (21), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (22), Milton Keynes Peaches (24), Portsmouth Polytechnic (25), Slough Polytechnic (26) and Plymouth Polytechnic (27).

A more comprehensive tour of major venues throughout the UK, in which JCC will co-headline with Linton Kwesi Johnson, is being lined up for March — details to follow shortly.

FINGERS FLURRY

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have had to cancel their projected concert tonight (Thursday) at Sheffield Lyceum, because the theatre had decided to stop staging rock shows. Because of the short-notice decision, it's proved impossible to switch to an alternative venue in the city, and cash refunds are having to be made to ticket holders — but they have managed to arrange a last minute replacement gig tonight at Sunderland Polytechnic. The band's filming for the TVS series *Off The Record* takes place this Sunday (31) before an invited audience in a Gillingham studio, and their show at Norwich East Anglia University on February 2 is being recorded for Kid Jensen's Radio 1 spot.

DEPECHE MORE

DEPECHE MODE have added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon to their UK tour schedule next month — the original date there on February 13 is now sold out, and the extra concert has been slotted in on February 28. The band have also added a date at Bath University on February 15. As a prelude to their outing, they have a new single issued on January 29 by Mute Records, with distribution through Rough Trade and Spartan — 'See You' / 'Now This is Fun'.

Darts in flight

DARTS, newly returned from a lengthy tour of America and Japan, begin a new series of British dates this weekend. So far confirmed are Hatfield Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Hitchin Regal (Friday), London Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Reading University (January 26), Cardiff University (27), Leeds Polytechnic (28), Sheffield Polytechnic (29), Bangor University (30), Bradford University (February 6), Birmingham University (12), Manchester Owens Park Conference Centre (13) and Egham Royal Holloway College (19). Further February dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

— AND SHOWADDYWADDY

SHOWADDYWADDY have lined up another string of dates, to promote their current Arista single 'Footsteps'. They visit Nottingham Commodore (this Friday and Saturday), Birmingham Odeon (January 28), Farnworth Blighty's (29 and 30), Hull New Theatre (31), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (February 6), Chatham Central Hall (7), Salisbury City Hall (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Southport Theatre (12), Carlisle Market Hall (13), Chester North Gate Arena (14), Luton Cesar's (17-20) and Windsor Blazers (21-27).

New-look Matchbox

MATCHBOX re-emerge next month after a length period of inactivity, caused mainly by personnel changes. Lead guitarist and writer Steve Bloomfield has now left the band, who have reverted to their original five-piece format, which means that Dick Callan becomes sole lead guitarist (he previously shared the role with Bloomfield). Additionally, bassist Fred Poke has retired from playing in order to become the band's manager, and he's replaced in the line-up by Brian Hodgson. The new-look outfit debuts with a week at Watford Bailey's from February 1. Sessions for a new single and album are planned for March, followed by an extensive European tour.

□ **THE DARK** play London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (February 5) and Folkestone Marine Pavilion (6) as the first two dates in a tour — currently being set up — to promote their new single 'The Masque', issued by Fresh this week and described as "in mellower style than their previous releases". Following the departure of Jim Kane, the band have now acquired a new drummer named Razzle, formerly with Demon Preacher.

□ **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** have added two more dates to their UK tour, opening this week — at Galashiels College of Textiles (February 5) and York University (10).

□ **FOREIGNER** have no immediate plans to visit Britain, despite the current success of their single 'Waiting On A Girl Like You' and album '4'. But they can be seen in their own BBC-2 *Old Grey Whistle Test* special on January 28, filmed last month in Germany.

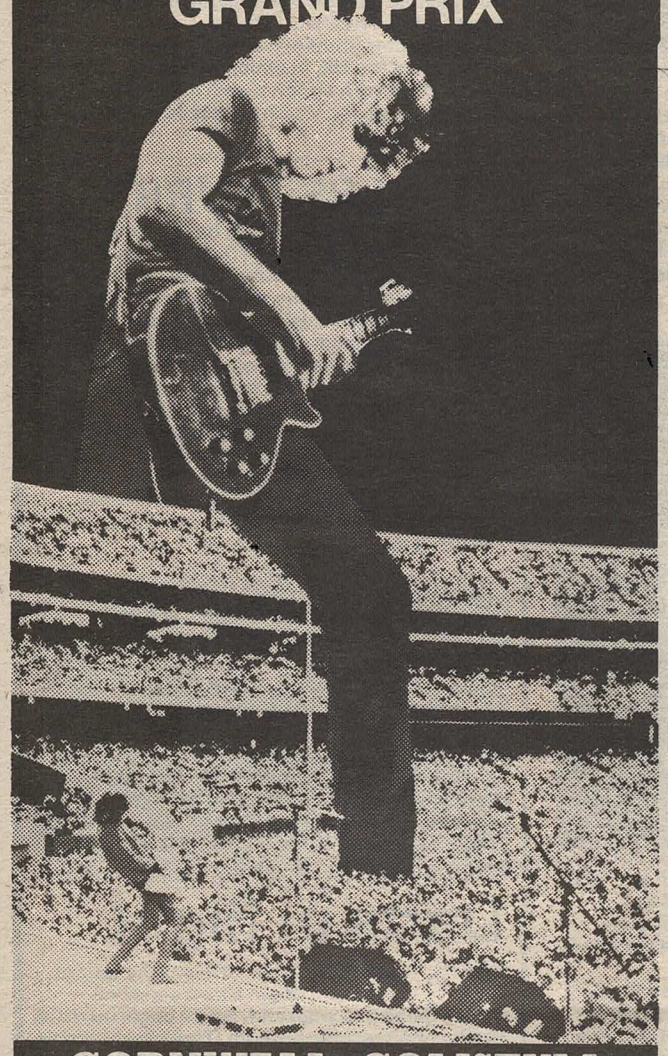
□ **VIRGINIA ASTLEY,** the classical flautist who played with The Teardrop Explodes in Liverpool over Christmas, has been chosen by Julian Cope to support the band on their UK tour starting next week. She'll be backed by her own group of musicians.

Kiltorch and MCP present

SAMMY HAGAR

SPECIAL GUESTS

GRAND PRIX



CORNWALL COLISEUM
SAT. 23rd JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. Par 4261

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
SUN. 24th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4, £3.50 and £3 from box office tel. 0703 29772

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
MON. 25th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0272 291768

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
TUES. 26th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0742 735295

GLASGOW APOLLO
THURS. 28th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 041 332 6055

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRI. 29th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0632 20007

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
SUN. 31st JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 051 709 1555

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
TUES. 2nd FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 021 643 6101

IPSWICH GAUMONT
THURS. 4th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0473 53641

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
SAT. 6th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0524 65201

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUN. 7th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 061 273 1112

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES. 9th and
WED. 10th FEBRUARY 8pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

RECORD NEWS

● **Buzzz,** the seven-piece London band featuring two girl vocalists, have signed a worldwide deal with RCA Records. Their debut single 'Sorry My Dear' is released in 12-inch form on January 29, with the seven-inch version following a week later. They'll also be touring in February.

CHRIS REA has just finished recording his fourth album for Magnet Records and, with his name as its title, it's planned for March release. Among musicians featured on the LP are Dave Mattacks, Jim Mullen, Ray Cooper, Pete Wingfield and Max Middleton. It will be preceded on March 5 by the single 'Loving You', which employs the services of an 18-piece string section.

● A new single from the **J. Geils Band** called 'Centerfold', already a hit in the States, is out this weekend on EMI America — and the album from which it is taken, titled 'Freeze Frame', is issued at the same time. From the Liberty label comes the single 'There's A Way' by **Ronnie Laws.**

● **Mother's Ruin** make their presence felt with the single 'Streetlights', issued next week by Spectra Records, whose distribution is through Pinnacle.

● **Demis Roussos,** the singing tent, will henceforth be known simply as Demis — and that's how he appears on the label of his new Polydor single, the Jon Anderson compostition 'Lament', issued this weekend. A new album follows in March.

● Capitol release a new **Diana Ross** single this week — titled 'Mirror Mirror', it's taken from her hit album 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love', and is coupled with her version of the old Brenda Lee hit 'Sweet Nothings'. From the same label comes the live **Bob Seger** single 'We've Got Tonight', lifted from his LP 'Nine Tonight'. And a new Capitol album this month is 'Happy Love' by **Natalie Cole.**

● Wigan new-wave outfit **The Insane** have their second single 'Spotty Wattie' issued this week on the local Davestar Records, through the usual indie outlets.

● Left funk band **To The Finland Station** have put out a single called 'Domino Theory', which compares the current political situation in El Salvador with that in Poland. The two B-side tracks are 'Betrayal' and 'Pivotal Couples', and it's on Melodia Records, through Rough Trade and Virgin.

● Impresario Jeffrey Kruger launches his Bulldog Records jazz label with the release of albums this month by **Bob Crosby, Les Brown, Billy May, Harry James** and **Buddy Greco,** all previously unavailable in the UK in this form. Upcoming shortly are albums by **Erroll Garner, Benny Goodman** and **Duke Ellington.** Distribution is through President Records.

● *SFX* — the world's first music magazine on C60 cassette, previously only available in the London area — is launched nationally from this weekend. The latest issue features interviews with and performances by **Depeche Mode, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Steve Strange** and **James Brown,** among others.

● **The Meteors'** single 'Radioactive Kid' / 'Graveyard Stomp', originally on Chiswick Records and deleted six months ago, has been reissued by Ace Records in clear vinyl. The band are at present recording with their re-shaped line-up, now featuring new drummer Woodie, and will have a single out in February — and they'll also be going on the road to promote it.

● Release of the second solo **Holger Czukay** album, originally planned by EMI for next month, has been brought forward to this week. This is to combat the large number of import copies which have been on sale at exorbitant prices.

The Thompson Septuplets

THE THOMPSON TWINS release their new single 'In The Name Of Love' this weekend on T Records — the flip side is 'In The Beginning', and there's a bonus track called 'Coastline' on the extended 12-inch version. The band's upcoming album 'Set' — produced by Steve Lillywhite and featuring Tom Dolby on three tracks — will be issued on February 19, the day after they embark on a major UK tour.

● **The Barracudas,** who've been inactive for seven months due to personnel changes, have now switched to Flicknife Records — and they'll have their single 'Inside Mind' out on February 5, with an album to follow in March. Of the original line-up, only Robin Wills (guitar) and Jeremy Gluck (vocals) remain, and they're now joined by bassist Jim Dickson and ex-Little Roosters drummer Graeme Potter.

● Nottingham band **One Million Fuzztone Guitars** have their debut single out on Manchester's Monsters In Orbit Records, a double A-sider coupling 'Heaven' and 'Annuese'. The same label issues 'Horse' by **Doctor Filth** on February 5, with a **Colours Out Of Time** single titled 'Diamonds' to follow in March.

● **Artery** are now recording their next single for Armageddon, scheduled for late February release — it's a re-working of 'The Slide', which originally appeared in 1980 on the Sheffield compilation 'Bouquet Of Steel'.

● Secret Records have signed **Chron-Gen** to a long-term deal, and release the band's three-track EP 'Jet Boy, Jet Girl' on January 29, selling at the price of a normal single. Their debut album 'Chronic Generation' is due at the end of February.

● **The Passions,** now operating as a trio following the departure of guitarist Clive Timberley, have their single 'Africa Mine' out on Polydor this week, A free four-track live EP is included in the first 10,000 copies.

● Following the success of their new single 'Think For Yourself' which cropped up in the *NME* indie chart earlier this month, **The Fits** have had their previous single 'Listen To Me' reissued by Lightbeat Records of Blackpool. Another single on the same label is 'Stab The Judge' by **One Way System.** Both are available through major outlets on the independent circuit.

● Newly formed Peterborough label Triangle Records have signed local outfit **Shopping For Girls,** whose debut single 'Sorry Wrong One'/'Where's Age?' is issued this week. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● **Holly & Joey** are a new duo all set to emulate the success of Sonny & Cher, with an up-dated revival of the latter's 'I Got You Babe', issued by Virgin this weekend. The first half of the duo is none other than the linchpin of Holly & The Italians, but the identity of Joey remains something of an enigma at present. The B-side of the single is Holly's own composition 'One More Dance'.

● 'Contradictions' by **Thomas Leer,** 'Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty' by **Felt** and 'Threat To Creation' by **New Age Steppers & Creation Rebel** are new albums out this month on Cherry Red — the Leer set, by the way, comes in the form of two 12-inch 45rpm discs. Among singles from the same label are 'Chalk Circle' by **Five Or Six,** 'Use Your Loaf' by **The Nightingales** and '4 Countries' by **The Refections.**

● **Funhouse** are a new five-piece formed from the nucleus of the now-defunct Another Pretty Face, and they've just been signed by Ensign (with distribution through RCA). Their single 'This Could Be Hell!' is scheduled for mid-February release, with an album to follow in the spring. The band also have a current Wednesday night residency at London Marquee Club.

● **The 4 Skins,** back in action after signing two new members, have a three-track single out on Secret this week — featuring 'Yesterday's Heroes', 'Justice' and 'Get Out Of My Life'. From the same label comes a 14-track compilation LP called 'A Fresh Selection', with contributions from **UK Decay, The Wall, Wilko Johnson, Cuddly Toys, Menace** and **The Dark,** among others.

● The new **Gillan** single 'Restless', issued by Virgin earlier this month, will be available from this weekend in a limited edition picture disc form.

● Kansas City rock'n'rollers **Shooting Star** have their second album released by Virgin on January 29 — titled 'Hang On For Your Life', is contains ten new tracks.

■ **SPANDAU BALLET have their new Chrysalis single on release this week, in both 7" and 12" formats. Title is 'She Loved Like A Diamond', and there's an instrumental version of the same number on the B-side.**

■ **BILLY JOEL's new single is a live and up-dated version of 'She's Got A Way', which originally appeared on his album 'Cold Spring Harbour' a decade ago. It's issued by CBS this weekend.**

■ **KILLING JOKE have put back the release of their new 'Empire Song' single from January 29 to February 12, due to their enforced internment in deepest Wales following the recent blizzards.**

■ **LOU REED returns to the RCA fold yet again for the January 29 release of his new album 'The Blue Mask'. Tracks include 'Woman', 'Underneath The Bottle' and 'The Day John Kennedy Died'.**

■ **UB40 have set February 5 for the release of their latest single on their own Dep International label. Recorded at Dublin's Windmill Studios, it's called 'I Won't Close My Eyes'.**

■ **SECRET AFFAIR have a new single out this weekend on I-Spy (through Arista). It couples 'Lost In The Night (Mac The Knife)' and 'The Big Beat', both lifted from their upcoming album 'Business As Usual'.**

■ **SIMPLE MINDS have their classic single 'I Travel' reissued by Arista next week, backed with 'Thirty Frames A Second'. Live versions of both titles are featured on the 12-incher. A compilation LP of the band's best tracks is due out in February titled 'Celebration'.**

■ **AC/DC have their new single 'Let's Get It Up', taken from their current chart album, issued by Atlantic this weekend. The B-side is a live version of 'Back In Black', and the 12-incher contains an addition bonus live track 'T.N.T.'**

JETS follow up their autumn hit 'Yes Tonight Josephine' with a new single issued by EMI this weekend, titled 'Love Makes The World Go Round'. It's taken from their forthcoming album '100% Cotton', due for release on March 12. Jets — who comprise the brothers Bob, Ray and Tony Cotton — will be going on the road in February, dates to be announced shortly.

MCP presents

KROKUS

SPECIAL GUESTS

MAGNUM

APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
FRIDAY, 12th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 1112

CITY HALL SHEFFIELD
TUESDAY, 16th FEBRUARY 7.30. p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
SATURDAY, 13th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 6101

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
WEDNESDAY, 17th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 320007

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
SUNDAY, 14th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 291768

GAUMONT THEATRE, IPSWICH
FRIDAY, 19th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641

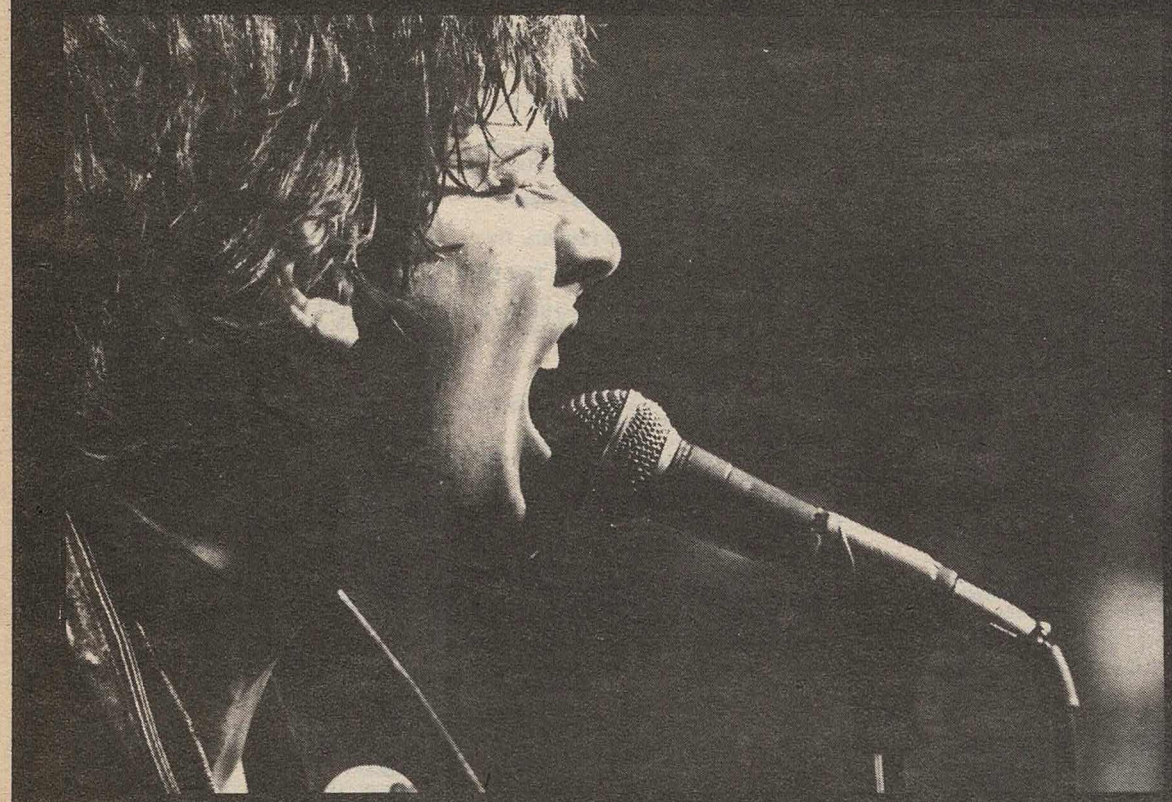
DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
MONDAY, 15th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SATURDAY, 20th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081

THE FEATURES OF PARIS

PARIS are a new group of four musicians who, between them, have already been involved in records which have sold over 40 million! ANDY HILL (keyboards, bass and vocals) has written and produced all the Bucks Fizz hits; NICHOLA MARTIN (keyboards and vocals) was a member of Rags who won the World Song Festival in Japan in 1977 and were runners-up in *Songs For Europe* with 'Promises, Promises'; GRAHAM BROAD (drums) is a session musician who's worked with The Four Tops, Dollar and The Nolans, among others; and IAN BAIRNSON (guitar) was formerly with Pilot, and has since recorded with Paul McCartney and Elaine Paige. Now they come together as Paris and release their debut single 'Have You Ever Been In Love' this week on Hansa (through Ariola), with an album to follow shortly.

Nationwide Gig Guide



Jake Burns

Julian Cope

Pic: Kevin Cummins

SEVERAL major tours get under way during the period covered by this Gig Guide, the first being by those grand old men of contemporary rock, THE STRANGLERS — and they're promoting their album 'La Folie' and single 'Golden Brown' at Sheffield (Thursday), Aberystwyth (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Brighton (Monday), Guildford (Tuesday) and St Austell (Wednesday).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS are out on the circuit again after a lengthy absence, and can be seen in action this week at Sunderland (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Bradford (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . And THE TEARDROP EXPLODES take a brief vacation from Club Zoo in order to debut their re-shaped line-up in a headlining concert series, kicking off at Aylesbury (Monday), Ipswich (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

Metal freaks will welcome the return of wild man SAMMY HAGAR, who opens his UK travels at St Austell on Saturday. And of course, we still have UB40 and UFO on the road, while ADAM & THE ANTS finally reach the end of their lengthy schedule this weekend.

A reminder that, in the bad weather conditions we've been experiencing this winter, the circuit is extremely vulnerable — and gigs are liable to cancellation because venues are inaccessible or bands are snowbound. If in doubt, be on the safe side and check with the venue before setting out to a gig, just to make sure it's still on.

Thursday 21st

Richard Strange: Brixton

Bath Moles Club: **Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Cliche**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Gents**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Fad Gadget**
Brighton The Richmond: **TV Scream/Seething Wells**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Su Lyn Band/Ann Clark**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World/The Trip**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Sad Cafe**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Exciters**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **UFO/Girl**
Derby The Blue Note: **The Passage**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UB40/Nightdoctor**
Egremont Rugby Club: **The Cheaters**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Darts**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Thorn/Jon Clover Band/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Alchemy**
Hitchin Regal: **Marillion**
Hull The Oriental: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds Warehouse: **Tandoori Cassette**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Richard Strange**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juice On The Loose**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Rehabilitation Centre: **Keith Armstrong/Maddy Maze**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Androids Of Mu**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **A Blue Zoo**
London Euston The Golf Club: **I/The Three Laws**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Amazon/The Prams**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **30 Bob Suits/The Volcanoes**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Waves**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **E.F. Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Putney White Lion: **Fruit Eating Bears**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ralph Sutton**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Rick Smith & The Villains**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Sound/King Trigger/The Cosmetics**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Stiffs**
London Windmilll Theatre: **Jah Wobble's Human Condition/Bee Vamp**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Level 42**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Ground Zero**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Barry Manilow**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Eyeless In Gaza/The Lemon Kittens**
Manchester The Eden: **Orange Juice**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **If All Else Fails/None So Blind**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Climax Blues Band/The Look**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Expozer**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **Tender Moments In Modern History**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Stranglers**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **Raven**
Stone Crown Inn: **Jazz Caverners**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Worthing Balmoral: **Spider**

Friday 22nd

New Order: North Poly

Aberystwyth University: **The Stranglers**
Bath University: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Birmingham Aston University: **OK Jive**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Beshara/Crizette**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bradford St George's Hall: **UFO/Girl**
Cambridge Graduate Centre: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators/Duke Duke & The Dukes/The Radio Cowboys**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Project Four/Gone Fisson**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Dolphins**
Chiddingford Rock Club: **The 01 Band**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Coventry Arts Centre Theatre: **Keith Nichols' Tribute to Fats Waller**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wreckless Eric**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Adam & The Ants**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Exmouth Imperial Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **UB40/Nightdoctor**
Guernsey CI The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Hitchin The Regal: **Darts/The Exciters**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Eyeless In Gaza/The Lemon Kittens**
Hull University: **Sati Cafe**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Mr Clean**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Vetoes/Chicago Sunset**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City Polytechnic: **Fad Gadget**
London City University: **The Chefs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rock Goddess**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cheetah**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Will Gaines/Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Miles Over Matter/The Treatment**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Clive Sarstedt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **I/Rhythm Method**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Stiffs**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **First Priority/The Survivors**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nick Garvey**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Johnny Parker & Guests**
London Lambeth The Angel: **30 Bob Suits**
London Musicians Collective: **The IUD's/Bushmastet/Loop De Loop**
London North London Polytechnic: **New Order**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Gazetta/Combo Passe**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Zila with Dudu Pukwana**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Trip/Ian Ferguson**
London Putney White Lion: **The Republic**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters/Oliver Jackson Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Long Tall Shorty/Empty Vessels**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stock Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Talisman**
London Twickenham St Mary's College: **Mood Elevators**
London Victoria The Venue: **Modern Romance**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Bumble & The Beez**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Torso**
Luton College: **Spring Offensive**
Luton Technical College: **Marillion**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Barry Manilow**
Midhurst The Grange Centre: **The Gents**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Climax Blues Band/The Look**
Newport Gwent College of Higher Education: **The Partisans**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Orange Juice**
Nottingham University: **If All Else Fails**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The 45's**
Retford Porterhouse: **Tandoori Cassette**
Ripon Art College: **Bikini Atoll**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **After The Fire/Top Secret**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **UK Decay**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ian Campbell Band**
Worthing Balmoral: **Spider**

Saturday 23rd

Orange Juice: Liverpool

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Nation 3/All Stations**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **New Order**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bradford University: **Sad Cafe**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Tandoori Cassette/ Attila The Stockbroker**
Cardiff Nero's: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Dundee Caird Hall: **UB40/Nightfighter**
Dundee University: **After The Fire/Top Secret**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Nico**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Lulu Boys**
Glasgow Night Moves: **23 Skidoo**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **UK Decay**
Gosport John Peel: **Chalice**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Dolphins**
Halifax Ukranian Club: **Curst/Rhumba**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Leicester University: **The Stranglers**
Liverpool Checkmate Club: **The Frantic Elevators**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Orange Juice**
London Acton White Hart: **The 01 Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / The Dragons**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Canteen Quartet**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Dolly Mixture / The Stiffs**
London Forest Gate Church Hall: **Conflict / Rubella Ballet / Anthrax / Assassins Of Hope**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras / Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Venigmas / Dance On A Telephone**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Androids Of Mu / Watch With Mother**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Johnny Parker & Guests**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Chefs**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Dave Cliff Quartet**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Speakeasy / Rio & The Robots**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Tim Laycock**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio**
London Southgate Rox (at Royalty): **Animal Nightlife**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Son Of Man In Roots / The Creamies**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The Troggs**
London Victoria The Venue: **Darts / The Exciters**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Stargazers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **To The Finland Station / The Connexion**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Gloss**
Malvern Festival Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
North Harrow The Headstone: **The Wailing Pumas**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Matrix**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Electric Guitars**
Preston Guildhall: **UFO / Girl**
Reading Bulmershe College: **The Cheaters**
Retford Porterhouse: **Joanna & The Red Bandana/Moscow Philharmonix**
Sheffield University: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Flying Objects**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Hickory Wind**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Sammy Hagar**
Stoke Mandeville HS Club: **Marillion**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Rockin Horse**
Sunbury County Secondary School: **Bright Spark**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Gents**
Taunton Wood Street Inn: **Graham Larkbey**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **We're Only Human**
Wollaston Nages Head: **Spider**

Sunday 24th

Dolly Mixture: Croydon

Aberdeen The Copper Beech: **A.P.B.**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **UFO**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **No Sweat**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Dolly Mixture / Five O**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **23 Skidoo**
Glasgow Mayfair: **Friends Again / Aubrey Mark / The French Impressionists**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Sad Cafe**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Jack Hudson**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Joanna & The Red Bandana**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Mick Molloy Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shea Ramah**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Attic / Harmonic Distortion / A Taxi & The Minicabs**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Fran Landesman / Miles Davis Landesman**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Gordon Beck-Allan Holdsworth Quartet / Bobby Wellins Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Zila with Dudu Pukwana**
London Islington Hope & Anchor/ **The 45's**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Mood Elevators**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Niblets / The New Vibrations**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Willie Garnet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakfast Band**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Troops For Tomorrow**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Cambridge City Jass Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Mercedes (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bernie Parry / Loose Chippings**
Slough Alexandra's: **Ian Campbell Blues Band**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Sammy Hagar**
Stoke Vines: **The Cheaters**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Cry**
Windsor Theatre Royal: **Alan Price**
Wokingham Angie's: **Keef Hartley Band**

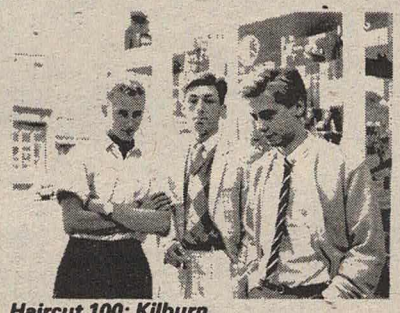
Monday 25th

Aylesbury Friars: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Stranglers**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Sad Cafe**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **UFO/Girl**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cheetah/Walter Mitty's Little White Lies/The Crew**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sly Device**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Stiffs/Zoomiiz/Idle Flowers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Colin Bates**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Le Mat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Siberians/30 Bob Suits**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ginger**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dirty Strangers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tony Lee & Guests (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Geof Warren Quartette**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Stan Tracey Quartet & Sextet**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Fugitive**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Chris Connor (until February 6)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **24 Hours/Boy Meets Girl**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Urban Shakedown**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Buzzz**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Connexion**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Harfoot Brothers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Manchester The Eden: **The Passage**
Norwich Matrix Club: **Sans Culottes**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Oxford Scamps: **Nico/Blue Orchids**
Swinton The Bee Hive: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Alvin Stardust (for a week)**

Tuesday 26th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Frog Island Band**
Brighton The Centre: **Barry Manilow**
Brighton The Richmond: **A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Matt Monro**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Stranglers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Richmond Inn: **Fault**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Jazz Afrika**
Liverpool The Masonic: **French Lessons**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Martian Dance**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Buroohaha**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Alarm/The 'A' Band/Chicago Sunset**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Uptown Rhythm Quartet**
London Detford Albany Empire: **Nico/Blue Orchids/Eric Random**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The 45's**
London Fulham King's Head: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **30 Bob Suits**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Ruthless Blues**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Diz & The Doormen**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Parallel Bars**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Marillion/Idle Flowers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **True Life Confessions/Infinity**
London W.1 (Greek St.) La Beat Route: **007**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **UB40/Nightdoctor**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **The Bluebells**
Reading University: **Darts**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **The Guardians Of The Ancient Wisdom/Vertical Hold**
York University: **Sad Cafe**

Wednesday 27th



Haircut 100: Kilburn

Aberdeen Valhallas: **So You Think You're A Cowboy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Dome: **Teardrop Explodes**
Brighton The Centre: **Barry Manilow**
Cardiff University: **Darts**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Foreign Legion**
Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium: **Marillion**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Guys: **Eyeless In Gaza/The Lemon Kittens**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Alan Price**
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **A.P.B.**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **The Rebs**
Liverpool University: **Sad Cafe**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Rehabilitation Centre: **Frankie Armstrong**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mets/Rob & The Rustlers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Euston Le Club Foot: **Sad Lovers And Giants/The Gambit Of Shame/Take It**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Waves/Who Said Charge**
London Fulham King's Head: **Kissing The Pink**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Diz Disley & Johnny Silvo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO/Girl**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studio: ***Trojans* starring Pauline Black (until February 21)**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Stiff All-Stars**
London Kilburn National Club: **Haircut 100**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies**
London Marquee Club: **Funhouse**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Colony/Muilon Circus**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill & Len Skeat & Guests**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ghost/Blind Venetians**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Upstars at Ronnie Scott's: **Sabina Kara's Bombay Boom Cha-Cha Bomb Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Urban Shakedown/White Brothers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **A Popular History Of Signs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **UB40/Nightdoctor**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Things**
Manchester (Whitfield) Wilton Lounge: **Rockin Horse**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Henry McCullough & Jack Pound**
Nottingham Black Boy Inn: **Jazz Afrika**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Five A Side**
Southampton University: **Motifs**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Stranglers**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **OK Jive**
Washington Biddick Arts Centre: **The Hostages**
Wokingham Angie's: **San Jacinto**

OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Rd SW9

Thursday 21st January £1.00
RICK SMITH'S ESSENTIAL VILLAINS
+ The Diamond Chesnuts
Friday 22nd January £1.00
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ Empty Vessels
Saturday 23rd January £1.50
SONS OF MAN IN ROOTS
+ The Creamies
Sunday 24th January £1.00
DISCO
Monday 25th January £1.00
24 HOURS
+ Boy Meets Girl
Tuesday 26th January £1.00
MARILLION
+ Idle Flowers
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2, 3 UB40
4, 5 Teddy Pendergrass
7 Altered Images
8 Stranglers
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
14, 15 Alice Cooper
20 Krokus
21, 22 Teardrop Explodes
23 Killing Joke
28 Depeche Mode

MARCH
2 Blackfoot
4 Emmylou Harris
10, 11 10cc
13 E.W.F. (Birmingham)
20 Iron Maiden
26–29 Motorhead

APRIL
2 Frankie Laine
7 Elkie Brooks
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* * *

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Cinemas

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1&2 SHAFTESBURY AVE.
Sep Perfs. ALL SEATS BKBLE Last perf. Mon–Fri. All wknd perfs. Bar, pkg nearby
1: **ARTHUR (AA)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.15, 5.15, 8.25 Late show Sat. 11.25
2: **THE FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER (AA)**
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.10 Late show Sat. 11.10

ABC 1 2 3 4 & 5 FULHAM RD.
Seats Bkble. Last Sep Progs. L'cnd bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: **ARTHUR(AA)**
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
2: **RICH AND FAMOUS(X)**
Sep progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.50
3: **GALLIPOLI (A)**
Sep progs Wk & Sun 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
4: **PRINCE OF THE CITY(X)**
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 1.35, 5.00, 8.30
5: 6th Great Month
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK(A)
See Progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30

ABC 1 2 3 BAYSWATER
1: **GALLIPOLI(A)**
2.00, 4.55, 7.50, Sun 4.55, 7.40
Late show Fri, Sat 11.00
2: **ARTHUR(AA)**
Progs 2.50, 5.25, 8.00 Sun 5.15 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00
3: **RICH AND FAMOUS(X)**
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.45 Sun 5.00, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00

ABC 1 2 3 4 EDGWARE RD.
1: **Monty Python's LIFE OF BRIAN (AA)**
2.00, 5.30, 9.00 Sun 5.30, 9.00
AIRPLANE(A)
Wk Sun 3.45, 7.10, Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: **ARTHUR(AA)**
1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Sun 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Progs 3.15 5.40, 8.05 Sun 5.40, 8.05 Late show Fri/Sat 11.15
3: **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK(A)**
3.10, 5.50, 8.40, Sun 5.50, 8.40
Progs 2.35, 5.15, 7.15 Sun 5.15, 7.55
4: **Stanley Kubricks THE SHINING(X)**
3.00, 5.45, 8.35, Sun 5.45, 8.35
Progs 2.25, 5.10, 7.55 Sun 5.10, 7.50
Late show Fri 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London
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Progs at all cinemas subject to late change

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Wed 27 — DARLINGTON Arts Centre 8pm
Thu 28 — YORK Arts Centre 8pm
Fri 29 — LEEDS Playhouse 11.15pm
Sat 30 — LEICESTER Phoenix Arts 8pm

FEBRUARY
Mon 1 — COVENTRY Warwick Univ. Arts Centre 7.45pm
Tue 2 — SOUTHAMPTON Solent Suite 8pm
Thu 4 — LLANTWIT MAJOR St Donats Arts Centre 8pm
Sat 6 — BRISTOL Arnolfini Gallery 8pm
Sun 7 — BIRMINGHAM Strathallan Hotel 8pm

Further information from the venues from **Contemporary Music Network, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Long Acre, London WC2. Tel 01-379 7717**

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Wed 20 January
THE TIMES

Wed 27 January
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Seething Wells *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Attila The Stockbroker Seething Wells

Henley-On-Thames

OUTSIDE, WRAPPED round a wrought iron gate, a shy sign lamely proclaims: "poetry and music".

How now? Just like schooldays, the old times.

Inside the hall (white wine, coffee and leather elbows at the bar) the residents, trapped and fooled, are making allowances with centrally-heated smiles for the commie taskforce parachuted into the impenetrable parish of Henley — village green metropolis, an isolated dreamworld, Albania-On-Thames and unhip with it, where the wealthy mental are hooked hard on the soft drugs (Volvo estates, roof racks, new plates) and spend their Horlicked lives searching for reds under the duvet.

This is spilt-guilt time for the gerbil politicos of Henley-On-Best-Behaviour, a CND gig, a Martin Luther King remembrance bop, a Cancer Research benefit with stained fingers ... a poetry recital in Henley-On-Thames.

Punks with O-Levels sit up the front, use marker pens to pick their noses, safety pins to scratch next week's homework on their forearms while Luther King does the one about the dream. At the back the pipes light up, the eyes stare blankly while bistroed braincells contemplate another week of

Play-dough of the Western World

Soft Cell

Retford

THIS IS going to be one of those reviews which sparks off the Gasbags who rattle "I was at Retford and I read Ian McMilkman's review and I wonder if we were at the same gig?" Well, we were. And if you really loved it then good luck and I hope you've got a fluffy dog called Benjy. You must have been at the front, listening to men talking in the tongues of angels; I was at the side with the flotsam on the Bridge of Sighs.

You see this isn't only the story of Soft Cell's "triumphant" physical and aural calisthenics hinged around a January midnight. It's the story of Doctor Death, the drama student in his top hat and tails; of Tracy and her Rubik Cube and her mam; of the sad-eyed man in the sports jacket; of the group of teachers in open necked shirts and cord jeans; and of the young people who found it all too much and who kept telling their fifth-form escorts that they felt better. It's also the story of the girls and boys who didn't see the stage populated because they had to leave for the last bus to Laneham or somewhere equally unFlorida. It definitely isn't the story of The Support Band, except that when they came on Tracy thought it was THEM and she almost cried when it wasn't.

Get there early, they said. Everybody did, and the place was a seething mass by 8.30, and the doors were closed. I had to keep reminding myself that Soft Cell were doing this as a treat for their fans. In the four long hours before they came on I wrote it on my wrist, sang it under my breath and tapped it out in morse code on my knees. I know it wasn't Soft Cell's fault, but the place was full and waiting. Deferred gratification: the audience as the play-dough of the Western World.

The DJ played "Keeping You Bastards Seething" music, and Tracy's eyes shone when the nice man from the club took her Fine Fare bag of Soft Cell records and photos to be autographed. Tracy, tell me in ten words or less why you haven't got a bag of memorabilia and photos of that young lad sitting next to you. And a bright smile isn't an answer.

But here they are! It's midnight and I'm a pumpkin; Tracy's cube is a group of white mice and Soft Cell are on stage in the tight pin-clattering silence which follows expectant and over-tired applause. Hardy stands at his machines and Laurel capers and sings about life, bricks, sleaze; he is the very image of a star. Abbott and Cell are so good that they can charge and lift the atmosphere until the floor is enjoying itself, something it hasn't done for hours. Soft Costello say they are angry about a lot of things. They say that this might be the last thing they ever do. But Tracy is loving it, and the sad-eyed man in the sports jacket is tapping his feet, and the woman from The Support Group is singing onstage with The Main Attraction. And this is all in fun, like all-in wrestling without the bell to tell you what time it is.

So I was at the same gig as you, Disgusted of North Notts. We saw it from different points of view, that's all. "She goes mad on them, our girl does" said Tracy's mam. "Have you seen them before?" I asked. "No. We came last night," she replied.

That put the tin hat on it, as we say in the trenches. Goodnight Soft Cell. Goodnight Retford. Sleep tight little people who had to catch the last bus. You missed exactly what you thought you'd miss. Does that mean there's something missing?

Ian McMillan

Marc Almond *Pic:-Arnold Williams/LFI*

Dislocation Dance

Rock Garden

SUBMIT to the newly declared Republic Of Trumpetbliss, and rejoice in the benevolent supremacy of the Dislocation Dance jumping junta. People always seem to *enjoy* Dislocation Dance, but then what happens? They pat them on the head and re-consign them to the mass grave for cheerful D.I.Y. enthusiasts. Apparently they *matter* not at all.

It's a pretty lazy, inadequate attitude. 'Music, Music, Music', their recent LP, is breathlessly inventive, utterly addictive, remarkably accomplished and tragically neglected. If Dislocation Dance pointed their noses at the sky and wore sneers instead of smiles, tarted themselves up, and lugged some eloquent manifesto around, we'd be falling, converted, at their feet.

Their tearaway set in Covent Garden's subterranean sweatshop included exclusively the most frantic and upbeat-rhythmic extracts from their eclectic repertoire, and the time just raced by in a torrent of effortless beats from all directions, some far-out trumpeting, and their gleefully unpredicted melodies. Their gift for binding together a colourful range of popular styles — swing, reggae, jazz, light pop, film themes — is as natural and surprising as any of the hybrid stylists who've jostled to the front in the last 18 months. But Dislocation Dance are maybe just too friendly to count as *important*.

The gawky mannerisms of Andy Diagram, Ian Runacres and Paul Emmerson are certainly integral to the shy veneer of their effect, but no way should this belie either the soft incision of their lyrics, or the developing expertise of their playing. The instrumentals 'Stand Me Up' and 'Vendetta' are just stunningly realised. 'Don't Knock Me Down' is as honest and relevant as anything else those words are flung at.

They are wry, effervescent, and brilliantly entertaining; they are a truly rejuvenating soundtrack to the wearing concerns of the chore of day-to-day life. A sparkling representation and reassurance as to the existence of jam in the doughnut of life. Dive in, and never underrate them again.

Dave Hill

Peter Greenbaum

The Venue

THE RIME of the ancient Fleetwood Mac is as singular as any ever told to a wedding guest.

The bar blues of its original conception, emerging with a prophetic 'I Believe My Time Ain't Long' and spawning manifold Elmore James riffs as well as the first post-hippie tribe: the greatcoat greys. The rich period of its maturity in the late '60s with a series of progressive hit singles and hybrid LPs 'Kiln House' and 'Then Play On', uncertain, melodic pop blues and British rock'n'roll of the Lee Diamond, Shane Fenton school — which finds modern expression in Shakin' Stevens — searching for Madge, fighting for her, somebody's gonna get their head kicked in tonite, oh well! The lean spell of personnel upheaval and winter sojourn amid bare trees. Renaissance towards the middle of the '70s serenading soft rock for soft minds, and hence huge US success.

Then there are its personalities: Mick Fleetwood and John McVie, the bass and drum foundation from time; elfen primitive Jeremy Spencer, the diminutive rocker who quit the band in 1971 to join the Children of God; blushing blonde Danny Kirwan singing hard-bitten blues at a tender age to the accompaniment of much merriment in the Marquee, budding into a musician of sensibility, a bird of omen; Christine McVie, first spotted singing a perfect 'I'd Rather Go Blind" with Chicken Shack and later noticed as a rather subdued pupil of Agnetha Abba; shampoo advert Stevie Nicks, currently embarked on a solo career somewhere off the Atlantic; and Peter Green.

Peter Green — with thou long grey beard and glittering eye wherefore thou stoppest me? — is the man who replaced Eric Clapton as lead guitar with John Mayall's band. He is a founder member of the original Fleetwood Mac and its recognised leader until his sudden departure from the music scene in 1972. Since then he has figured occasionally in the national papers as the man who gave away his royalties, took off his clothes in a solicitor's office when handed a cheque, is pictured a sad, stout refugee of the diaspora, and most eccentric of all, reportedly makes a proposal of marriage to Vivien Goldman.

Tonight at the vile Venue he returns to the stage for the first time in 10 years. A stouter, robed man with shaggy black hair and beard. His band is called White Sky, and are a black five piece. The crowd is large.

The MC is a Rasta man with a stove pipe hat. He informs us that Peter now prefers to be known by the family name of Greenbaum, or as they say in the *Hackney Gazette:* Bethnal Green boy makes good.

White Sky are incredibly tight, almost rigid, and play a brand of funk rock that crescendos often and swings rarely. The drummer makes free show of climaxing every song on his feet; the lead guitarist's screeching sub-Hendrix licks come off worst against Mr Greenbaum's more underplayed diagrams, the latter's achieving an exquisite tone. The whole set comes across as a dichotomy between White Sky's energetic bombast and Mr Greenbaum's far more wistful prepossessions.

The early part of the set— briefly introduced as preview from his Spring album — sounds too loud, unsure, a bit heavy-handed. The chords of 'Albatross' bring a sudden relief, and then it settles into a successful groove. White Sky still come across as a too heavy vehicle but start to blend in better as we listen to an enjoyable interpretation of 'Need Your Love So Bad', followed by 'Oh Well', a sympathetic 'Man Of The World', a blistering 'Green Manalishi' and encore of 'Black Magic Woman'.

At times Peter Greenbaum looked a curious spectacle, wheeling out his old songs after a 10 year absence without explanation; other times the music sounded good, refreshing, more than mere nostalgia. I left feeling good.

Penny Reel

The Skin-scan Skank

Xmas excess-banquet leftovers — like an LA coke dinosaur, the Coalite brontosauruses of Stain-On-Tweed go cold turkey.

Someone makes a speech, sounds like a get-well card, does the one about the non-violent, no-go, go-slow Mothers Day march against new nuclear developments and advocates lying down (Non-violent non-cooperation lies flat on the road — hope the driver co-operates and doesn't do the one about the steamroller). "We must stand up if all else fails." A Sub-Active punk takes the Julian and blurts "Right On!" in a cisatlantic accent while someone plays the reserved Englishman and claps, peacefully, on their own.

Beverley takes the bait and looses a poem called 'Run Riot'.

"A sister throws a stone / And a bull goes down." So does pacifism, sunk for the evening.

Bev comes from Lewisham, discovered by Attila, and tells Henley about raids by the blackshirt boys in blue on blacks at blues in far-off South East London. She laughs quietly through her first public performance and says: "This is about the riots." "Like the ones in Henley," chuckles SWells while Bev brings culture-clash to Berkshire and wins. When the meter runs out of space at the end of a line, she blows a raspberry and winds up. Poetry?

Seething Wells stretches the confusion to breaking point and appears behind the mike, cropped and frost-bitten. "I'm your second turn tonight."

"This one's about the serious drugs problem in West Yorkshire — it's called 'Tetley Bittermen' " SWells throws up into the mike and lets rip.

The skinhead picket-line De Niro fiddles with his armpits and pictures a satanic Bradford youth cult: 'Cadillacs In Bradford' is about Teddy Boys. No one seems to register. "Don't worry," says SWells, the counter-culture hyper-fad, "you'll get 'em down here, eventually."

"A thug with a mortgage / A rebel with wife and kids / Not so much without a cause / As a lingering, festering menopause."

The punks cackle at Woodbine-wrecked rebellion and the poet owns up:

"There are no cadillacs in Bradford / Just old men going grey / And a brand new crop of shocking punks / Will end up just the same."

The rant goes on: 'Godzilla Comes To Bradford', 'Aggro Sun', a stream of Doc Marten-punctuated poetic licentiousness gorged on rapturous applause from the front rows.

"This one's about drugs!" Everyone stares. Thug cabaret artiste asks, "Are my flies open?" and discards Bernard Manning fat gut mannerisms to hunch like a tuneless, upright wino. Roger McGough?

SWells flirts with comic menace and batters the audience, dogged by the rabid sheep worrier, into enthusiasm.

No time for the back row to drop the fixed, forced, facial interest-lie — Attila muscles in behind the applause and swears 'They Must Be Russians'.

The Aldermaston mental masturbation diehards fake fascination at this rough throat squat trot burgerbar afficionado claiming 'Russians In The DHSS'.

His hair in all the wrong places, his bronchial, poetic pauses splattered likewise, Attila The Stockbroker, one-time interpreter at the Stock Exchange turned punk Jacques Brel, grins and gurgles 'Russians In MacDonalds'. The punks are giggling, helpless, hopeless; Attila picks his nose, advances on the mike and retreats when he finds he's got the wrong sheet of lyrics. Talent?

A poem hangs in the air waiting for applause, consummation. "Heavy, that one," mocks Attila. The pipes at the back have gone out and the tired, jaded gerbil junkies, wrist watches increasingly examined, look desparate, sideways at chairs stacked on a white gasboard meter cabinet posing as sub-Chippendale regulation cupboard.

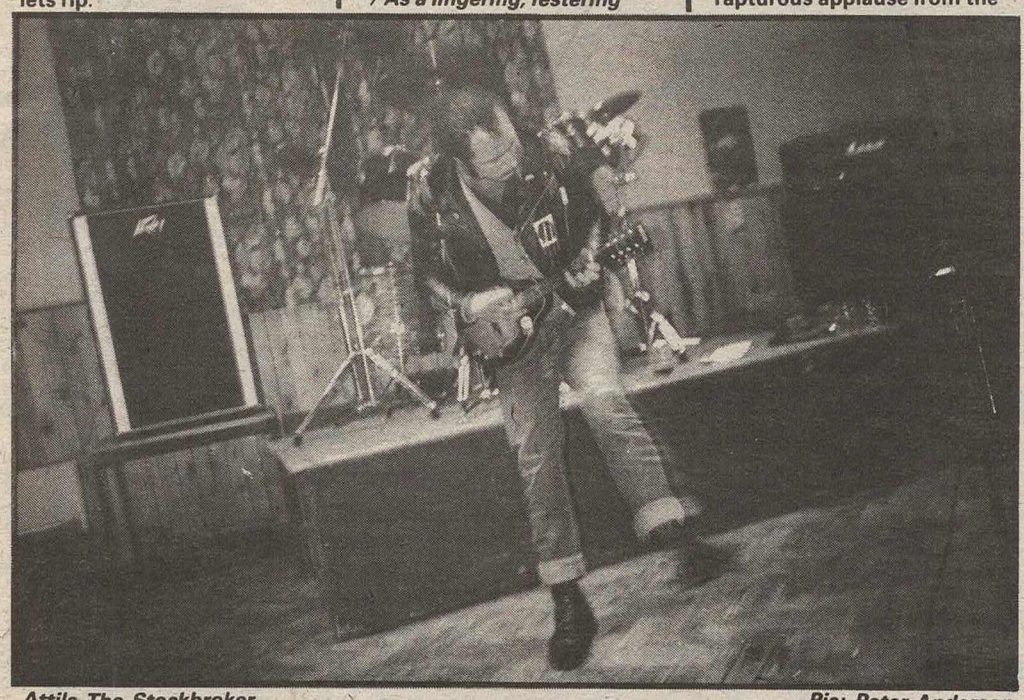
Attila sends up his performance with some phased mandolin and Red Ruth comes on to provide the punchline with flute accompaniment. The satire rattles, the piss is merciless — the back row are double-glazed, guilt spilt.

The poets expected to leave Henley cold and stung, to find retired Colonels barking back from the floor, to be seen off with a sawn-off shotgun by the gentry cultureburgs, but no! The majority of the audience warmed to the role of laughing stock and when told that Marx invented Coca Cola and *"Sex is like football / All dribbling and scoring"* laughed at themselves.

SWells plays the wind up and Attila the stand up. More cabaret than hardcore, obsessed with rats and new town neuroses, Attila knows when to snowball the gags and finishes off with 'Willie Whitelaw's Willy'. The audience, grins spilling, smiles losing control, cracks at the horrendous lunacy of the song and Attila The Stockbroker pinpoints the corpse and rides the storm.

Look, mummy, look! Vietcong comics have invaded the poetry circle and the myth has exploded.

X Moore



Attila The Stockbroker *Pic: Peter Anderson*

The Bureau
The Modettes
The Tearjerkers

Slough

I KNOW that The Bureau were part of Dexys Midnight Runners, but watching them now, it's hard to believe. The sound is not so dissimilar but the styles are worlds apart; considering the Dexys style could well be called styl*ised,* that difference makes all the difference.

The comparison between the two is unfair but inevitable, and inevitably The Bureau don't quite make the grade. That judgment is probably unfair too, or certainly biased. Dexys (or at least Kevin Rowland) you love or you hate and I'll admit to being near besotted. But even if you can't stand him, watching The Bureau makes you realise that his personality and priorities are an even bigger factor in the way you read Dexys than you may have thought.

Shut your eyes and The Bureau sound great . . . but. Open your eyes; they're amiable, aimless, almost sloppy. Whatever you think of Dexys, they have something to say and they say it very well. The Bureau just play, nothing personal, no projected passion, here for the hoots, toots. How can you help comparing that with the discipline and purity of a Dexys performance?

Maybe it's a good thing. The Bureau are a humbler entity generally, not demanding our r-e-s-p-e-c-t, but not commanding it either. But hold on, this isn't a Dexys review after all. The Bureau are great musicians who play (mainly) good songs. Unlucky for them there's some that do it better.

The Modettes are pretty, witty and charming as ever, though Jane can grate a bit if you're in the mood. I don't personally subscribe to the view that a female band is a good band, beyond good and evil by virtue of sex. The Modettes are a good female band — skillful, intelligent, enthusiastic and entertaining — and they went down a treat with an audience not over familiar with their repertoire.

'Paint It Black' raised cheers and moved feet and furious applause and appreciation brought them back for a well-deserved encore. Whistles and shouts, no leers or catcalls. Lucky, clever girls. More power to you.

A longer break before Roddy Radiation, overlong in fact. Everyone got bored and a good third of the audience drifted away before they appeared.

I wasn't aware of expecting anything from The Tearjerkers, but I must have been because I was totally surprised. This bit of The Specials-as-was is nothing like The Fun Boy Three or the bit that gave us 'Ghost Town'. This bit sings songs about love, cars and beer a la rockabilly sound. Maybe the contrast was too much for me, but lacking the style of The Stray Cats and the energy of The Shaking Pyramids, their performance reminded me of an average pub band on rockabilly night. Their appeal was, not surprisingly, limited and only enough to cover the first couple of songs. Liked those girls though.

Maureen Rice

Dave Edmunds
Deke Leonard

The Venue

SINCE THE somewhat undignified and anticlimactic demise of Rockpile, Dave Edmunds has kept himself pretty much to himself, limiting his public activities to acting as record producer to various younger Cats. This particular Venue-sian landing is by way of an introduction to a new-look, Lowe-less Edmunds to be unveiled on a forthcoming album on a new label.

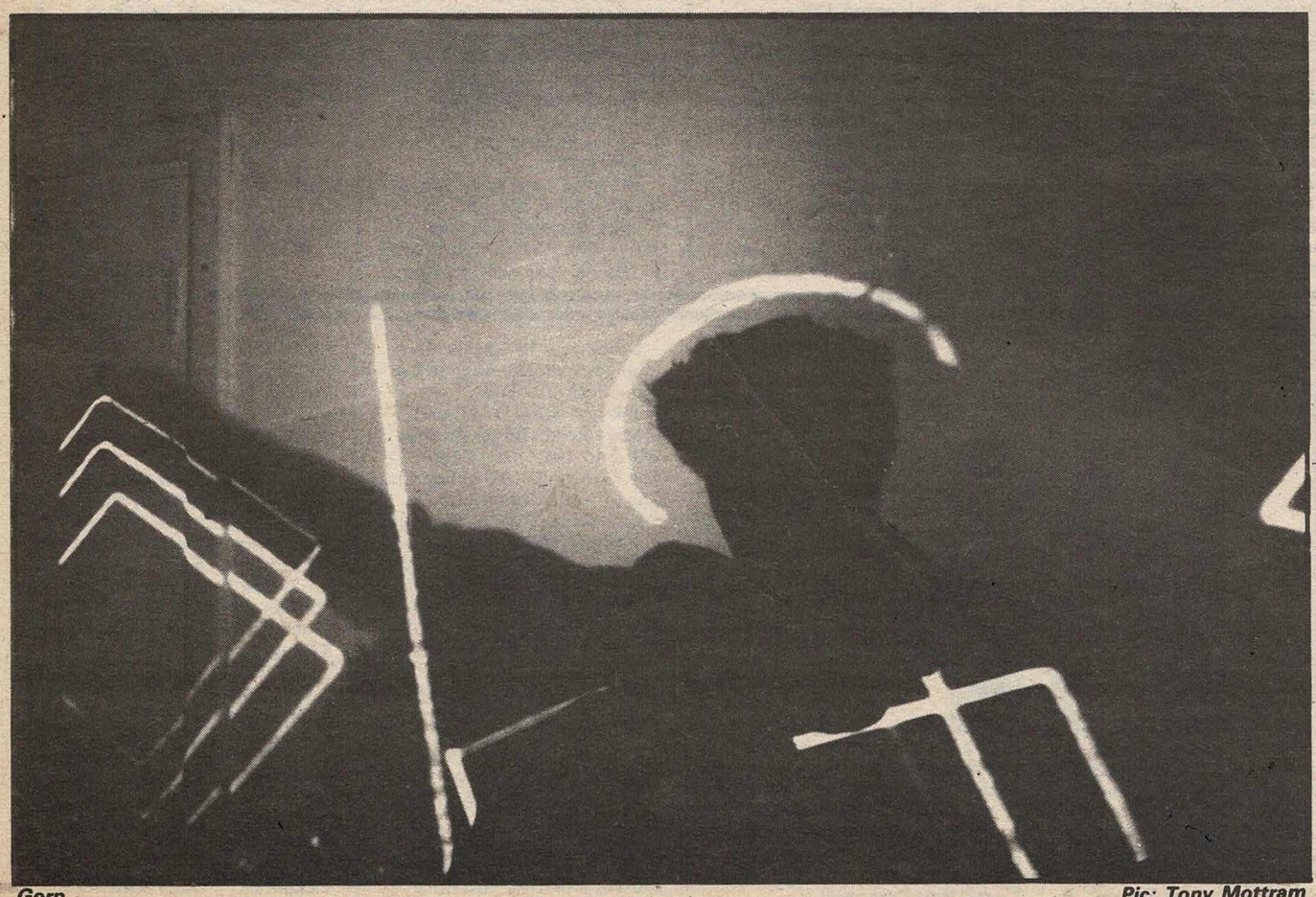
Dave Edmunds' New Look is, in fact, Dave Edmunds' Old Look. His absence from the travails of The Road and from the companionship of Mr Lowe means that he reappears looking a stone and a half lighter and at least seven years younger, a startlingly healthy apparition in *Jailhouse Rock* denims. Accompanied by a stellarband of gentlemen of the Welsh persuasion, he delivers a set of solid and fast-moving '50s and '50s-ish items — not including either 'I Knew The Bride' or 'Here Comes The Weekend' — demonstrating both the strength and the narrowness of his current position.

The new ensemble — including guitarist Micky Gee and pianist Geraint Watkins — bristles with soloists of sufficient skill and enthusiasm to rival Edmunds', but lacked Rockpile's celebrated drive, the absence of Terry Williams making a sizeable difference despite the gallant percussive efforts of drummer Dave Charles. Apart from such additions to the Edmunds catalogue as Costello's 'Girls Talk' and Parker's 'Crawling From The Wreckage', one could almost have imagined Edmunds playing a very similar set with a very similar line-up 17 years ago at a Cardiff dance. The only surprise was the absence of surprises.

Edmunds' performance was preceded by a short set from Deke Leonard — another grandmaster of Welsh rock and roll — turning in a set without Sean Tyla, his regular gigging companion in The Force. With Tyla's spot occupied by a young and rather under-rehearsed lead guitarist, Deke's set lacked his usual solidarity and conviction. His music is based on a mixture of '50s rock and late '60s West Coast psychedelia spiced up with an individual and beguiling irony and romanticism, but to state that he didn't communicate to his best advantage would be something of an understatement.

Potentially a hot night for those who don't find the notion of rock and roll intrinsically offensive, but ultimately a touch unsatisfactory. Just another night.

Charles Shaar Murray



Gorp *Pic: Tony Mottram*

Gorp
F For Fake

Beet Bop Club

OUTSIDE YOU can hear the voice of Billie Holliday come curling along the corridor, and inside there's a brave sprinkling of bow ties in the new boho audience, a fuzzy film show projected on one wall, and a lone saxophonist half-hidden behind a speaker.

The omens seemed auspicious for a new club aiming to recreate a jazz cafe atmosphere and emulate the same sparkling spirit of experimentation in an era accustomed to more cynical pleasures.

F For Fake have a lovely name, and at least they look idiosyncratic. Two older, suaver musicians flank a younger backline, more orthodox in appearance. They start with a thunderous reworking of 'funk', then switch to a light jazzy twitch. Then just when you think that F For Fake stands for P For Pastiche, and you're wondering whether they want to transcend the engagingly dilletante, or whether their music amounts to entertaining party trickery played for mutual enjoyment and not much more, they slip into a sludgy, indiscriminate *ouevre* that nearly obliterates all that has gone before.

On the face of it anyway, Gorp, who follow, seem to have got the components right. A competent, mannered crooner, inclined to gestures of theatrical strangeness, a bereted exhibitionist as saxophonist, and, more importantly, a determination to strike at the heart of the matter, to grab at the free spirit rather than get stuck on structure. But what should stand a reasonable chance of success somehow ends up all concept with nothing underneath. Some lack of soul or resolution results in a grey, unappealing formlessness overlaid with feeble skirmishes in a jazz direction. Only Gorp's last song, something about swallows flying up to God, suggests they may yet mature into something more substantial.

Of the venue itself, the Beet Bop Club looks as if it may well stand for club as in conviviality; a place of conversation, impromptu and unpretentious enjoyment.

Lynn Hanna

The Go-Go's *Pic: Peter Anderson*

The No-No's

Virgin Prunes

The Venue

THE VIRGIN Prunes are Irish. This has got nothing whatsoever to do with the comically inept state of their performance art, but it might explain the presence of a partisan audience largely consisting of Irish exiles prepared to put up with their nonsense. Or maybe there's something about The Virgin Prunes that reminds them of a wake . . .

The Virgin Prunes haven't yet woken up from the PiL dream, in which the very notion of doing something different is supposedly confrontation enough of the audience's sensibilities. While their urge to break away from restrictive song conventions and hack stage presentation is laudable, it's only ultimately praiseworthy if they're capable of provoking a reaction other than boredom — if there's some abstract in their music that holds attention through the langours.

Nothing The Virgin Prunes do, though, is compulsive enough to keep you watching through the revulsion. Their pallid variations of People Show tactics strung to gaunt open-ended sprawls of grey noise are less likely to broaden the spectator's mind than make him look the other way.

Their theatrix only make sense during one number in which the five members shamble around aimlessly to taped minimal backing. That's right — nothing happens, but at least they can do that much well. Occasionally their dirges, drained from languid bass figures repeated regularly to form a dour consistency, become quite hypnotic, until the muggy effect is thrown askew by the guitar or electronic scrawls they use to distinguish one piece from the next.

By the time the two singers have stripped down to loincloth and briefs, they're beginning to resemble a group brought up on Bauhaus' martyrdom complexes. I can't help but guffaw loudly.

The Virgin Prunes are just another group who've put the F back in Art. It now reads "arf". Arf arf.

Chris Bohn

The Go-Go's O.K. Jive

Hammersmith Palais

"I WISH they all could be . . ."

I think they were. The Hammersmith Palais was full of them: long braided hair, Grateful Dead t-shirts . . . California Girls! My companion — a Native New Yorker — looked around and spotted Joe Jackson. She was to fly back the day after, and the Palais was, she remarked, a bit of a decompression chamber.

O.K. Jive were up on stage before The Go-Go's. Fleetwood Mac meet an English pub-rock band that's swallowed too much of that cheap booze. With a dash of high-life drumming to bring it up to date. I'm honestly not a snob about unpretentious Good-Time Music, but I followed a line of thought which concluded at an ultimate preference for Ry Cooder. O.K.

The five girls of The Go-Go's play New Wave Rock 'n' Roll Music. In drag. They adopt an outdated and now repressive man-made language of familiar developments and stultifyingly predictable guitar riffs. They don't adapt the genre to any use, just take it in as a parasitic lodger. This form they use once signified — with turbulent effectiveness — rebellion and personal liberation by its very context. But its current regurgitation by The Go-Go's takes no account of the growth of history and new values.

My companion and I discussed the importance of sex and gender. Because I don't think The Go-Go's would be A&M recording artistes if the music they play was played by boys.

They do have a great colourful verve and a generous abundance of energy in performance, which can't be anything but pleasurable; so they spark but don't ever threaten to catch a fire. There are no clues to a potential parody of the given conventions, just evidence of their acceptance. It's quite Serious Fun, really. Takes concentration. No Cherry Bomb.

But it's an endurable legend, this thing The Go-Go's play with, and the home audience had a good time, I think. Anyway, their lips are sealed.

Mark Cordery

Combo Passe Cayenne

100 Club

THE 100 Club is where punk was partly conceived — the furious scouring of the original Sex Pistols once echoed through its portals. More recently it provided a home for The Soul Tease disco — a sweet torrent of sexy '60s soul celebrated by a jubilant, enthusiastic crowd of pre-18 year old mods. It breathed life and fire and it was easy to associate it with energy and excitement. Tonight The 100 Club seems to have moved into a parallel universe.

The Friday Night is jazz night is a little too *Pebble Mill*-polite for my liking. It's a stuffy sub-wine bar atmosphere, the pace is slack and an assorted bunch of tourists, businessmen on the prowl and students seem to have formal reactions to a music which is seldom better than lacklustre background gloop.

Combo Passe and Cayenne glide in on an ultra-tech sheen somewhere near the vanguard of the spiced-up jazz — light and airy with a little continental and tropical flavouring — that is creeping into the capital shouldered by the likes of The Ivory Coasters and The Breakfast Band. What it comes down to is the admiration of texture over form, technical finesse over content and an obsession with musical cliches. If you're looking to be changed, entertained or even moderately affected, this music — late night jacuzzi listening? — doesn't begin to make provisions.

Combo Passe played for three years tonight and lived up to their name. Without exception each song was spineless and suffered from what was plainly bad construction. The only time they livened up was when they went for a crass guitar binge and clouded in an odd mix or a spurious FX blancmange. They only time I got involved was when I tapped my toes, hoping that the time would pass by more quickly.

At their best — and it galls me to say so — Combo Passe are a cross between inferior UB40 and Mantovani. You remember Mantovani, he's the one your rich friend's dad always told you was *real music* when you were playing burst the eardrums with The Sex Pistols.

Cayenne were some small improvement, though not enough to prevent an early exit — what they amounted to for this listener was little more than Combo Passe Mk 2. Apparently the group have a singer and flautist but both were absent this evening because they are also members of Gonzales who were playing at Ronnie Scott's — which seems like an odd arrangement. There were a couple of quite good songs in their set and they are much more adept at weaving a warm glow smooch than a screeching Santana sprint.

What they desperately need is a grasp of economy — what should be a sharp surprise becomes a laborious rant, what should be a dip in the valley becomes a trip to the other side of the mountain. Ultimately it seems dubious that the terrain Cayenne have marked out for themselves provides a wide enough base, which is a pity because it's decorated with some nice vegetation and the soil seems well fertilised. And that's all from *Gardener's World* for this week.

By way of a postscript, I found the mods eventually — they're at the Whisky Au Go Go now and the music is still great, the ages still the same and the dancing is still going on. They could teach this lot a thing or two.

Gavin Martin

Rip Rig And Panic

London University

GOATEES and long tweeds thronged several deep outside the portals of Rip Rig & Panic's London Uni gig, but in vain: inside it was capacity city, with a bar that made the first day of the sales look like the queue at the DHSS.

Reasons for the growing popularity aren't hard to find; in an age of plastic pop smiles on *TOTP* and bellicose growls of resentment or drones of doom filling the alternative/indie/Peelie charts, the life-affirming yells of passion from this crew come like spring water after yesterday's cocktails.

Tonight they introduced some strong new material, particularly the slow, bluesy 'Storm The Reality Asylum' with its gritty, scatty vocals, and pushed their show into a more theatrical phase with some giant abstract backdrops and the increased role of Neneh Cherry and Andrea Oliver and the shimmy, shuffle and taunt of their Afro-dancing (move *over*, you Human League clumsies). There was also a bizarre fertility rite with green boughs flanking Gareth Sager resplendent (or something) in wedding drag.

The numbers still need more discipline and structure to highlight the instrumental prowess of Sager and Mark Springer —whose piano playing continues to delight even the uninitiated — but the ever-inventive rhythms of Smith and Hogg can cope with most of the indulgence. It's hard to see how anything short of major miscalculation can stop the group from stamping their identity firmly on 1982. This is it!

Neil Spencer

Reggae Runnings

CIGARETTE MAN **Trinity** emerges as a 'Bad Card' (JGML 6040) on a new album released on a Joe Gibbs pressing out of Miami, delivering a series of standard toast items to 10 tracks conclusion, with Lennon-McCartney reinterpreted as 'Ride On Sandra', a 'Blues Night', 'Rockers Delight' and others. The usual Professionals musicians supply backing.

Ray Symbolic operators **Ranking Joe** and **Jah Screw** are responsible for the two latest releases on the UK Copasetic label: a toast offering from Joe for 'Disco Skate' (COP LP S003) and a bass and drum excursion credited as King Tubby meets Roots Radics for 'Dangerous Dub' (COP LP S002).

On a further dub workout **Roots Radics** meet the **Mighty Revolutionaries** with **Scientist** also in the runnings for 'Outernational Ridim' (FORM BB 1004) with tributes to 'Moa 'Ambassa' and 'King Shaka', going straight to the head of Thatcher and *Black Echoes,* 'Sir Covin Meets Sir Ansil', 'Strictly Rodigan Style' and 'Raasclaat Dub' to the conclusion of some very sprightly rhythms.

The third solo release from former Blackstones vocalist **Byron Otis** with a Ray Armstrong composition entitled 'Bring Back My Baby' with harmonies provided by Trevor Walters and issued on Ital (ITD 005). Up on the label's subsidiary Santic outlet comes **Legato** with 'Lately' c/w Santic All Stars dub produced by Leonard Chin. And on their Student label debut from male/female vocal trio and band **Prediction** with Hamlisch-Bergman's 'The Way We Were' (STU 008) — produced by Leonard Chin and Bert Campbell.

Trinity on Gibbs Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

Other new 12" discomix releases include: **Rising Fire**: 'You Lied' c/w 'Free Blackman' (CHAD 45); and **Morwells** and **Bingy Bunny**: 'Me And Jane' c/w 'Keep It In The Family' (CHAD 46) on Cha Cha — both Morwells productions; **Robert Emanuel** and **Black Roots Players,** 'Just Like A River' c/w **Tabby Youth** and Black Roots Players (Exile EX 005) — produced by S-3; **Eka Mouse,** 'No Wicked' c/w 'Trying To Be Free' (LLO 19); **Sowell Radics,** 'Wheel 'o Matilda' (SG 15) — produced by Noel Bailey; and **Alton Ellis** with Lennon-McCartney's 'And I Love Her' c/w 'Chatty People' (Island 12W1P 6748).

New 7" pre releases from Jamaica include: **Judy Mowatt,** 'Big Woman' c/w 'Big Bird' (Ashandan); **Hugh Brown,** 'Me Chat You Rock' (Joe Gibbs Ultra Sound); **Freddie McGregor,** 'More Love In The Ghetto' (Observers); **A Hylton & D Drummond,** 'Give Me Your Loving' (Horoscope); **Matabaruka,** 'Naw Give Up' (High Time), **Wellesly Braham,** 'Too Much Criticism' c/w 'A True' from Scientist (Talisman's); **Earths Disciples,** 'So Come On' (Music Works); **Nathan Skyers,** 'Dance The Disco Reggae' c/w **Jah Martin All Stars.** 'The Bomb' (Mandingo).

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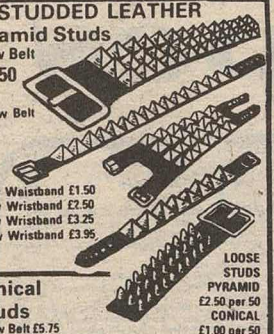

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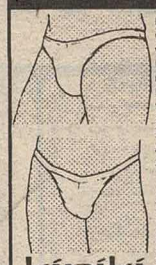

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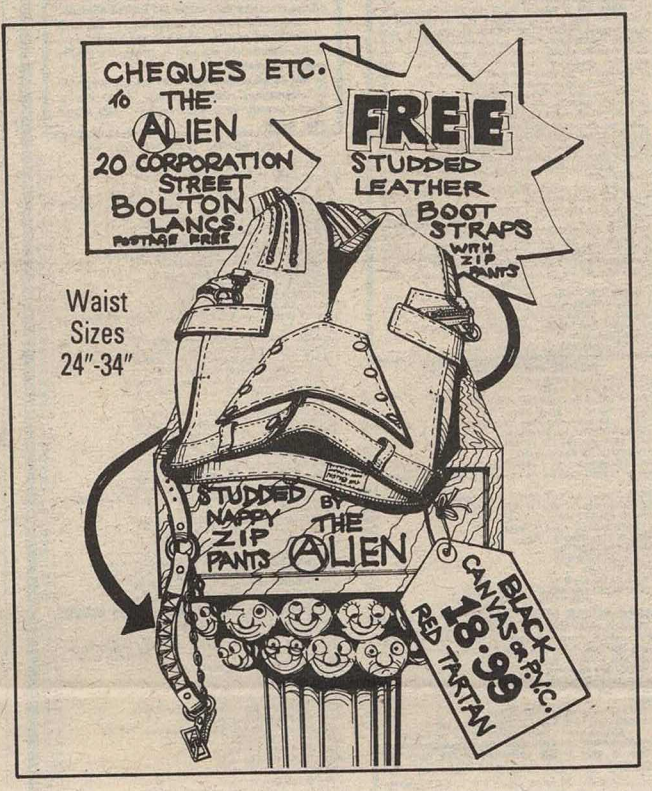
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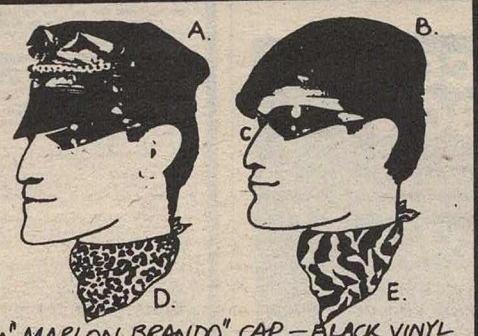

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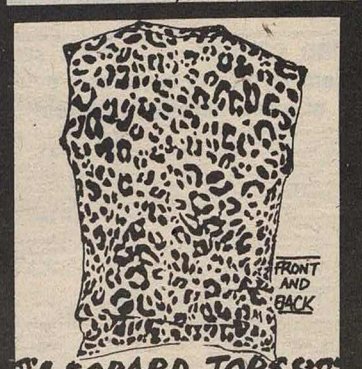

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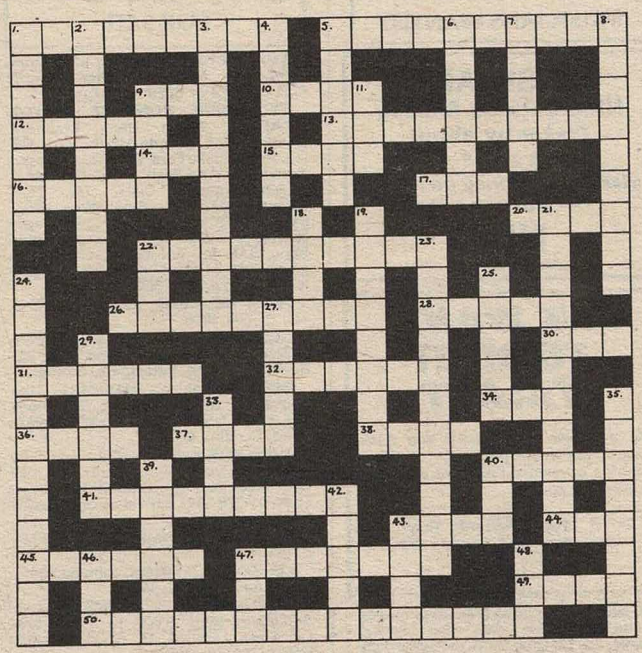

ACROSS

1 Soft Cell Accom. (9)
5 **and 22** They'll let neat James be (anag.) (3,4,3,5,5)
9 Iggy's TV organ (3)
10 See 23 down
12 Julie reckons that only women do it (5)
13 Who do they think they are? (4,6)
14 See 48 down
15 J J Cale says alright (4)
16 **and 25 down.** He bans clue (anag.) (5,5)
17 **and 36** So good they named it twice (3,4)
20 If you don't blame it on Cain, who gets it? (4)
22 See 5 across
26 BEF has music for them (9)
28 Faltering to the point of non-eventism (5)
30 Sub Human label minus arachnid (3)
31 Comic/Drummer, comic drummer (6)
32 Where Gallagher and Lyle wear their heart (6)
34 Uncle America (3)
36 See 17 across
37 Depeche Mode/Fad Gadget label (4)
38 Robert's Wood (4)
40 **and 35 down** Pere Ubu's ultimate remedy (5,8)
41 Geldof's fine art (9)
43 Abbrev. explorers of the Valley of the Dolls (3,1)
44 Adam's creepy crawly music for sick people (3)
45 Bill Be-bop Deluxe (6)
47 Eternally autumn (7)
49 Which state players? (4)
50 **and 42 down** New Order observe colour change (11,4,5)

DOWN

1 Blue Rondo a la Turk's originator (7)
2 The month the Stones are children to (8)
3 What Dawn and USA hostage families do around old oak trees (3,6,6)
4 See 1 down
5 Directed American Werewolf in London (6)
6 Wott you mott (6)
7 *NME's* answer to elitists? (5)
8 Band symbols of America (3,6)
9 East of Paradise? (4)
11 Kiki, not of Hector's House (3)
18 They do X 5 (4)
19 Siouxsie's death spirits (8)
21 Fab four frenzy (11)
22 ELO label (3)
23 **and 10 across** Bubblegum rock'n'rollers in a circle of love (5,6,4)
24 Attractive objects once featuring Dick Taylor once of the Stones (6,6)
25 See 16 across
27 What a Blockhead! (5)
29 What love comes in (it hurts) (6)
33 Hot Fish (4)
35 See 40 across
39 Thang/Tube (6)
40 They had a minor hit with *S-s-s single Bed* in '76 (3)
42 See 50 across
43 The Bees other half (4)
46 The Fall's dream of a casino (3)
47 Records-ish (3)
48 **and 14 across** Eel joy (3,3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS — 1 'Indian Reservation.' 10 Girls At Our Best. 11 & 31d 'Tom Hark'. 12 'Angelo.' 13 'Water On Glass.' 14 Cure. 16 'Tragedy.' 19 Earthband. 21 Ultravox. 22 Ike. 24 'Rag Doll.' 27 Free. 29 Hernandez. 30 & 5d 'The Shuffle.' 32 & 36 'Mama Told Me Not To Come.' 35 'Okay.' 37 York.

DOWN — 1 'In God We trust.' 2 Dire Straits. 3 'Answer Me.' 4 Rotten. 6 Robin Scott. 7 Titanic. 8 & 15D 'On The Radio.' 9 & 20D 'I'm Not In Love.' 17 Devo. 18 Abba. 19 Exile. 23 'Ernie.' 24 Ron Wood. 25 'Gee Baby.' 26 Beat. 28 Ram. 29 Hello. 32 Man. 33 Ant. 34 MBE.

FAD

FROM PAGE 11

CONCLUSION

I DECIDE that Frank Tovey is unusually honest. Most people are content to protect the con of rock music — think of all those people who get away with so much.

"Oh yeah, but that's why people get on. You have to accept the . . . pretension of what we're involved in. Everyone who is successful has used the con, from Bowie to Adam . . . You have to package yourself in a certain way before people are willing to buy you. I do it to a certain extent but . . . maybe I'm getting too old. (25.) Maybe when I was 18 I was more into the labelling. That's what it is, really. Labelling yourself, making your own label and putting yourself on the shelf so that people can see you."

The con of rock is that most people have absolutely . . . nothing to say.

"That frightens me as well because I believe that I have something to say and it terrifies me that ultimately I might not have. Sometimes I really believe that I might not have. Sometimes I have nothing that I want to say. The urge is there but not the material. Nobody's going to buy my records after this . . ."

So how honest have you really been during this conversation?

"I'm trying. That's thrown you. It's another form of defence — pretend that what I've said isn't really me. All this is too complicated to put into a song or onto the printed page. What we've been talking about are the basic principles of living, I think . . . I don't know how I'm going to go on stage and sing after all this. I'm exhausted . . ."

I get the feeling Fad may be leading Frank around a dangerous bend. The curtains part. A shadowy likeness appears, waiting for a miracle.

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Don't Touch That Dial!

BY ADRIAN ORLOWSKI

Cassette pets

IF YOU'RE thinking about a hi-fi, and whether to base it on records or cassettes, my advice to you would be to go for records. Not because I particularly support the BPI (or get paid by them), but because if you genuinely want to get the maximum amount of music into your home, cassettes are still inferior, after all these years, to yer black plastic discs.

You may not be aware of it, but the cassette medium was never intended for music, but for secretarial purposes. It's only through the persistence of Japanese manufacturers trying to penetrate foreign markets that it has got to where it is now — a credible music source.

But if you compare a disc with a cassette recording made from your player you will hear a graininess in the tape sound that wasn't there before, bits missing (think about it — you can't possibly get more off it than you put on it in the first place, so that cleaned up sound is bits missing), and a dynamically flatter quality.

If you compare a commercially prerecorded cassette with the LP record version you will often find that this dynamic compression and flattening is even worse (particularly on classical music). When the meaning of music is so much contained in the subtle bits and the contrast between loud and quiet, you can see why cassettes are considered inferior in hi-fi terms.

Still, it's amazing how far cassettes have come in 20 years, and the addition to latest machines of Dolby C noise reduction will help The Cause even more than Dolby B did when it came out — although some heretics never used Dolby B, preferring the noise to the distortion that poorly aligned Dolby B electronics causes.

In favour of cassettes is their compactness and portability — Sony's Walkman having breached the size barrier, you can now take recorded music everywhere. But for prime sound take records.

If you want to verify all this, what better than to arrange a demonstration of the best that cassettes can offer with the best in record players, say the £1300 Nakamichi 1000ZXL against the £800 Linn/Ittok/Asak — (a good dealer will be pleased to oblige).

But assuming you've got a cassette player (I haven't), how do you get the best from it? Like a car which will run much better if you adjust the points, the mixture, etc, so a cassette recorder will benefit from being adjusted properly. This is just as important for budget machines as for expensive ones, since part of the reason why a cheap one is cheap is that quality control on performance costs money.

Unfortunately it's a skilled job adjusting the heads and electronics, but a good dealer will do it for you for around £20, and it's worth it, because he will also optimise its performance for one type of tape — like a car it won't run best on just anything, nor for that matter the most expensive stuff.

Otherwise you'll have to discover for yourself which is the best tape by trial and error. You'll need to buy say half a dozen different tapes, and make the same recording on each one, at the same time experimenting with the recording levels. So by comparing with the record you can find out which tape gives the best performance, and at what input level.

Generally speaking, recording so that the VU meters go into the red section only occasionally and for short bursts only, will give you the best compromise between noise (the result of under-recording) and distortion (over-recording).

Dolby encoded tapes should be replayed with Dolby in. If a non-Dolby tape needs Dolby (or vice versa) to sound right, or even a different setting on the tape type indicator, you can be sure you've the wrong tape — or that the machine is set up wrongly for that tape — or that the machine is set up wrongly for that tape, which comes to the same thing.

Don't be surprised if a friend's tape sounds a bit different on your machine. If s/he made it, it will always sound best on their machine because the angle at which the tape head contacts the tape will be different on yours, and with respect to that tape, just a fraction off. On the other hand, your tapes will always sound best on your machine (except when you sell it and buy another).

For maintenance, it's sufficient to run a head-cleaner cassette through the machine once a week or so, or give the heads and rollers a once over with Q-Tips and alcohol (no acid or anything abrasive!). The best method is prevention, so if you want to avoid tapes shedding their magnetic coating, worn record/replay heads, and jammed cassettes, steer clear of cheap tapes.

And now DTTD's guide to cassette tapes. There are four distinct groups, each with their own position on the tape type selector switch: (1) ferrics, (2) chromes, (3) ferrichromes, (4) metal tapes. Although decent machines will cater for all of them, and play each to its best potential, this will not be so for cheaper machines.

In particular, ferrichrome tapes have the most limited potential, and it's best to give these a miss, regardless of your machine. Pure chrome types used to be not much better, but have improved recently — even so their dynamic range is less than that of ferric tapes.

Ferric tape will be the best for normal use. Metal tapes are capable of better results still on machines built to handle them properly, but not necessarily budget machines, but are also more expensive. Try metal by all means, but remember they are only worth having if they can outperform ferrics on your machine.

C81 will probably sound much better now, but me I'd rather have an LP of C82. How about it Ed?

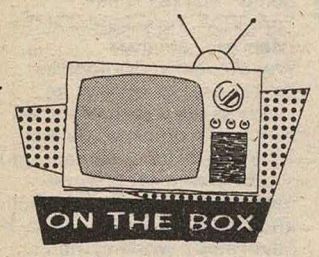
Illustration: Ed Briant

Speakeasy

THE KOSS Pro/4X cans have been around for a few years in different versions —this is the latest one. They are one of the fully-enclosed type, an air cushion ring fitting around the ear without pressing on it and making a perfect seal, which assists bass performance. Although they're stable to wear and not uncomfortable in themselves, things can get a bit hot and sticky if you wear them for too long. They couldn't by any stretch be called light, not after Walkman-type phones. Sensitivity will suit most amplifier headphone sockets with plenty of volume to spare.

Their sound is clean — as a new pin — with good, clear separation of instruments. Bass goes down very low, lower than your speakers I'll bet, and stereo is spacious. By absolute standards though bass and treble are both in excess and pop music is given uniformly a disco/dub presentation. It's an idiosyncratic sound and a clearly different listening experience from speakers. A headphone to suit a certain taste. Price £49.

A.O.



Thursday January 21
The Professionals (Directed by Richard Brooks 1966). First-rate western adventure with Lee Marvin and Burt Lancaster irrisistible as the tarnished 'good guys', in hot pursuit of righteous renegade Jack Palance and his curiously compliant captive Claudia Cardinale (Angus MacKinnon Award for Alliteration 1982). Or, as Pauline Kael put it in 1968: "It has the expertise of a cold old whore with practised hands and no thoughts of love." No wonder I enjoyed it so much . . . **(ITV)**

Friday January 22
Young And Innocent (Alfred Hitchcock 1937). Some terrific overacting from Nova Pilbeam and Derrick De Marney (De Niro he ain't) in early Hitchcock that still sits the right side of quaint. The story is over-familiar (sort of *39 Steps* without the politics) but Hitch's handling is characteristically quirky. **(Thames)**

Sherlock Holmes In Washington (Roy William Neill 1943). This series of duff old B-features is getting to be nearly as interesting as the recent season of *Tarzan* tripe. **(BBC2)**

While The City Sleeps (Fritz Lang 1956). Vivid newspaper melodrama, far more convincing than Lang's recently shown *Beyond A Reasonable Doubt*, and a welcome antidote to the increasingly wishywashy *Lou Grant* as the cynical hacks fall over one another in their attempts to land a nasty murder scoop. Solid as rock cast, too: Dana Andrews, Vincent Price, George Sanders, Thomas Mitchell, Ida Lupino and Howard Duff. **(BBC1)**

Saturday January 23
Salto Nel Vuoto (Marco Bellochio 1980). Another of Bellochio's florid studies of an internecine relationship, this one has Anouk Aimee and Michel Piccoli as sister and brother living in seclusion, and he's convinced that she's going nutty. Fortunately, the audience has an escape clause. Rough translation of the title, by way, is *Salto Of The Eartho*. **(BBC2)**

The Big Sleep (Michael Winner 1977). Disastrous remake of the Chandler/Hawks original which unaccountably moves most of Hollywood (Robert Mitchum, James Stewart, Richard Boone) to England. Rough translation of the title, by the way, is *Salto Nel Vuoto*. **(ITV)**

The Man In Half Moon Street (Ralph Murphy 1944). Re-made in the early '60s as *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, and that was a load of old crap too. **(BBC2)**

Sunday January 24
Carry On Nurse (Gerald Thomas 1959). A male patient gets a ticking off from Matron Hattie Jacques after protesting over an assisted bath: "Such a big fuss over such a little thing." You can't help laughing. **(BBC1)**

Green For Danger (Sidney Gilliat 1946). Accomplished comedy-thriller set in a wartime London hospital beset by buzz-bombs and a mysterious murderer. Alastair Sim, a great comic actor, is in top form. **(LWT)**

Hunters Are For Killing (Bernard Kowalski 1970). Burt Reynolds as ex-footballer L. G. Florin, returning to his home town after a spell in stir. A TV movie, so don't expect. *The Mean Machine*. **(BBC1)**

Newsfront (Phillip Noyce 1978). Skilfully integrating actual newsreel footage with a narrative concerning two brothers working for rival film companies, *Newsfront* presents a fascinating portrait of Australian social and political life in the early '50s. A quiet film, immensely likeable, and much of its integrity emanates from a marvellous central performance by Bill Hunter (currently to be seen as the cultured Aussie officer in Peter Weir's disappointing *Gallipoli*). In a dire week for films on TV, this one is definitely worth catching. **(BBC2)**

Monday January 25
Ruthless (Edgar G. Ulmer 1948). Zachary Scott typecast as the bastard who'll step on anyone to get to the top. Director Ulmer (nicknamed 'Blood' by his friends, 'Bloody Awful' by the studios) is currently being touted as a 'great lost film-maker' by the kind of buff-bores who see fantastic virtue in a couple of well-placed shadows on black and white stock. **(BBC2)**

Tuesday January 26
Cathy's Child (Donald Crombie 1980). Michele Fawdon is the mother, Alan Cassell the reporter who helps out when her daughter is abducted and the bureaucrats turn a blind eye. Sounds a bit like an Aussie *Play For Today*, but Crombie's building up a reputation for handling quiet drama *(Caddy, The Irishman)* with some assurance. **(BBC2)**

MONTY SMITH

Arthur (Directed by Steve Gordon). Gorgeous ping pong verbal interplay 'twixt Gielgud (as the cultured butler with an acid remark ever clicking between his teeth) and Moore (as the childlike bachelor with an alcoholic dummy ever clicking between *his* teeth). Gordon's script is sterling, the visual gags just as good; a piss-artful '40s Hollywood comedy for the '80s . . . just lovely. Reviewed 19.12.81. **(Warner Bros)**

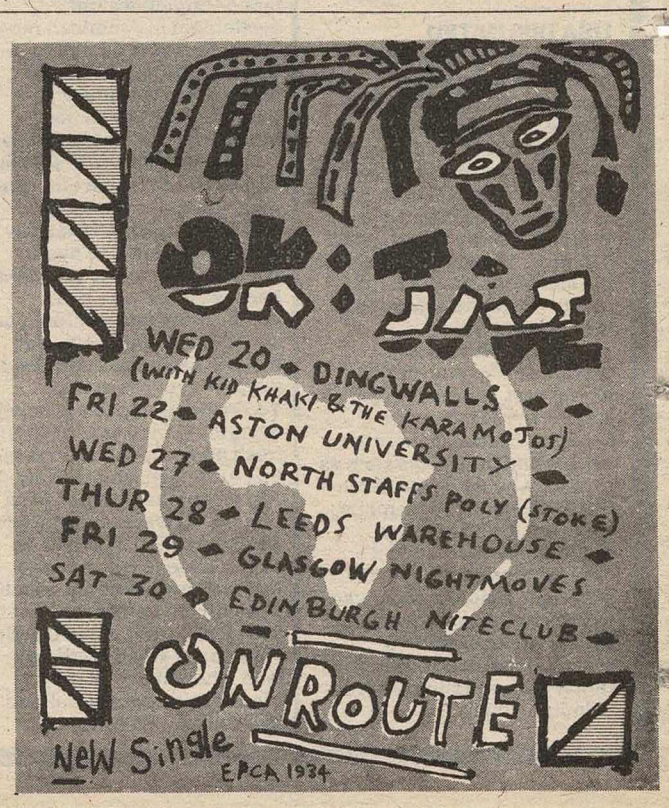
Body Heat (Laurence Kasdan). Very impressive debut direction from Kasdan, already renowned as a scriptwriter's scriptwriter; *Body Heat* is the film Schrader could have made with *American Gigolo* and the *homage* Rafelson's *Postman* remake wanted madly to be. Kasdan's script must be the kind actors dream of, and the mesmerising sexual spell of narrative twists makes for the most intelligent kind of (unashamedly) commercial cinema. Reviewed this week. **(Warner Bros)**

Cutter's Way (Ivan Passer). Another murder mystery imbued with a wider sense of social irregularity. Passer's grimly symbolic delineation of small town Californian morality and big time American culpability falters over Making A Statement but flings enough provocative dirt to obscure the flaw. Reviewed next week. **(United Artists)**

Prince of the City (Sidney Lumet). The theme is police corruption — law to order — but this lean modern *Prince* has existential problems in common with many a recent American movie hero; Scorsese for one has long pursued the agony of choice between good moral faith or compliance with belittling brotherhood/neighbourhood values. Treat Williams is the angel, New York the city, Sidney Lumet the consumate craftsman (see interview in *Silver Screen* this week). Reviewed 19.12.81. **(Warner Bros)**

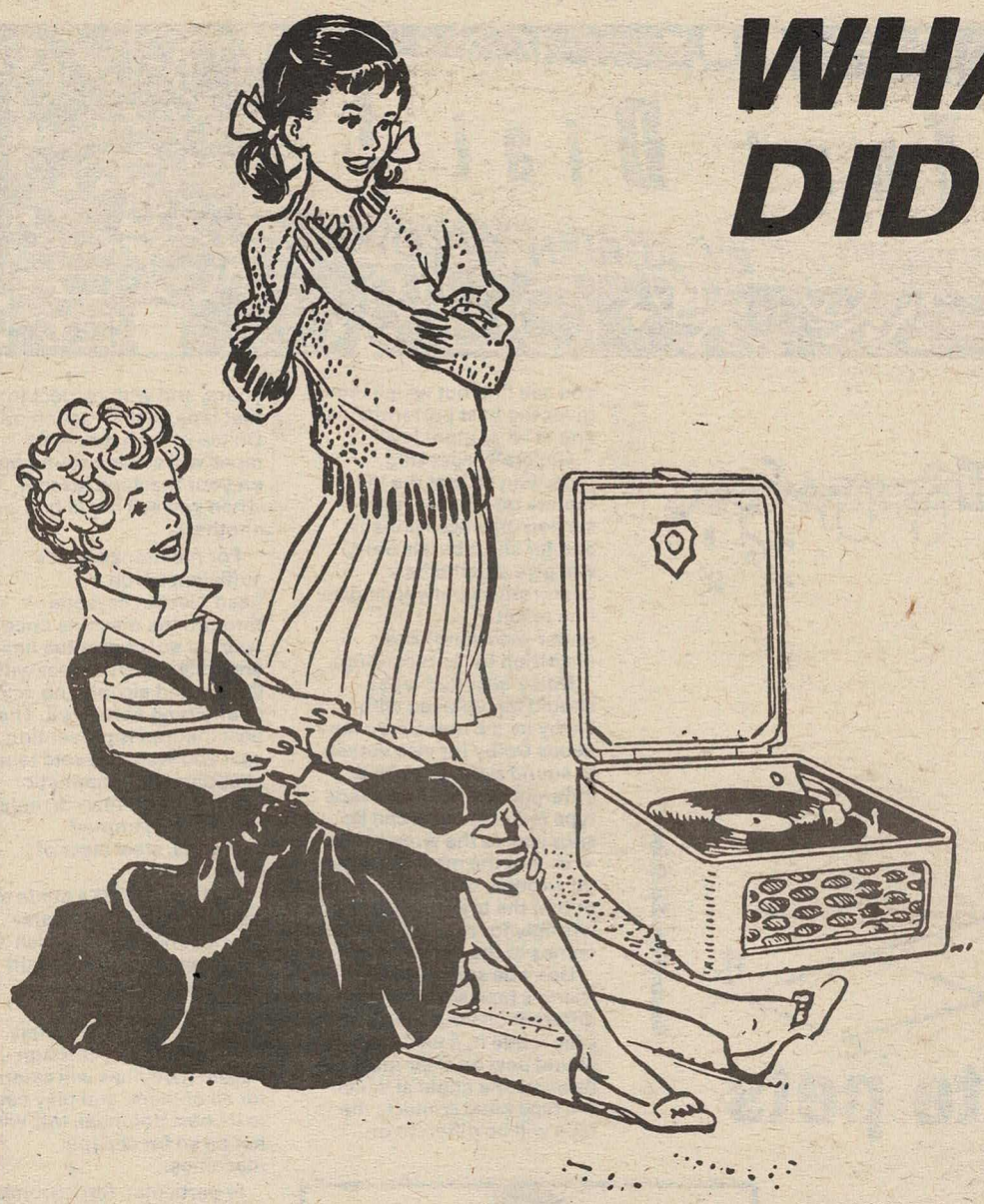
The Shining (Stanley Kubrick). Re-issue chance to see or re-assess Kubrick's grand guignol pawn-playing with schizos, ESP victims and a bloody big haunted house. Many saw gold at the end of Stanley's methodical rainbow; myself, I found the Shin-dig impossibly histrionic and hollow. (I'm not saying Jack Nicholson's performance is hammy, but it's said he was hung up on a hook inbetween takes!) Reviewed in the primordial swamps of time. **(Warner Bros)**

IAN PENMAN


OK JIM
WED 20 • DINGWALLS
(WITH KID KHAKI & THE KARAMOJOS)
FRI 22 • ASTON UNIVERSITY
WED 27 • NORTH STAFFS POLY (STOKE)
THUR 28 • LEEDS WAREHOUSE
FRI 29 • GLASGOW NIGHTMOVES
SAT 30 • EDINBURGH NITECLUB
ON ROUTE
NEW SINGLE
EPCA 1934

WHAT GASBAG DID NEXT

Swinging the jolly hockey sticks: Lynn Hanna



VISIONS OF POLAND

I expected as much from *The Sun, The Mirror, The Mail,* The ITV and BBC News and all the rest of the cogs in the establishment propaganda machine, but in the *NME,* I expected a little more fairness and balance.

I realise the people of Great Britain need to be reminded constantly of how barbaric and inhuman are the communist forces of oppression in Russia, and how rioting, striking and demonstrating one's dislike for the authorities is wonderful and heroic, so long as it is directed against left wing governments and not against our own wonderful establishment.

The clampdown in Poland hasn't been the first such in the known history of the world, so why the back page? Why not give the struggle for freedom against the American backed fascists in El Salvador the same amount of free publicity, it's only fair. All inhumanity is vile, not just that which is propagated by Russia.

John A., Willesden.

I think everyone would agree with that last sentence anyway, But I wouldn't have thought that we could usually be accused of having a pro-American bias . . . — LH

USA DISUNITED

I want to compliment Paul Morley on his spread on Meatloaf. Maybe if more people here in the States could read *NME,* it'd open their eyes and ears to how bad a state rock and roll is in here.

What's disturbing me is what Mr Morley writes in the caption: "Meatloaf epitomises the American rock and roll reality". You make Meatloaf look like the typical stereotyped American.

Well, don't write off the whole past, future, present of American rock with one sentence. Because there are people and musicians such as myself, who do give a damn. Rock is considered by many as an art. It's also a very powerful medium, and it's only as good as the person playing it. Also the American recording industry needs a new breed of executive striving for artistic betterment rather than worshipping the "almighty buck."

Meatloaf doesn't represent me or anybody else here, and I'm pretty pissed off that you give readers the impression he's America — he's not. And if you want to see the real America and real Americans, get out in the streets and rub shoulders with these people.

And even though I'm married, have a kid, unemployed, just surviving, totally disagree with the Reagan administration and their policies, I'm still goddam proud to be alive and living in America.

And finally, keep a sense of hope. The world is only as good as we make it for ourselves.

Rober Nemcek, Chicago, Illinois, USA.

I notice that you manage to get a lot of criticism from some of your readers (who seem to thrive on being cynical and sarcastic). I have heard many ghastly things about the English music press, about how you are just as cynical and sarcastic as the people who write in. Whoever makes these accusations should take a close look at the American music press, especially *Rolling Stone* and *Creem.* Then they will know the real meaning of the word 'boring'.

I've found there has been a lack of originality and excitement in American music lately. People are holding on to the past lore, instead of looking into the future. The past may have been better, but all that's left is the future.

Julie Burchill wrote a while ago in *The Face* that you can never be too un-American. And she's right! All I can say to your readers is to avoid falling into a rut like us Yanks, because it can be a slow death. Think twice before you stop buying *NME* because maybe they gave a bad review to your favourite group. You're not going to agree with everything they say. *NME* is fresh and original, at least to this American, and for only 30p one of the best bargains around. If I were to grumble about anything, it would be $1.95 I have to pay, and the fact that the issues are usually a month old before they get to us in this corner of the US. But I find that a small sacrifice in a land where many of my friends think punk is defined by Adam & The Ants.

If it weren't for *NME,* I'd be dead by now. Keep up the good work.

Bored in the USA, Seattle, Washington.

LAMENT FOR LYNVAL

This is a letter to all cool skins in Coventry after reading about the murderous licks given to three brothers in a disco in Coventry last week. One of these brothers is helping us youth rise to our FULL height, and get us all our rights. He was nearly dead, and he didn't fight because he is a pacifist. I think you Coventry skins are wankers if you do not seek out these traitors and turn them in to Old Bill. I know this seems chicken, but we could show them bluebottles we know where we're at and that's not just short-haired bovver boys but this country's youth. STAND FIRM, STAND TOGETHER.

W. Morrow, London.

MESSAGE TO MAX

Much as you at *NME* must hate to hear anything derogatory said about rival music papers etc, I feel I must complain about the poor quality of the tape used for the new *SFX* music magazine. Although the basic material on the tape is interesting (zippy interviews with David Sylvian, The Human League etc.), the third time I played the tape the bloody thing attempts to wind itself around the entire mechanics of your tape recorder.

Unlike good ol' *NME,* it's impossible to examine the contents of the aforementioned tape before purchase, and any reference or re-use is disastrous (although it doesn't do badly as shoelaces).

Anyway, just thought I'd assure you all that there is no chance of these things ever taking over from *NME* and the . . er . . other music papers, you just don't get the quality you've brought us to expect. Anyway, ever tried wiping your arse on a stringy bit of plastic??

Nicola Nickable, Eastbourne occasionally.

Why must you people always bring everything down to the sordid basics? Actually I liked the bit on *SFX* which had Martin Fry crooning, something which even the combined efforts of the wonderful *NME* staff are unable to accurately reproduce on a piece of paper. — LH.

MORE TOILET HUMOUR

With Dr Feelgood's diet apparently consisting entirely of beer and Indian curry it is little wonder that Lee Brilleaux has to get up at 5 am to unblock his house drains. The only surprise is that he does not need to do it more often.

Brian Pate, Wreningham, Norwich.

ERROL UNMASKED

So now we know. Errol is not Paul Morley, Ian Penman, Adrian Thrills or Ray Lowry, Errol is really Danny Baker!!!

Proof? 'Dammit, Danny was on the new Thames *6 O'Clock Show (8.1.82),* in Bermondsey, championing cocktails.

Well darlings, who would have thought that beneath the veneer of 'style' he would have us believe he has, that 'Errol' is not only a *scruff* but a downright social climbing prole?

Andrew McLeod, London SE26.

And you, darling, have just upset two people for the price of one letter. Danny has vowed to comb his hair, and Errol has stormed out, absolutely inconsolable. — LH.

MISTAKES ADMITTED FREELY

In your January 9 issue, Roy Carr has a little rant about record rental schemes. A 'spokesman' (that old con) for the BPI is quoted as saying that if record rental was introduced into Britain on a very large scale, it would not be welcome. Has this person never been to a public library? To my certain knowledge many of the London libraries have huge pop and classical collections while anyone trudging through rural Rutland would get a pleasant surprise at Oakham library. Methinks *NME* has been a little slack in their research.

A Consumer, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

And methinks you may well be right as regards this one. But maybe a rental scheme would cut out all that tiresome rigmarole with the stylus. . . — LH.

IDENTITIES MISTAKEN

Whilst walking down Deptford High Street the other morning at 8.15, minding my business, who should I see but Paul Morley riding a sit up and beg butcher's delivery bike into the tradesman's entrance of the Housewive's Cash And Carry. And lo, who was there to help him unload the bike but his drinking chum Ian Penman. Please tell me what this means.

Billy Thorngumbald, Deptford.

I think it means you're hallucinating. — LH.

Dear Paul Morley, I am so sorry for all the nasty things I've said to you before today. I don't think I was being at all fair and I take them all back. I do hope this makes you feel better because I know you don't like getting nasty letters but like getting nice ones, so I've written one, and I hope it brightens up your day. If buying a drink will make you happiest, then I'll buy you a drink even.

This was my New Year's resolution by the way. Say lots of nice things about Altered Images, because they are so wonderful. Thank you.

Ric Egham.

Paul says thank *you.* — LH
Getting a bit nice round here isn't it? — NS

TAKE YOUR SIDES FOR THE FAKE POP/POLITICS DEBATE

Ian Penman has simply missed the point when he considers the "progressive" music of Joy Division against what he calls "daytime pop". Behind all the hype and the posing, contemporary music is still, inescapably, a reflection of society and the people within that society. The overwhelming need is for a BALANCE between light and shade, escapism and introspection. The airy electro-pop of Depeche Mode/Human League etc. meets its purpose well enough, and has undoubted merit on its own superficial level. But the darker aspects of personality and existence can't be swept under the carpet with little homilies about existentialism being "a mood not a chapel." Daytime pop has its place, true enough, but Penman should never forget the other side of the coin. Ian Curtis may not have sung as nicely as Phil Oakey, but he had infinitely more to say at the most basic human level.

Ian Redman, Hartlepool, Cleveland.

I think Ian was referring to Joy Division in the context of the Peel show, and perhaps making a comment on the stultifying sense of dull despair that hangs over many of their second-rate imitators. Ian Curtis certainly had something different and darker to say than Phil Oakey, but whether you can extend that to mean that it somehow had more intrinsic "value" is questionable, to say the least. — LH.

Three years of movement, development and re-definition within the pop arena, and *NME* continues to incorporate the epigrammatic verbalese of such as X. Moore and Ray Lowry.

X's self-portrait is of the unemployed, working class Northern youth, cuddled up in his football scarf, and spluttering into his John Smith's about the virtues of being "Marxist" and "pro-IRA". He sniggers at the "dandies" at Leeds Warehouse, and eulogises those bastions of what he views as the truly proletarian culture. (In other words the 1978 school for sloganeering.)

Like Orwell in his worst moments and Weller, Bushell and Lowry most of the time, X advocates a working man's socialism; a specious, contradictory ideology which brandishes posturing, rhetorical languange, behind which lies an absence of thought, as vague ambiguities such as "Marxist" (Bernstein or Kautsky, Lenin or Stalin, Trotsky or the Frankfurt School?) and pro-IRA (the fight for the independence of Ireland or religious fanatics demanding funds at gun-point from their supposedly fellow working-class allies in the fight?) are tossed arbitarily into the musical/political ring.

It isn't that youth culture hasn't a vital part to play in the contemporary political struggle, but simply that the "political" music of 1978 must be recognised through experience as being shallow and inefective. Today it must be to The Human League, to Chic's Good Times and to the shiny brand of 1982 pop of Wilde, Shelley, Fire Engines, Spands, Kool And The Gang, etc, that subversive sounds are to be found. On the dance floor there is to be found a revolutionary music, anti-war

Pic: Joe Stevens

and anti-racist, upholding a proud working-class culture, absent from X's confused critiques.

Halt the retrogressive *NME* and send the pose-proles (X. Moore and Lowry) back to the Northern Working Men's clubs where they truly belong.
Jez, unemployed Yorkshire teenager, Cawood, Selby, Yorks.
X says there's no need to get sectarian. — LH.

UNDERSTANDING MADE SIMPLE

We at the Ministry, acting on the Government's demand for cuts in the public sector, have played our part by reducing unwieldy jargon in unwieldy jargon in official publications. Thus, with our exemplary record, we feel in a position to advise you journalists on the pitfalls of exploring some of the murkier reccesses of *Roget's Thesaurus.*

Certainly you may be doing the print industry a great service with the need for your readers to purchase a dictionary to understand your platitudes, but in terms of gobbledegook, it's just not cricket. Hence I enclose a simple readability test which you could avoid excessive loquacity:—

1) Choose a typical 100-word sample.
2) Count the number of completed sentences in the sample. Divide the number of words by the number of sentences. This gives the average sentence length.
3) Count the number of words of three or more syllables in the 100 words.
4) Add the average sentence length to the percentage of long words. The lower the score, the more comprehensible your material is likely to be.

For example from the score of 47 achieved by Mr Morley's review of The Associates' 'Message/Speech', as against the average score for the *Guardian* (39), *Times* (36), and *The Sun* (26), I would assume that he and his colleagues must think of the following two lines everytime they write an article:

"I'm just a soul whose intentions are good O Lord, don't let me be misunderstood."

Yours understandingly,
Ministry for Plain English.
What kind of readability test is it when *The Sun* come out on top? The simplest is always best, eh? — LH.

RIGHT. THIS WEEK we'll eschew *(Bless you — Ed)* — okay, okay, I said *eschew*, okay? — we'll *eschew* the obligatory waffling *T-Zers* intro and go right into the facts. Here, as promised last week, are details of **Ian Dury's** part in the upcoming Festival of Artists with Disabilities, taking place in Lambeth between 18 January and 20 February.

On 1 February at 7.30, Ian will be running a workshop session on the subject of lyric-writing, at the Caldwell Hall, Clapham Rehabilitation Centre, 115 Clapham Road, London SW9. And the bad news, or the good news depending who you are, is that admission will be restricted to disabled people only. If that includes you, and you're an aspiring songwriter, you can get booking details from 01-622 6655, ext. 246. Another highlight of the festival takes place at the Oval House Theatre (54 Kennington Oval) on 13 February when **The Freedom Fighters** headline an evening of music, drama and poetry . . .
David Byrne is hard at work just now producing the new **B52s** album . . .

But we offer no comment whatsoever on the news that Bristol Zoo has christened a monkey of theirs, erm, **Toyah** . . .

London's rebel radio station, the **Dread Broadcasting Corporation** apologise for their absence from the airwaves. "This has been due to technical problems which it is hoped will be sorted out very soon," is the official word. Meanwhile, DBC are bringing out a 12" record that features **Nightdoctor** (about to tour the land with **UB40**, see 'em) and **The Radio Rebels**, who are otherwise known as DBC's jingle singers . . .

The next and second single by **Blue Rondo** is called 'Klactoveedestein', which refers to an obscure debate that raged among jazz buffs several centuries ago. It's produced by **Godley & Creme**, in an experimental link-up which proved so congenial that the pair might even do the upcoming Rondo LP as well . . .

It's with a distinct feeling of unease that we report that **Marie Osmond** is being considered to play our own

"The biggest mistake of my life," is how a rueful punter describes the day he wrote to* Jim'll Fix It, *asking to be ritually humiliated by The Gang Of Four, including new member Sarah Lee, in the window of New York's Bonaparte Records. "They set about the task with relish, some of which can be seen dripping out of the hamburgers on Hugo's plate . . ."

T-ZERS

very lovely **Princess Diana** in an American TV movie. "The story must be handled tastefully," explains the TV company . . .

Heaven 17 and the **British Electric Foundation** are undergoing some "profile re-adjustment", with **Ware** and **Marsh** concentrating on BEF with **Mr Gregory** putting together a vocal trio to front the 17, featuring himself and new recruit, an ex-actor called **Ian Reddington**, plus a third member who's yet to be discovered . . .

Killing Joke's next single, 'Empire Song', has been held up on account of cover-art hassles. The plan was to use a 1939 **Norman Rockwell** illustration for the *Saturday Post*, until a massive fee was demanded. Complete with cheap alternative artwork, the record won't be out now until 12 February at the earliest . . .

Tyneside's Soul Kitchen club ("the only fun in Newcastle") have just rung up with their usual snivelling excuse about "missing the *NME* ad deadlines", and could we just say something like: 26 January **The Bluebells**, 3 February **A Certain Ratio**, 16 February **Aztec Camera**. Cheapskates . . .

THE NEXT **Third World** LP has been produced by **Stevie Wonder**, following a friendship struck up at last year's Reggae Sunsplash festival. Scheduled for a March release, the title track is a new Wonder composition 'Jah Love' . . .

Perhaps just a little mention here for two tracks off the psychedelic LP 'A Splash Of Colour', namely **The High Tide**'s 'Dancing In My Mind' (aka their single 'My Baby Dancing') and **The Earwigs**' 'Keep Your Voice Down' — the two contributions that do most to justify the compilation's existence, and two of those axed out of last week's *NME* review . . .

There's no confirmation at all forthcoming over rumours that **David Bowie** wants to play some summer dates at Earls Court . . .

And ditto reports that **Neil Young** might play Wembley Arena on 1 March. Official lips are tight . . .

Congratulations and things like that to bassie **Horace Gentleman** of **The Special AKA**, and to **Clare Ellice**, singer and boutique-owner — for the two have spliced their troth as of last Friday . . .

The most abject and grovelling apologies are due to **Mr and Mrs David Jones** — he of **Monkees** fame — who are quite happily married thank you, and last week's *T-Zer* about a marriage on the rocks should have read **David Cassidy**, and oh God how embarrassing . . .

Stand by your swingometers: next week's issue brings you our highly wonderful Readers Poll Results. . .

"Just good friends" Dept: **Kim Wilde** and **Steve Strange** . . .

After Britain's Weeks Of White Hell comes — The Killer Slush! After his sell-out Albert Hall shows, **Barry** is now planning to play the lead role in a tear-jerker movie about a bachelor who adopts a child . . .

Leeds-based group **The Satori** tell us that drummer **D Carl Harper**, alias **Tich**, has joined their number after his departure from "the now thankfully dead" **Girls At Our Best**. Their description, not ours . . .

From New York comes ultimate proof that **Delta 5** have made it: they played there with the **Jerry Garcia** band. From London comes news that two of 'em have since quit. Commented Mr Garcia: "Quit? What's that?" . . .

Debbie Harry has signed for the starring role in **David** *Scanners* **Cronenberg**'s new film *Video Drome* . . .

Jimmy Witherspoon has had to cancel his European tour due to a non-malignant throat tumour, for which he's being treated in Manchester . . .

DRAMA IN the sun (and in *The Sun*, come to that) for **Chas Smash**, who staged a daring rescue for his brother **Brendan** in the French Foreign Legion. The lads' parents, **Mr** and **Mrs Smash**, got across the border into Italy, where Chas was waiting with cash and a change of clothes. It must be brotherly love . . .

Status Quo have issued a desperate plea to would-be drummers: Forget it. After being swamped by applications for **John Coghlan's** old job, the group have narrowed down the applicants to a final five. And **William Hill's** confirm that they *have* taken on bets for the outcome, following *NME*'s announcement of spoof odds. Latest betting: 5/1 **Animal**, 7/1 **Erica Roe**, 10/1 **The Hackney Bear**, and 25/1 the offspring of **HRH Prince Charles. Tony Stewart**, of course, remains firm favourite . . .

Was that really **The Pretenders' Martyn Chambers**, stalking out of **The Virgin Prunes**' concert and muttering "I wish it was someone good, like **Dollar**"? Who knows . . .

Great **Kraftwerk** video on last week's *TOTP, nicht wahr?* The group are in London just now, working on a new one. Their new LP's nearly complete, too. But no thank-you's to *TOTP* themselves, who insist on cutting up superb stuff like the **Kool And The Gang** film and sticking in winners of obscure disco dancing competitions instead. Some sort of spoiler-system, to discourage home-taping, maybe? . . .

Marcia Redneck and Dickie Lloyd in Joe Stevens' jacuzzi . . . New York humour, phew!

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